1164

[illegible] JOURNAL OF [illegible]

IN

ASIA, AFRICA, AND [illegible]

[illegible]

VISITS, DURING 1851, 2, 3, 4, [illegible]

TO THE

DANEMORA [illegible] MINES, THE "SEVEN [illegible]

PLAINS OF TROY, PALMYRA, JERUSALEM, [illegible]

PETRA, SERINGAPATAM, SURAT,

WITH

THE SCENES OF THE RECENT MUTINIES (BENARES, AGRA, [illegible]

LUCKNOW, DELHI, ETC., ETC.),

Cashmere,

PESHAWUR, THE KHYBER PASS TO AFGHANISTAN, [illegible]

CHINA, AND MAURITIUS.

BY

JOHN B. IRELAND.

WITH NEARLY ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS, FROM [illegible]

THE SPOT BY THE AUTHOR.

My Dear Mother:

In dedicating this work to you, I feel I am only performing a duty, and rendering but a small return for the affectionate anxiety and tenderness with which you traced my journeyings during the long years of my absence.

Thinking at this time, when India has been brought so near to us by the melancholy events of the last two years, that even the hasty notes of a traveller made on the spot, and entirely from personal observation, about a country hitherto so little known, would interest the public, and perhaps please the reader, I have taken the liberty of publishing that portion of my letters to you which related to India, with the briefest abstract of my tour preceding my arrival there, except as to a few places which, being rarely visited or written about, I thought might interest. The India portion is a literal transcript of my letters, as you will see, except an occasional extract from a few brief jottings; for, as you know, most of the letters were written in the hurry of the moment, when and where the opportunity offered—in the palanquin, on my lap, bed, or floor, and often when oppressed by heat, cold, or travel.

Yours affectionately,

John B. Ireland.

A WORD TO THE READER.

IN this volume which I present to the public, I have given a very brief abstract (except as to those places seldom visited or written about) of wanderings in Europe, Asia Minor, and Africa, with a literal transcript of that during my travels in India, China, and Java, taken from a continuous journal in letters to my mother, during a period of five or six years in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and of course reliable from the very nature of the journal.

As my letters were not even remotely intended for publication, but strictly for my family, it will account for their every-day familiarity of style. Although repeatedly solicited by civilian friends in India, to publish a book, *as they wished to see an American view of their country and government*, I constantly refused, as I have done to my friends here who wished to know what I saw; and as I only decided to publish the book about the first of last January, my professional engagements would not have allowed me to spend any time (even if so disposed) in belles lettres embellishments, or research, to make up a book; for the actual labor of revising, abstracting, and carefully comparing the journal, much of which had never before been read by me, together with the various cares of preparation for the press, and examining the drawings from my sketches to ascertain if strictly accurate—have alone crowded an im[illegible]ity of labor in these two months, as any person familiar [illegible]ok-writing will readily see. And it is only now, when [illegible]d its affairs have assumed such a vast importance before

the world, that I have been induced to yield to the repeated solicitations of friends, to give the public my mite of experience and knowledge of the country, its people, customs, government, army, etc., derived during eighteen months of pleasure travel in which I visited every part of India.

All the views of places and edifices in this book, were taken by me on the spots they represent, and therefore may be relied upon as strictly correct. The reader will doubtless be well satisfied that Mr. J. W. Orr, who engraved the sketches, has added to his well-merited reputation in that department of art.

With these few words to the reader, I dismiss the work,—of course wishing it success,—but feeling very sure, that whatever may be its fate, no person who may hereafter follow my track, will find anything different from what is represented as having been seen by me; and if the book should not prove to be interesting, it will at least be found correct.

J. B. I.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE.

COPENHAGEN, *June* 29, 1851.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—I am off for Cashmere: so good-bye to you, Wall street, briefs, and "Code." *En passant*, stopped in London to see the opening of the Great Exhibition, be presented to the Queen, and gaze at the three great notabilities, "The Duke," Cardinal Wiseman, and the hippopotamus. Then to Paris for a glimpse at the Prince President.

This morning steamed into Copenhagen, accompanied by a friend from the "sunny South," who is to share the "roughs and tumbles" with me. I was much amused at the clumsy way we came into dock, a matter so skilfully done by our captains.

To-day our steamer acquaintances and we (a designation I shall always hereafter give to express my friend and self) formed a large party for sight-seeing. Started under convoy of a huge negro guide, a freed or escaped slave from the West Indies, who was a fund of amusement for the party, with his exaggerated style of dress, and assumption of "easy assurance," dignity, and information, for me especially, from the patronising condescension he was constantly displaying to my little Southern friend. Our party was a strange medley—a German, a [illegible] Englishman, my friend, and self. With our [illegible] we felt like a lot of school-boys on a holiday [illegible]

Our first pause, at the Rosenburg Palace, where the kings of Denmark formerly resided, but now only a show palace—a curious looking brick affair, said to have been planned by Inigo Jones. It contains many objects of curiosity, the royal armory and some old china, among it the first porcelain ever brought to Denmark, which the king, fearful of its breaking, from its translucency, had lined with silver. In another apartment, a curious suit of "horse furniture," ornamented with pearls and diamonds—cost $20,000, a present from one of the kings to his son.

Thence to the Church—Thorwaldsen's twelve apostles, in marble, and considered among the finest of his works. At the Museum are plaster casts of all his works, many of them in marble. He presented them to Denmark: they are very beautiful, but none of them pleased me more than some of Crawford's. On the outside of the building is a representation, in fresco, of his reception on his return from Italy. His countrymen, from king to peasant, all idolized him. His tomb is in the quadrangle of the building: over it a vase filled with plants in bloom. Indulging the Anglo-Saxon taste for mementoes, I plucked a flower; souvenirs that recall pleasant hours.

The Museum of Antiquities contains much that is interesting—commencing with arms and coins from a very early period, when payments were made by weight, and one's purse full of money was a coil of precious metal, and the pocket-knife furnished from it the small change. Among the spectators was an Englishwoman, without an escort,—one of that much sympathized class, "an unprotected female."

This evening visited the summer garden, which, from the number and variety of amusements, would seem to have compiled all in the city. Our colored guide affords me more amusement than anybody I have seen for a long time. As he struts and swaggers in the plenitude of his importance, he flourishes his hand and hat with condescending politeness to gentleman and peasant, who return it with a seeming consciousness of his importance. He pats my Southern friend on the shoulder, and

whispers to my English acquaintance and self. Copenhagen, from the warm weather, is comparatively dull; the war of the Duchies lends a helping hand to stupefy, and the king adds the climax by his own domestic scandal. He is a most disreputable fellow, twice married and divorced, and now again married to a woman of neither character nor birth, of the Lola Montes genus. The merchants appear to live in considerable style, but our blackey, with a contemptuous toss of the head, and flourish of his skirts, said they were not worth a d——d cent. You will doubtless admire his elegant and graphic style.

There are many pleasant walks, especially near the moat. Attached to the Bourse is a curious tower or spire, formed by four twisted dragons, the heads, bodies, and tails forming an exterior spiral stairway. The Observatory has so wide and gradual an ascent that two carriages may be drawn up abreast.

From Copenhagen steamed to Christiania, in Norway, in a very nice boat; officers and steamer attached to the Norwegian navy.

July 3d.—Stopped at Elsinore a short time; saw the old Castle of Konigsberg, a fine, large structure. The boat was very crowded; of us one attended to the luggage, and the other secured a cabin. We were among the very few who did; most of our acquaintances slept in the *salon*, and toileted in our cabin.

One of our compatriots, a vulgar, tobacco-expectorating braggart, from somewhere on the outskirts of civilization, South or West, being among the number of unfortunates in the *salon*, had laid his coat on a sofa to secure it, and returning to take possession in the evening, found a young cockney reposing on it. Without asking him to let him have the place claimed by his coat, which would instantly have been done, he came up to me to ask if it was not the place he had taken. On my [illegible] "Yes" (as I had been talking to him at the time he took it) [illegible] went out and brought the captain in, who was wondering [illegible] was to follow this unexpected [illegible], when the [illegible] asked if it was not the custom when the steamer [illegible]

gentleman laid his coat on a sofa to claim a place, for the coat to keep the place? "Certainly," replied the bewildered captain; "Then I'm d——d if I don't have my rights, as a free-born American citizen." The rest of the Americans "vamoosed." The cockney, who had been waked up by the tumult, seeing he was "the observed of all observers," and not being accustomed to Western braggadocio, made tracks to avoid the too intimate acquaintance of bowie-knife or revolver.

Among our passengers was a very gentlemanly and well-known Bostonian. There was also a Norwegian who had gone to America nine years before as a boy of sixteen. Getting employment on a merchant vessel, by his intelligence and attention to his duties, he had risen to be first mate of a five-hundred-ton ship, lying at Elsinore; he was now going to visit his family for the first time since he left them. On his return to America he was promised the command of another ship. He amused us all, and especially the Norwegian officers, on the subject of blacks, who are thought as much of by them as of whites—while in changing his country he had adopted American views.

In these high latitudes you can read by the twilight all night. This evening I was reading on the deck till past twelve. The Fiord is covered with vessels, the views beautiful, constantly in sight of land on one side, and now on both sides. One evening came to anchor in the little bay of Walloe; we all took boats and went off on explorations. My friend and I, among other places, visited an old church and burial-ground. Of the curious inscriptions—one of a man and wife who had lived together happily fifty years, and left nine borne; twenty-one borne, borne; and seven borne, borne, borne. The first borne meaning children; the second, grandchildren; and third, great-grandchildren. A sail of two days brought us this morning to Christiania, which lies at the head of the bay or fiord, with a fine approach.

[illegible]—This being the king's birth-day, all the flags were [illegible] when we reached the hotel, ours too, in honor of our

country's birth-day. My patriotic friend had among his luggage a fine American flag, worked by the fair hands of one of our charming countrywomen, and a jointed flag-staff, cut at Washington's tomb by the President, Mr. Fillmore, and given to him by the advice and legal opinion of the Secretary of State and Attorney-General, Messrs. Webster and Crittenden, thus forming an amusing souvenir and episode in its history.

We engaged a courier, his recommendation being that he was the best in the place, and could speak English; but we found his vocabulary very limited in addressing us, and apparently still more so, when we addressed him. Then took a carriage to Johnsrud and Kraglaven for a very fine sunrise view. We were on the ground the next morning at two, just half an hour too late, but the view alone more than paid for the drive. The morning was lovely, and a better pen than mine required to describe the landscape at our feet. The view was most extensive, belted by snow-clad mountains, seventy miles distant, while streams, cascades, and lakes, lent their charm to the nearer hills and valleys, now half concealed by morning mist, while here and there a farm or house peered through it, like a flower-bed plot, and the tinkling cowbells were the only evidence of life.

On our return I found at the Athenæum two New York Papers, a luxury you can scarce appreciate, as you never fail to see a daily paper.

July 9th.—Yesterday we started on a tour inland; to-day reached Minde, on a beautiful lake (Mosein). Our equipage, the best we could find, a miniature Noah's ark, the wheels the size of a handbarrow's. Our courier, whose name we, for convenience, have abbreviated to Gilley, acted in the double [illegible] of charioteer and courier; his happy old face [illegible] pleasure, and a grin from ear to ear, whenever we [illegible] our anxious inquiries, if he was certain he knew [illegible] he gave an extra grin and his horse an additional [illegible] whip, and replied, "Oh, yes; oh, [illegible]

quick;" then cherup to his poor little team. We've had all sorts of a time, first terribly dusty, then a pelting rain, terminating with hail. Reached our stopping-place about half-past eleven at night; and next morning, while breakfasting, were joined by a very nice fellow, a young Englishman, who had lately left the army.

To-day, being Sunday and a holiday, numbers of vehicles were constantly arriving. The usual vehicle of travel is what is called a "carry-all," as if in burlesque of its capacity, which is limited to one person and a small carpet bag, while the post-boy, if you have one, rides the horse.

My friend has just been trying to make our brilliant courier understand we want an early breakfast, with coffee, eggs, and a beefsteak broiled, to which he has just replied, "Yes, yes, I understand, coffee, eggs, and beefsteak *boiled*;" so we sent him for the article to be sure. He returned with a nondescript, looking like a relic of the crusades, an old vizor, about six inches diameter, so you may imagine what our steak will be like.

Our landlord has been in a side room all day playing cards, and some neighbors rolling nine-pins. But as we go at five, by the *Dampskib* (steamboat), to-morrow morning, I must say *bon nuit*, though broad daylight.

We were all on board in good season, Gilley looking much the happiest of the party. There are a great number of passengers, every man and boy with his pipe and pouch.

The day has been lovely, and the entire sail of eighty miles a succession of beautiful views, interspersed with evidences of substantial prosperity in good farms and houses, with a well-clad people.

We undertook to journalise in the cabin, but the tobacco smoke and discordant snoring so discomposed eyes and ears, we were obliged to beat a retreat. To-day we returned to Christiania, weary and worn, while poor Gilley could scarce muster a sickly smile instead of his usual broad grin. We met some persons who are constructing a railroad along the river, and

then drove to Hunefos or Dog-fall, a fine cascade about fifteen miles north of Lillehammer.

For two days it has rained most of the time. Yesterday, at the hotel where we stopped, they gave us for dinner a fish much praised in this country, which they called Eeck; on close inspection I found it to be an old acquaintance,—the spotted trout.

To-day we found a small mountain-torrent had, in one place, made a deep gully in the road, so sent Gilley after some farmers, and in a short time had a specimen of a Norwegian impromptu bridge. Labor is very cheap here; most of the men we met on the road only receiving about two shillings and sixpence, of our money, per day; their diet light. The king has a very pretty palace here, and the country contains one nobleman, who must have a jovial time if he confines himself, when here, to those of his own rank.

GOTTENBURG, *July* 14.—After ten delightful days in Norway, came to this place, about two thirds of the way down the Fiord, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world; more than one hundred miles you are surrounded by grand and varying scenery.

Last night was tempestuous, and passed midst the discordant sounds of a creaking vessel and the moans of the seasick. Among the passengers, a Norwegian from New York, who asked about many New Yorkers he knew (in a professional way, I presume, as he was a practising dentist).

The only satisfactory lodgings we could find were kept by a bowing, scraping Jew. Having secured our passage in the canal-boat for Stockholm, joined some Scotchmen, who came down the Fiord with us, and had been making a pedestrian tour through Norway. We dined at the Lorensberg Garden, a pretty resort just out of town; coming home passed the artillery parade ground, where some soldiers were amusing them-selves tossing unlucky comrades in a blanket.

On returning our little Jew host, [illegible]

tried to sell us something; first it was some Elderberry wine, very fine, of which he had only three bottles left; then sundry other things, concluding with such a convenient pocket-book; but, unfortunately, we were not in want of anything. He has been endeavoring to persuade us to leave our things here until our return; in his excitement he rattled away in Swedish, and pulling out some of his grey hairs, pointed to them and the things, from which, I gathered, he meant not a hair of them would be touched.

The town is small, neat, and flourishing, of about 37,000. In these northern latitudes the excessive formality of politeness is very disagreeable, more than I have ever seen before, not only bowing to every other man you meet but taking off your hat.

In Norway there is a curious custom. On rising from table, the father, mother, and children kiss each other, shaking hands with their guests, hope the meal will do them no harm—that of the parents and children I witnessed on board of the steamer.

July 15—FALLS OF TRALL-HATTEN.—Came on here this morning, via the Gotha Canal, which crosses through the centre and garden of Sweden to Stockholm, which route we shall continue to-morrow. This is a succession of small falls or very heavy rapids, and very grand, being the whole body of the river; approaching it are some fine locks, though in number do not compare with Lockport on the Erie Canal.

July 22—STOCKHOLM.—The jar of the small steamer used on the canal has prevented my letter-journalising until our arrival here. I had barely time to make a half-way sketch of the rapids when the boat arrived, and very full—by good luck all very nice people. In Sweden they have a curious custom in the navy; every five years (I think) an officer is allowed leave of absence [illegible] about three years, when he seeks employment in the merchant steamers, and thus receives increased pay. This was the [illegible] our captain. His father, the oldest admiral in the

service, was on board with his family: Miss Bremer's two sisters, and brother-in-law, who had some high position at court, besides, sundry others, one a very nice fellow, formerly an officer in the guards, who, in his boyhood, had gone to South America for his health, and there became very intimate with the officers of some of our ships of war. His great delight was to start a discussion between my Scotch friends and me about the respective merits of England and America; and, as it is a subject the natives of the two countries can never agree upon, we always changed it; but there was no evading his ingenuity, and the moment he succeeded he would rub his hands in his glee, washing them "with invisible soap."

My friend soon made the acquaintance of Miss Bremer's family, having entertained her at his house only a few evenings before leaving America. The passengers all spoke English or French, and we had the most delightful voyage, or journey, since leaving home.

The scenery gentle but beautiful; passed through several lakes, Wettern (which is very large), Werner, and Malar. In the former stands the finest fortification in Sweden—capable of containing 20,000 men—and called Wanas. My companion told the admiral of his having the American flag; he expressed a wish to see it; and my friend asked to have it hoisted in passing the fort, which the admiral requested his son to do. My officer friend endeavored to recall (to some returning musicians, by whistling) the air of Yankee Doodle, and finally got it, after their own fashion, with any number of unheard of variations; and the most enthusiastic Yankee would have been much puzzled to "guess" the air except from the intention. He told me [illegible] near he was joining our navy, and wound up by saying [illegible] good American he was; and then, giving me a wink, [illegible] Scotch acquaintances, sitting at my side, that he had [illegible] "so many American songs on the Macedonian, [illegible] the English," and began singing some of our [illegible] He then alluded to our successes [illegible]

[illegible] my friends' national pride and produced the discussion he [illegible]. On bidding him good-bye, at Stockholm, he took my hand, asked me the course of my wanderings, then shaking it warmly, said, "Then you go home—then you marry—then may you be happy as I be." I heartily joined him in the last wish, for he had one of the handsomest, finest women I've met since I left home—not to speak of her "*solid charms.*"

We stopped at Motala, which has the finest iron-works in Sweden. Iron steamers, steam-engines, rolling mills, etc., are made here. Government is making great efforts to improve their various manufactures; and young men are sent to England to learn the method of making cutlery. I saw some good machinery, and small steamers for the Russian government. In passing the locks we all got out and walked. Once we stopped to see the grave of Admiral Plattan, the De Witt Clinton of this canal. It does not lead direct to Stockholm, but reaches the coast some distance south, and then the steamer coasts through a beautiful, but most dense, archipelago of islands and rocks, the passage so winding that frequently you cannot see a clear course one hundred feet ahead, making navigation dangerous and most difficult.

Last evening we were all to bed early, with repeated injunctions to be called before daylight, as the approach to Stockholm is much admired. We were on deck by three o'clock; alas for our pleasant anticipations; it was raining in torrents, but, well wrapped up, we waited for the first glimpse. A venerable Jew crawled out, *sans cravat*, with dressing-gown and slippers; next our two Scotchmen; but the rain was too much for my companion [illegible], and he tumbled into his berth again. We held [illegible] be disappointed. Though fine in sunshine, the [illegible] enough in a pelting rain.

[illegible] had to be examined. Our new acquaint[illegible] (the brother-in-law of Miss Bremer), sent his [illegible] and carriage, and we are now snugly lodged [illegible], and supplied with every comfort

and one superfluous luxury (fleas). We have a most [illegible] stupid servant, or *commissionnaire*, on whom we expend patience and abuse successively. He occasionally allows his sympathy for Americans to break forth in a condolatory strain, regretting Mr. Ellsworth behaved so badly; defrauding the custom-house while *Chargé d'affaires* and hurting America—but always concludes with "*but he was a good man.*"

On our arrival we sent "old stupid" with cards and a note to the *Chargé d'affaires* to ask when we should call, and to "borrow the loan" of American or English newspapers. He sent us the late papers and an invitation to dine, *en famille*, to-day. We met Mr. Cogswell, who was hunting up books for the Astor Library, and had a delightful visit.

Sunday.—Lutheran church of St. Nicholas. I suppose the service was very affecting, for I saw two women near me crying, but as I never act without "a why and wherefore," I could not sympathizingly join them from ignorance of the language. The preacher wore a black gown, and the priest read the service like a catholic. In the congregation were many Dalecarlians in full costume; they are from one of the northern districts, and were the first to declare for Gustavus Vasa when Sweden revolted from Denmark. They pride themselves on their independence, and come down in large numbers during the summer months to work; the women mostly managing the small pleasure or passenger boats that ply between the islands and the city. They all dress in their peculiar costume, which is quite picturesque.

This afternoon we crossed to one of the islands, and while strolling through the grounds of one of the smaller palaces (of which the king has fourteen, large and small) we were [illegible] by a German professor, who would have us go in; [illegible] save expense for us and his family, we did so. [illegible] furnished with Dresden china; a table of [illegible] Sèvres, an exquisite thing, and a present from [illegible]

Bernadotte. In front of the palace are two large porphyry vases, seven or eight feet high. We passed several places of amusement and theatres, all apparently well attended; our servant could not understand why we would not go in, especially as the performances were better on Sunday than any other day.

Yesterday we visited the Ridder-haus, or Knight's Parliament, composed of heads of noble families. They had an animated debate on the "school question." Then the church of Ridder-haus—the royal burial-place, and repository of the remains of many great generals; those of Gustavus Adolphus and Charles the Twelfth, together with the five thousand flags taken by the various sovereigns, but mostly by Gustavus Adolphus, in the Thirty Years' War. There are many equestrian figures, with coats of armor worn by distinguished kings of Sweden. We then visited the great palace, which incloses a vast quadrangle; Bernadotte's bedroom, as he died; in one room a picture of his coronation, and another of himself, wife, children, and grandchildren—a grand family group. Among the beautiful objects of the palace are two handsome malachite vases five feet high.

July 22nd.—To-day we went down to Drottningholm (or, Queen's Island), on the Malar lake, seven miles from Stockholm. It is one of the finest palaces in the kingdom. The park almost equals Versailles, and has various cottages, Swiss and Chinese, for the amusement of the royal family. Stockholm is well built, with many large public edifices. It is subdivided by numerous small streams or canals, and mostly built on piles. The harbor is dotted with small islands, and the poetry of the scene is heightened by the picturesque costume of the Dalecarlian boatwomen. The country is prosperous; moderate taxes, no debt, and a large surplus in the treasury.

July 23rd.—To-day, the Museum of Antiquities. The collection is

fine in coins, trinkets, and weapons found in this country from the earliest period; besides many curious things captured at Prague during the Thirty Years' War (Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, being generalissimo of the allied Protestant powers, against Austria and her allies); also, a curiously carved piece of ivory, by one of her generals, during a long imprisonment at Copenhagen. A Swedish student, of Upsala, from the Island of St. Bartholomew, had come here to be educated, had graduated, was to be married in a few weeks, and return home. He gave us much desirable information about Upsala, and the Danamora iron mines, besides a letter to a friend of his, the royal secretary, at Upsala.

Among the sights here is the market-place, where Christian of Denmark, "The Tyrant," executed ninety Swedish noblemen in one day; among them, the father of Gustavus Vasa, who revolutionized Sweden, and was made king. Dined as usual at the club, where we had been introduced by our banker. Drove to the telegraph, where we had a beautiful panoramic view of Stockholm and its bay of islands. Returning, a Finnish acquaintance joined us for the Deer Garden, a favorite afternoon resort, where there were some fine *tableaux vivants*, besides equipages of the nobility.

24*th*.—This morning started for New Upsala, by steamer, up the lake. Shortly after, while we were talking to each other of the pretty face and figure of a lady standing near us, Count Sparrè, whose mother, sister, and brother-in-law (my officer friend), we had known on board the steamer from Gotten-burg, came up and introduced himself, said he had been looking for us in Stockholm several days without success, and now was on his way to his mother's, with his fiancée (the young lady we had been noticing), who was a "maid of honor" to the [illegible] He wished us to go home and spend a few days at his [illegible] but we had to decline on account of [illegible] would have given us much pleasure to [illegible]

The sail was fine up the lake, with its small islands. We passed Sigtuna, the capitol, under Odin. We sent our letter and cards to the secretary. While dining, a gentleman called, said his friend was not at home, but he would show us the sights. He took us to the College—a cluster of buildings, the students living where they choose, and certain hours and days attending at the professors' houses. The library is a fine building, of 180,000 volumes—many of them American; saw one of the professors who had lately returned from the United States—pleased with his trip. Visited the cathedral, which contains the Tomb of Gustavus Vasa, and frescoes of the four principal scenes in his life.

To-day, on to Danamora mines, thirty miles through a well cultivated country. The place is filled with what looked like paving stones of trap rock, but are pieces of iron ore. The pits or mines vary from two to six hundred feet long, by one or two hundred wide, and from four to five hundred feet deep; though there is one that is over seven hundred, perfectly dark. Over most of them there is a wheel, with a wire rope about half an inch in diameter, which also passes half a dozen times round a cylinder about fifty feet distant, to keep the cord from slipping, as there are two buckets, one descending as the other ascends. The best mine is five hundred feet deep; so we slipped on miners' coats, and with a guide got into the bucket, a heavy affair, two and a half feet high, by three in diameter. The man stood on the rim to fend off from the rocks. We passed, on our passage, a great number of dark caverns that had been explored for iron, also little birds flying about. There was considerable ice and snow on the rocks and at the bottom. Here they are just beginning to make exploratory caverns or passages. After warming up at the fire, and feeing the guide, we got in again, and in five minutes were at the top. As it was near twelve, when the men "knock off" for the day, and blast the morning drillings, we waited, and got a good place to see and hear; such a succession of terrific blasts I have never heard—old Jove's best thunderbolts are child's play to it.

There are eighty mines, but only forty-eight worked, and these for only a small part of the year, as only a certain portion of wood was allowed to be cut for smelting, lest it should be destroyed. This restriction has been done away with for several years, but the force of custom, I presume, has prevented any change in the amount cut, notwithstanding the immense amount of forest in the country—thus, much reducing the large quantity that might be made in the country, and exported, for they are forbid by law from exporting unsmelted ore. The annual average product within the last five years by these celebrated mines, is only 300,000 tons; the quantity manufactured, about 130,000 tons, and 100,000 tons of bar iron. Two-fifths of the pig iron is purchased and manufactured into bar iron, by iron masters, who do not own mines; the remainder is manufactured by the companies who own the mines. The best iron is found in the Upsala district, at Danamora or Söderby, which contains the forges.

There are 4,000 tons made here annually. *It is the best in the world for steel!* The iron made in Sweden is superior to that of other countries, from being smelted by charcoal instead of other coal or peat. Of the 70,000 tons exported, 38,000 are used in England; 20,000 in the United States; 8,000 in Denmark; and 5,000 in France.

Stopped at Old Upsala, visiting the tombs and tumuli of Odin and his family; drank mead out of his horn. Saw the old church, the first Christian one in Scandinavia. Passed a fine chateau of the Brahé family.

26th.—To-day rowed down to Stockloster Chateau, built by Marshal Wrangel, one of the most celebrated of the [illegible] generals in the Thirty Years' War, but, by marriage, [illegible] the Brahé family. It is one of the most [illegible] ings I have ever visited; has six large rooms [illegible] the armor of the two families, which [illegible] pons, and a large library in the other [illegible]

The large galleries are hung with portraits of old marshals and battle scenes; while the vacant spaces are filled with quotations in French, German, Italian, and Latin. The parlors and cabinets are filled with presents from sovereigns, or things captured at Prague. One room was carpeted with Gobelin tapestry; in another, which we were shown into, a pretty young countess was taking her music lesson; discovering the mistake we bowed and retired. The building contains a quadrangle, with octagonal towers. A hundred yards distant, the old church contains the tombs of the marshal and his ancestors. On our way down the lake we passed the prince royal, who was going to the same chateau.

29th.—To-day we visited Gripsholm Palace, built A.D. 1300; burnt in one of the revolutions; and rebuilt by a marshal of the Thirty Years' War from his share of the plunder. It contains many portraits of Swedish celebrities. I have not seen so many portraits of fine-looking men, since I landed in Europe, as in the palaces and chateaux of this country. Here several kings were confined and poisoned.

On our return to Stockholm saw the eclipse, which here was about three-quarters. Taking a drive in the park met some of the princes. Saw the foundations of the Bastile, laid by Gustavus the Third for the benefit of his nobles, who, not liking the project, shot him at the opera-house before it was finished.

This evening tead with the family of our Chargé-d'Affaires.

July 30th.—To-day visited the four Chambers of Deputies, viz.: nobles, priests, citizens, and peasants. They meet every four years. They seemed very respectable, sensible, fine-looking people, and conducted matters with much order and decorum. [illegible] the steamer for St. Petersburg. Had a most affecting parting with "old stupid," who paid us for our good advice [illegible], with tears and "God bless yous."

[illegible] passengers, stowed close; the fortunate

ones in the cabin, the rest where they can tuck away—in carriages, on floors, or decks, rolled in cloaks, with starry canopy. Many are very pleasant: an elderly, retired English Peninsular officer, and a young Irishman, under his protection, my friend and self, all paired off; the old 'uns and young 'uns together (the imagined parentals and filials):—a Finlander, an Italian; and a Russian, sent out by the Emperor to take charge of his nation's share in the Exhibition.

August 1*st.*—Abo—We reached to-day, after a delightful sail of sixty hours, mostly surrounded by pretty little islands. It formerly was part of Sweden, but taken from her by the Allied Powers in 1815, and given to Russia, while Norway was taken from Denmark and given to Sweden.

Our luggage and passports examined, and our descriptions taken (my friend has a middle name, and the official gravely asked if the two first would not answer without the third), and a refreshing swim in the Gulf of Finland, the Finn, who lives here, took us a drive through the town in droskies, the funniest contrivances you can imagine. They are only a foot and a half from the ground, with low wheels, a wide mud-guard, protecting seat and steps, and the most conspicuous thing about the vehicle. Sinking into a low, scanty seat, no cover, and buttoned in by an apron, the driver, in a long dressing-gown-looking coat, confined at the waist by a red sash, with a very low, but immensely bell-crowned hat, mounted the little box in front, and started his miniature Bucephalus off at a gallop. Both arms were kept going, whipping, slapping, and he chirruping to this imaginary steed, who hurried us over gutters, pavements, up and down hill, at this same rapid pace. We wished to see a Cossack regiment stationed in the suburbs, but were disappointed—they were [illegible] in uniform. They are a most miserable dirty-looking [illegible] horses are small and badly shaped, though, I believe [illegible] endurance. Returned just as a [illegible] started off, drawn by four little rats of [illegible]

every place they could hitch fast to. In, on, and around it was stowed luggage enough for a caravan. I counted ten umbrellas, six canes, and five parasols!

August 2d.—REVEL—We reached this afternoon, after two days of steaming. Yesterday afternoon and evening had a violent thunderstorm. The captain, for safety, anchored at dark. All who could, got into the cabin; the rest were obliged to avail themselves of the carriages, awnings, luggage covers, etc. We were in the back cabin, a room about twenty by twenty-four, of which one-half was occupied by berths, which, with closed windows and bed curtains, caused an oppressive heat, almost stifling; but we poor (sixteen) mortals, by dint of obstinacy and perseverance, managed to survive the night.

By six this morning were at Sweaborg and Helsingfors. A small town, with a very fine fortress, impregnably fortified, and called the "Gibraltar of the North;" the place, principally a military post, and containing many public buildings, has an imposing Lutheran church. Then across the Gulf of Finland to this place, which we reached at four this afternoon. It is the great naval *dépôt* of the Baltic. We did not go ashore; there was a pelting rain all the time we were here. Among the passengers who came aboard was a young Prince Bobiuski, a very gentlemanly, intelligent young fellow of about twenty, a midshipman, and grandson of one of the Empress Catharine's "nephews."

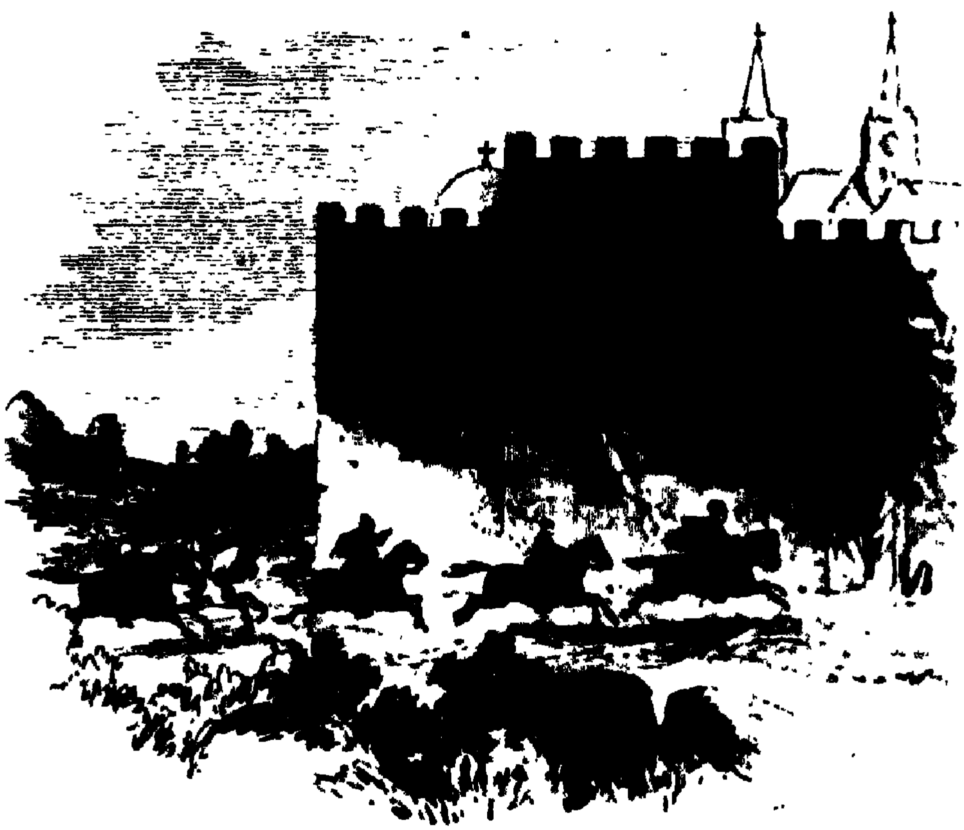
Aug. 4.—ST. PETERSBURG.—Two days more brought us here. Saturday night, after leaving Revel, it cleared off and has been fine ever since. The Gulf has thronged with vessels—yesterday we counted ninety-seven; and lighthouses on most of the many islands. Reached Cronstadt about four this afternoon. The fortress is very formidable, and it is doubtful if the combined fleets of the world could take it. Here our passports and selves [illegible] transferred to a small steamer and went up

the bay (which is about fifteen miles long by ten wide, and very shoal) to this place. The sail is pleasant; on the one side are scattered palaces, villas, and villages; among the former Peterhoff, the old imperial residence of Peter the Great, and several smaller, prettier, and more modern ones of the present Emperor. On the opposite side, the low marshy shores of Livonia; passed the Kamschatka, the first and fastest steam frigate in the Russian Navy, built at Hoboken; also two small American steamers that ply between St. Petersburg and Peterhoff. We soon caught sight of the Admiralty, and St. Isaac's gilded dome, besides many others, spangled and gilded, though less grand and beautiful. The first approach of the Neva, is through wood rafts and decayed docks; then soon in the midst of the fine granite quays, iron bridges, and beautiful buildings. A soldier guarded us till the custom-house officers came. The man who was to examine my luggage, shut it up without looking at it, at the same time giving me a knowing look. I accordingly "tip'd" him, and with our two English friends was soon at Mr. Benson's, a very nice English boarding-house on the banks of the Neva.

Owing to the necessity of having our passports visèed we did very little regular sightseeing yesterday or to-day. This afternoon the Secretary (now Chargé d'Affaires) called, and went with us to look at several places. Saw Catharine's celebrated statue of Peter the Great, very fine and spirited, though not as large as we supposed. It is in a large square, on the four sides of which are the palace, Isaac Church, Admiralty, quay, and bridge, a beautiful *coup d'œil of art*, and gratifying to an American, for most of the iron bridge is the work of an American manufactory here. The great railway to Moscow is in charge of Americans; the Emperor has much confidence in them, and it's pleasant to know that some of them are creditable,—the diplomats are [illegible] so, except to England and France. Ellsworth, Chargé to [illegible] defrauded the government, and left without paying [illegible] debts. At this court, John Randolph behaved so [illegible] court, that his recall or absence was requested. [illegible]

Minister here, had three appointments to present his credentials, and every time too drunk to keep them; on the occasion of one appointment he was lying drunk on the floor in one corner of his room, his servant in another, and the female companions of their debauchery in some other part of the room in the same felicitous condition; and when he did get them made a long harangue to the Emperor. He was so constantly engaged in low debauchery that, I'm told, a letter was written to Gen. Taylor requesting his recall, or that otherwise the Emperor would be compelled to give him his passport. One of the Secretaries, who was left as *Chargé*, went armed to the ball given on the marriage of the Crown Prince, and getting drunk, swore he'd shoot any one who attempted to remove him. Hannigan, in Prussia, was drunk most of the time—left in debt to every one, and murdered his brother-in-law when he got home for greater éclat. The man who was sent over with the ratification of the Oregon Treaty, stopped at Liverpool for a "spree." Our Minister, after hearing of his arrival, waited three days and then sent to Liverpool; he was there found in a low groggery, beastly intoxicated, with the treaty in his pocket. In Italy, President Polk's brother disgraced the country and himself, *if possible*. In addition to his other peccadilloes, he was in the habit of driving in the "*Chiaja*" with the notorious "women of the town;" and the man sent to succeed him, I heard, was drunk all the time he was there, besides lots of others I could mention.

The Emperor is most capricious in his actions and movements; as an instance of one, a few nights since, returning from a naval review at Cronstadt, the whim seized him to order out the cadets. So off he went, ten o'clock at night, to the camp, and had them out for a sham fight; the whole five or six thousand—poor little [illegible]—had to turn out and tumble out the best way they could, [illegible]. A gentleman told me he was returning from a late [illegible], and found himself in the midst of aides, guards, and Cossacks, flying about at full speed, singly or in squadrons, and [illegible] in every direction.



Sketched by the Author. See page 40

ESCAPE OF PETER THE GREAT AND BROTHER FROM THE STRELITZES INTO TROITSKA MONASTERY

All the papers undergo the strictest censorship; while obnoxious articles are cut out of the few foreign papers which are admitted. Yesterday I was in wonderful good luck; having been invited by our Consul to dine with him at Peterhoff, which is one of the imperial summer residences, and in the environs the seats of many gentlemen. Arriving by water we took droskeys; first drove through the grounds of Peter the Great's villa (for the imperial residences here are nothing more), a plain low brick building, but with beautiful grounds extending to the bank of the bay. The house is near the bank with a stone wall along the border; then passed the present imperial villa, (which is strictly private when occupied by the family,) to the palace, so called from being the largest; on reaching this we found all the imperial droskeys and calashes, with the Circassian attendants, in waiting; so, by advice of the Consul, dismissed the carriages for a short time, and took a good position about fifty feet distant in front of the steps, and waited; they all came out in very few minutes, Emperor, Empress, Prince Royal, his two younger brothers (17 and 19), Grand Duchess Olga, their sister, and three or four Russian and German Princes and Princesses. The Emperor is very fine looking, as is the eldest son, who is the exact counterpart of his father, except in the fire and energy. The men all had on the long military cloaks, without which an officer is never seen, even in the warmest weather. We had ten minutes' view of them, and stood uncovered; which they acknowledged, the Emperor and Princes by the military salute, the Empress and Princesses bowing. The Emperor helped the Empress (who is very infirm and in bad health), and Grand Duchess Olga (who is very good looking, and was very handsome, now about twenty-eight), into the calash; took the footman's place behind, and all drove off. While driving through the park had another view of the Prince Royal and Princess. [illegible] palace stands on a hill with a fine view of the bay and [illegible] in sight. On the terraced slope a [illegible] of [illegible] Versailles, form a canal three or four hundred [illegible]

which divides a belt of trees that skirt the shore, making a pretty and wide vista of the bay. The other palaces are gems; the Duke of Leuchtenburg's (son of Eugène Beauharnais, and brother of the Queen of Sweden) we also visited. It was a present from his father-in-law, the Emperor. Everything is exquisitely beautiful. The grounds, instead of being in lawn, form principally a garden admirably kept. Beyond, a lawn, with pleasant walks intersected with small streams, is seen. The country is nearly level; all the grounds of the imperial family contain statuary, summer-houses, vases, and seats,—all of marble. In the Duke's there is a beautiful little Russian cottage (a play-house for the children), a surprise of the Emperor, who had the materials brought and building finished in one night. He is said to be very fond of his family, and never happier than when surrounded by them with his grandchildren pulling him about.

Visited the villa of the Empress on an island in an artificial lake, the model of one she lived in at Naples a few years ago; then the villa of the Grand Duchess Olga, in the same lake. We there saw the Emperor and his sons reviewing the cadets—dined with the Consul and went to see them attack a fort, but the early departure of the steamboat prevented our seeing the finale. We heard the Emperor "blowing" them up most savagely. We passed some four thousand men marching to the camp for the grand review, soon to take place; the men were tall and marching to lively songs. I'm told the Emperor takes good care of them, and punishes his officers severely if they fail to do so. On the return from the Hungarian campaign he degraded one of his generals to the ranks, for peculations on the men. The knout is said to be abolished; the severest punishment in the army, and a substitute for capital punishment, is running the gauntlet, resorted to in extreme cases, as in mutiny, desertion, or murder. The culprit, with two long poles under his arms, the ends supported by soldiers, marches between a double line [illegible] supplied with a rod, who strike him as he [illegible]; if the wretch survives he is sent to Siberia. The taxes

of the nobles are partially paid by furnishing serfs, who, after serving seven years, have their option of leaving as free men, or of remaining with the chance of becoming officers; thus they nominally have a very good time, and I doubt if the "devil is quite as black as he is painted."

The Emperor is fine looking, tall, and stout, with a severe expression, appearing better on foot than on horse, as he does not ride very well.

I've just received a ticket to the Isaac Church and Hermitage Palace. The former will be, internally, the most magnificent in the world when completed; though not as large as some others. It has been twelve years in building, and it may be finished in three or four more. The interior will be entirely of scagliola, plaster frescoed, rare valuable marbles, and malachite. There are to be five fluted columns fifty feet high, by five in diameter of malachite (veneered); I saw one that was finished, also several parts of the church completed. The entire building was occupied by scaffolding, and formed our sightseeing promenade. As we made our spiral ascent to the dome, a distance of two hundred and eighty feet, passing five granite columns, and all kinds of most elaborate work in marble, porphyry, fresco, gigantic gilded figures, vases and cornices of "rose antique," or almost equally beautiful scagliola. Imagination in her dreamy or lofty flights, can scarce conceive aught more beautifully exquisite in the form of a church. Fortune again favoring us, we were allowed to visit the exterior summit of the dome (thanks to the courtesy of an official we met in the church). After multifarious twistings and contortions of body and legs, until nature herself must fain have admired the pliability of her handiwork, though I feared I never should get into proper shape again, or even know when I approximated to it, I had got accustomed to so many shapes. In our passage through [illegible] varied, narrow, low, dark, and winding ways, barely [illegible] for a child, much less for four such different figures, [illegible] stout, and thin; on reaching the summit, counted [illegible]

stout man missing, having got wedged on the way. I've rarely seen a more beautiful view to make one oblivious to wrenchings of body, or vexations of mind. All St. Petersburg lay at our feet, with its stately palaces, glittering domes and minarets, monuments, and multitudes of immense public buildings, with the Neva, sweeping beneath, spanned by beautiful bridges, washing in its sluggish course the walls of the gloomy citadel, within which are subterranean dungeons for state prisoners, for whom, once in, "hope takes its flight." In the distance, numerous small villages, the bay, Peterhoff, and Cronstadt are visible. The roof is so vast, two regiments of horse might manœuvre. The form is the Greek cross with four porticoes or façades, supported in front and rear by double, and sides by single rows of columns of polished red granite, sixty feet high by seven in diameter, with perfect Corinthian caps of bronze. Each front has a beautiful alto-relievo in bronze; after which we visited the "Hermitage," so called by Catharine, and used by her when retiring from the cares of state,—now a show palace, and almost rivalling the scenes of the Arabian Nights in its varied beauties—rarest marbles and malachite made common by their profusion—suites of rooms, walled, panelled, or pillared with them, mosaic and tesselated floors of inconceivably fine work—immense tables and vases of malachite, "rose antique," with rare marbles from Siberia: one vase a perfect swimming bath, ten by twenty feet—the picture gallery one of the most superb in Europe, and excelling all others in Claudes—the library the most extensive in northern Europe—among its treasures Voltaire's collection.

In my flight from Wall Street, I thought I had left law and code behind; but to-day, was agreeably surprised to meet my most esteemed friend and townsman, our brilliant Codifier, who, with his family, had just been visiting the "midnight sun," and like myself are winging their way to the lands of the "crescent and the cross."

[illegible] to the [illegible] of Russian gaiety. With weather [illegible] the mercury is [illegible] meditating a retirement through

the bottom of the bulb, and the few people who do promenade the streets, typical of their own polar bears. Then society, with an inverse ratio to the temperature without, effervesces with excitement into balls, operas, and the hundred varied gaieties of a brilliant capital. But to us, of milder latitudes, the summer is the season of our enjoyments, preferring the external sights to the social ones.

August 15*th*.—To-day our Chargé, friend, and self drove to the grand burial-ground, the *specialité* there being a grand jollification over the bones of relatives; an annual *fête* (probably originating from some grateful spendthrift paying a yearly homage to the departed remains of kindred who had bestowed upon him his hoarded wealth, as all fashions take their rise in some leader of "*ton*," who is anxious to exhibit or conceal some beauty, grace, deformity, or defect), when every man, woman, and child comes and spends the day, feasting, rioting, and becoming oblivious, often passing the night here. They spread a table-cloth on the tablet, if one there be; if not, then on a table over the grave, and unloading their hampers of provisions "make a day of it." The common people get up tea-houses to make tea, that being their favorite drink, as coffee is in Paris, beer in England, and brandy-and-water in America. Here are seen rich and poor, high and low, officials civil and military, beggars by the hundreds and thousands. In the midst of this feasting, I saw a family come in, the father with a coffin under one arm and spade in hand, while behind followed the wife and children with monument, hamper of provisions, and liquor.

In the afternoon, drove through the suburbs to see the islands and graceful villas of the nobility.

10*th*, *Sunday*.—Attended church at the factory, which is Episcopal. The other is called the *American* church, for [illegible] that I can learn, other than that it has a Presbyterian [illegible] and *he* is *English*. Have just visited the [illegible]

said to be the best in the world after that at Moscow. Saw three hundred babies squalling, kicking, and breakfasting; others juveniles, up to sixteen and seventeen. There are about four thousand children connected with the institution. Most of them are in the country. They educate the girls for the stage, or to become teachers or governesses, according to their peculiar talents. The boys for teachers, army, or civil service. I only *saw the girls.* We went through about half the building, which is on an immense scale. Everything is in the most perfect order, and excessively neat. The Imperial family *often* visit it. We heard about three hundred sing the blessing for dinner.

11*th*, *Tuesday.*—Visited the fortress and church; (the latter is the imperial mausoleum,) and also Peter the Great's house. To-day the Winter Palace, the largest building in the world. One apartment called the golden room, its furniture and ornaments gilded or malachite, of which were table tops, two mantels, and candelabra. The jewel room is perfectly dazzling with the crown, regalia, etc. Here is the largest diamond in the civilized world, except the one lately brought to England. There were hundreds of necklaces, bracelets, and head ornaments, all of most brilliant diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires; fans, the handles covered with them; snuff-boxes brilliant with gold and jewels; and beautiful canes with heads of precious stones.

15*th*.—I have just returned from Tzarsko-Celo, Catharine's famous country palace—seven hundred feet in front, and unique in its arrangements. The walls of one room covered with amber, others with draperies of blue and gold, everything lavishly splendid. The grounds the handsomest I have seen in Europe, with the exception of fountains, which form a prominent part in most palace parks. From the palace to Paulofsk gardens, and saw fine fireworks and music. This being a great festival day (these festival days come about five times a week, [illegible] great detriment of business, to take a practical view) of [illegible] multitudes of people, and some pretty faces, were out.

On Monday, with a New York acquaintance, who in his locomotive style has overtaken us, we shall start for Moscow.

Although in the early part of August, the weather is very cold, and so changeable nobody moves without an overcoat: like the English habit of carrying an umbrella, which they almost take to bed with them, for fear of its raining before morning.

To-day have been inspecting the beautiful shops, and collecting souvenirs, for sight or use, malachite, and such like rarities.

Tired and provoked, I sit down to tell my day's work. Last evening our Consul kindly sent us word he had learned, from good authority, the grand review was to come off to-day at Krassnacelo, and invited us to drive over to Peterhoff, and dine with him afterwards. As the review was to commence at seven, and we had a drive of twenty miles before us, we were up at half-past two, dressed, arranged a hamper of lunch, my New Orleans and New York friend, "stupid," and self stowed away in the carriage, and we started with three horses, on a full gallop. Reached the place, breakfasted as circumstances (of bad and scanty prog) at the tavern allowed, and then on the ground by eight, having received here the gratifying information that there was not to be a review; only a manœuvre of the troops, about twelve or fifteen miles distant, and that if we took a certain position would be able to see them return. So we did as advised; waited and waited, until our patience was well-nigh exhausted, hearing the firing of musketry and guns, but not able to go there, as no inducement would make our driver move his horses; it was "Russian fashion to give the horses four hours to feed, and they had had only two"—then his carriage might be broken! At last we saw the troops approach and pass, eighteen thousand horse, and forty thousand infantry; Cossacks, Circassians, Russians, Finns, and I don't know what else, composed this *omnium gatherum*;—for one requires a private memorandum-book to occasionally refresh the memory with the various nations and tribes this amazing government has [illegible]

protecting wing. Just then, two officers approached leading their horses; so we did the American civility, and asked them to stop and take a "drink," ascertained from them there had been manœuvres which were over for the day. So we harnessed up, and promised our driver an extra "vodka" (drink) if he got us to Peterhoff (fifteen miles distant) in good season. He whipped up and went off singing, much to our amazement. Just then seeing a regiment of "Life Guards" about to cross into the road ahead of us, whipped up, and yelling and flogging, as if mad, went cutting and slashing through the regiment for about two miles, while we were terribly afraid of getting into trouble. But nothing would stop him, and we found that he had been libating rather too freely, while his horses had been eating four hours, after Russian fashion. At last we reached Peterhoff, and right glad too; for, after the first excitement wore off, our driver was half the time asleep. When we did reach there, were so covered with dust we went on board the steamer and returned to St. Petersburg.

17th, Sunday.—Attended service in the Greek church this morning, wishing to hear their fine music, especially the chants. More miserable mockery and idolatry I have never witnessed, even among the lowest order of Roman Catholics. Every one stands, or stands and kneels, for it is about half and half. As they are not allowed to worship images, the church is hung in every part with small pictures of the Virgin and Saviour, or saints; every portion but the face covered with tinsel, before which are numerous sockets, usually kept filled with lighted candles, furnished by the devotees who throng the church hourly; on entering buy a candle, light it, and place it in the first empty socket, or else hand it to the priest, who places it in a receptacle, which, when full, is sent back to the door for the benefit of other purchasers. Every one in passing a picture, crosses himself or herself, and is supposed to "patter" a prayer, be they beggar, rich, or poor, from the imperial princes to the humble

drosky driver, who will stop, cross himself a dozen times, mutter his prayer, then turn and cheat you. The service was performed by a disgusting looking priest (with long hair reaching to his shoulders—their custom, each hair appearing to stand alone on its own account); assisted by several venerables, who followed their prepossessing leader in mumblings and crossings. Then the choir relieved us from this tedious, senseless mummery, by some fine music; after which the priest drawled out a sentence, looked at the figure, and with his assistants crossed himself. Then succeeded, alternately, music, mumblings, and genuflexions, for two hours; the people, mostly men, bowing, crossing, and pattering prayers, with every five minutes a genuflexion of the neck (to Hibernicise), as well as of the "pedestals" in order to touch their forehead to the pavement. A fine-looking old gentleman, who stood near me, seeing I was a stranger, entering into conversation, asked where I was from, where bound to, etc., then explained several of the ceremonies, one in particular, that struck me very oddly, *i. e.* of children only about six months old, taking the Sacrament, which I saw. Then he continued his crossings, prayers, and kneelings. One old fellow could not perform quite so easily this "religion culbutant" (as Chateaubriand terms it, in speaking of the Turks and Egyptians), "whipped the devil round the stump" by touching his finger first to the floor and then his forehead. After the service was finished, great numbers went up and kissed the feet of the figure in the picture. They never have preaching in the Greek church.

MOSCOW, *August 27th.*—Before starting for Moscow, we had collected our various souvenirs; one of mine, a wood-carrier on a malachite vase. They are the most common objects here. The costume, as you will perceive, is very simple, merely shirt and trowsers, shirt outside—their unsophisticated way of [illegible] and the bottoms of the trowsers loosely tucked in a pair of [illegible] boots, which every man has. When anything is [illegible] shirt, it is for a drosky driver—a long blue cloth [illegible]

at the waist, and confined by a belt; but ordinarily only a sheep-skin overcoat, fur inside, dirty and greasy as agreeable. At half-past four, my Southern, New York friend, and I, with our "traps" and baskets of eatables, started in three droskys for the Moscow Diligence, where we were stowed two and two, my travelling friend from the South and self in the coupè, with our carpet-bags, coats, cloaks, books, and hamper of eatables and drinkables, all so tightly packed, that we never should have got out before reaching Moscow, had there not luckily been a door on either side. Our Irish friends came down, to be able more clearly to anticipate their approaching misery, and bid us good by, and give their cards, if we should not meet in Moscow, to visit their houses and clubs in Ireland and London on our return. With lingering look "at what we ne'er might see again," we bid adieu to St. Petersburg.

Our vehicle, a long lumbering machine with four apartments, was hurried along by four scraggy-looking ponies, and a driver in the usual dirty sheep-skin coat. We travelled night and day, only stopping occasionally to get a cup of tea (Tchai), and twice, at famous places, for chicken cutlets. The tea (which is better in Russia than any other place out of China) was always good, though the appearance of the taverns and domestics rather prejudicial to any appetite, but one augmented by twelve to twenty hours of Diligence travel. Tea, in its voyage from China, is injured by what is termed the sweating process, which it undergoes in the confined holds of the ships, and avoids in its overland caravan journeys from China, which, though rendering it much dearer, at the same time gives you a better article. Around every station were collected a dozen or more, dirty, quarrelsome ruffians, in these same sheep-skin overcoats. At night, found them lying on the ground, stoops of houses, or in the corners of the yards on straw, like pigs. The appearance of the houses on the way to Moscow, impressed me favorably. Many of them with very fanciful cornices, window frames, and galleries. Most of them are built of logs, with the gable ends to

the road; none were painted. The fields indicated abundant harvests. We passed thousands of acres of grain and flax; like those of France,—rarely divided by fences. Saw immense numbers of fine cattle, either grazing or being driven to market (mostly white and dun, a few red):—tedious operation, occupying six months,—a business which the railroad, when completed, will engross, hurrying them to market in a few hours. The sheep, of which we saw many, are small, usually black or mixed. The farming implements are of the roughest description. Passed immense numbers of waggons carrying loads to St. Petersburg; some trains consisting of twenty, one of thirty-three. The railroad is nearly completed; the Emperor will use it in his trip to Moscow in a few days, for the first time. The country, for the most part, very flat, and monotonous scenery. The only objects besides the log-houses—the green domes of the churches. The priests must have exercised a very powerful influence to have erected so many, and mostly are very large; however, the religion is a national one, and the people are fanatic.

Emerging from a small wood on the third afternoon, Moscow broke upon us, with its hundreds, almost thousands, of domes and minarets, delighting us nearly as much as it did Napoleon when he first beheld them from the Sparrow Hills, on our right. Landing and receiving our passports, we were hurried and tumbled, with our luggage, into droskys, and galloping off to Mr. Howard's (the English boarding-house) in the shortest possible time, where we are quartered, and the only lodgers.

This evening, while dining, our valet-de-place came in; a young Anglo-Muscovite—a veritable John Smith, to our amusement, when his name was announced. Having arranged matters for to-morrow, we retire with pleasant anticipations of Moscow, so "bon nuit"—the "bon repos" I shall doubtless take long before you can wish it.

August 23d.—Yesterday paid the famed Kremlin a visit; [illegible] the citadel of Moscow and probably a mile in [illegible]

by high walls, outside of which stands the old city of Moscow, the walls of which are gone and only gates left; outside of this again are the suburbs or the greater part of the present city. In the Kremlin are the old and new palaces, treasury, armory or powder magazine, and the three oldest churches. None of these buildings were burned in 1812; the oldest contains the bodies of most of the kings and emperors to the time of Peter the Great. Some few of the church ornaments are five hundred years old; the grand one is where the Emperor was crowned, his chair was in the treasury—that of his predecessors looked like a moderate-sized bed with curtains, as did also that of the patriarchs. This church holds, besides the remains of many of its early sovereigns, wonderful relics,—among them a garment of our Saviour (what article of dress I did not learn), but suffice to say they are the "Simon Pures," and those old hypocrites at Tréves have been humbugging the world for two or three centuries with their imaginary veritables. Also a veritable nail from the cross, and we could have seen some of the *flesh* had I desired it. One old patriarch was packed away in his coffin with a hand exposed, which the devotees were kissing in most ecstatic raptures. The pictures were hung round with diamonds, gifts of royalty and nobility. The patriarch allowed us to visit the robe-room; the dresses were magnificently embroidered in gold and silver thread, many almost covered with pearls from the size of the head of a large pin, to a large pea, and some as large as a wren's egg, besides diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; on their crosses were beautiful stones. There were also two large bronze kettles to boil the sacred oil for baptism, and an immense vase to deposit it in when prepared—also several hundred silver dishes, goblets, vases, and pictures, part of the patriarch's service; then various old bibles and testaments with divers merits, ages, illuminations, and languages. We then indulged the feminine passion, and did some shopping in the Persian bazaar.

To-day drove out with a Russian friend to see the manœuvres. There were eight or ten of the crack regiments of guards, hus-

sars, and lancers, besides a regiment or two of artillery and ten or twelve of infantry. The sight was beautiful, and the apparently eccentric evolutions of the artillery kept our driver in constant motion. Once getting on the other side of a ditch, we supposed we should then be quite safe, and scarcely the thought passed through our minds, when, as if we were the imaginary enemy, down thundered the artillery horses and carriages, all taking the ditches "flying," and we scampering off at telegraphic speed. Returning to the city we drove through the Petersköi Park; old Peter's palace is a curiously constructed affair, of red brick, and Byzantine order. We could not get in, as everything was preparing for the approaching visit of the Emperor next week; then to the Kremlin to again see the outside of the new palace, which, being of stucco, and with its fresh coat of yellow wash, looks very fine—all of the white and yellow washers are performing their annual duty. Instead of painting their houses occasionally, as we do, every house takes its periodical coat of white, grey, brown, or yellow wash. The view of the city is very fine from this side. I counted seventy-seven churches, domes, and spires, besides multitudes of monasteries and convents; after which walked through the gardens and along the banks of the Mosqua river. Saw some of the immense flatboats, from two to three hundred feet in length, by about sixty in width, in which they bring wood from a thousand miles in the interior—then through the old town stores, a succession of small shops under one roof, and very like market-stalls, with two or more children to each, standing outside and inviting indiscriminately to buy; the money-changers with piles of loose silver lying on their open counters—the people have a sort of rogue's honor towards each other. Passing these untouched they would pick my pockets without the least hesitation. In these miniature shops you often see the richest and most [illegible] jewelry. Further on, the wholesale department of [illegible] which the only indications are barred windows, and a [illegible] look, like a feed store on a Monday morning. [illegible]

outer and inner barrier there is a space of a few feet in width, along which a rope is stretched; on it are rings running short distances, and to these rings dogs with short ropes are attached, with rope enough for a patrol but not near enough to fight.

Saw the Grand Patriarch of the Greek church pass with coach and four this morning; this afternoon we all went to the Seminoff Monastery, a drive of four miles; it is a fortress-like building within high walls, where are also other buildings besides the chapel or church. My travelling friend had a letter of introduction to Melchisedec the patriarch. On reaching this and inquiring for him found he had been promoted to a higher post, so, resolute not to be disappointed, my friend sent in his card with the guide to the present one, who immediately sent out word he would be very glad to see all of us,—so we all went in "to see the elephant."

He was a fine-looking old gentleman, with most benevolent expression, with the long beard, moustache, and hair which they all wear. We made him a visit of nearly an hour, when he appeared very reluctant to have us leave, being exceedingly anxious to hear about the United States, but as it was near "vespers" we did not like to trespass on his time, as we were intending to hear the vesper service, when he very kindly sent word to the priests to sing from their notes, and we thought he had an extra grand flourish of service for us. He, as well as the other priests who performed the more important parts, were very richly dressed in long robes beautifully embroidered and in most cases the entire robe covered with gold and silver; the others in plain black gowns, with the high Greek church crape hat (like an ordinary hat without the rim and immensely bell-crowned) with a very large cape at the back. We staid until nine (two hours, but the service lasts until twelve) witnessing the principal parts of the service, particularly "the blessing of bread," when the patriarch had a superb cross of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, probably worth many thousand dollars. The singing was the finest I've ever heard in a church. Some six-

teen or eighteen monks singing by turns and in concert. The interior of the chapel is very like the others. An old fellow near me, with a diabolical cut-throat face, who bowed, knelt, and crossed himself in most exemplary style, in the height of his enthusiasm chimed in with a very fine bass.

August 25.—Yesterday (Sunday) morning went to the Sparrow Hills to witness the departure of the Exiles to Siberia—an event that takes place every Sunday morning, they being collected here from far distances (even St. Petersburg) for that purpose, and sent off on foot in chains under military escort. About eighty started yesterday; their clothes and shoes are examined before they set out to prevent their carrying any concealed money, after which ten copeks or about eight cents are given to each. The majority had a chain and band on each leg—the chain supported by a belt around the waist. Others were handcuffed and attached to a long chain. Dr. Haas, a German resident, who has taken great interest in these poor wretches and the prisons for years, and also by his benevolence much impoverished himself, was present. He went among them talking to each, and giving the conducter money for them. He is a kind, benevolent looking old gentleman of about seventy, quite tall and stout, dressed in small-clothes. We introduced ourselves. He had a long conversation with us, on parting shook hands and kissed; he *is the Howard of Russia*. The spectacle of the prisoners was most melancholy, though they had generally a cut-throat aspect. Returning stopped on the brow of Sparrow Hill, where Napoleon first viewed Moscow, and a fine sight it is, though proving so bitter a view to the French after their march of two thousand miles.

Returning by the Kremlin, which is to Moscow what the Acropolis was to Athens and the Capitol to Rome, surrounded by lofty walls with embattled towers and turrets; of its [illegible] gates the most celebrated one is the "Spass Vorota" [illegible] the Redeemer);—the "porta triumphalis" of Moscow, [illegible]

its portals often Russia's conquering Emperors and soldiers returned in triumph, and all uncover who pass it. Continuing on, we stopped for a view from the majestic tower of Ivań Veliki; in our ascent passed a number of enormous bells, one of which was tolling—this was about twelve feet in diameter, the man standing inside to swing the clapper, while a hussar, with plenty of room, stood on the opposite side. On the outside of the tower, near the top, a long bearded fellow was whitewashing with both hands, while his only hold on the ladder, which was swinging with the wind, was by one leg. Our companion, a nephew of the Russian Ambassador at Washington, dined with us; and knowing our American tastes he brought two fine water-melons, (which tasted as fresh as if just picked), though they came from Astrakan, more than a thousand miles. After dinner we went to a famous restaurant to take "yellow tea," which costs from twelve to twenty dollars a pound.

To-day we visited the new palace, through the courtesy of Mr. B., who had obtained an order from the governor. I've never seen anything equal to it. Imagination could hardly surpass its magnificence; it is truly an Imperial Palace. The grand stairs are in the same style, but not as fine as those at the Hermitage. The vestibule is circular, with walls and ceilings beautifully ornamented with gilding and fresco. It opens into the Hall of St. George, at the end of which we saw a large medallion in plaster, representing the killing of the dragon. At that end of the room are windows opening on the balcony, with pink curtains, which gave a beautiful tint to the room. The cornices are decorated with representations of the order of St. George. On the marble panels are the names of the various regiments of the army who raised them and the names of the princes and generals who have received *this highest order in Russia*. Superb vistas open on the eye, and the hardly less beautiful halls of St. Vladimer, St. Andrew, and St. Catherine, with the magnificent throne rooms of Alexander and Nicholas. The canopy and curtains of the thrones are lined with ermine. In passing through

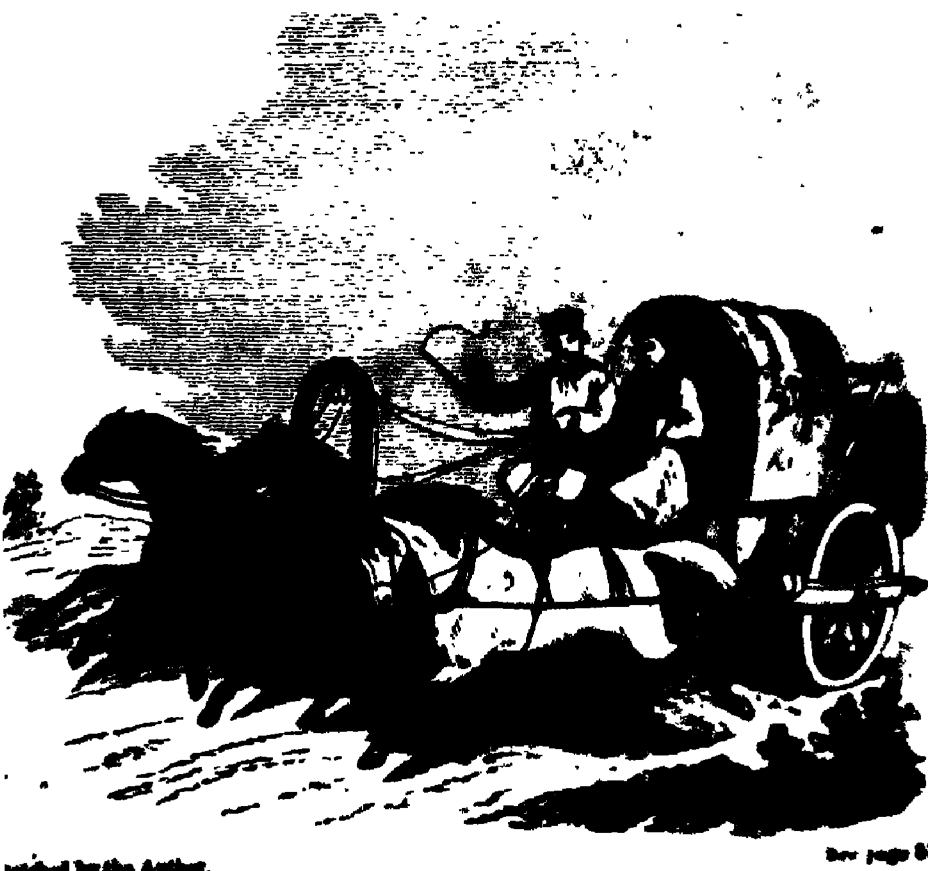
the family rooms we paused to gaze on the splendor of the boudoir prepared for the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the tables, fire-screens, andirons, shovel-stand, cover, and back to the fireplace; looking-glass frames, which were very heavy and elaborate; two chandeliers (very large), besides nine tables, all of solid silver; and the rest were covered with heavy plate, not less than the eighth of an inch thick. And then we went on through long ranges exquisitely beautiful.

It being a grand fête day we started for Troitzka, a famous monastery forty miles distant, and well known in the history of Russia for the important part it has borne at various times. One, the affording refuge to Peter the Great when his life was threatened by the Strelitzes. It has had various important grants of privileges and property from Peter the Great, Catharine, and others; besides—the left-handed one—self-appropriation again by some of these devout but aggrandizing imperialities.

We have returned from Troitzka and bought our tarantas for the Odessa trip—a pleasant little jaunt of a thousand miles, which we are told we can accomplish with good luck, and no breakdowns, in nine days, including a day and a half stoppage on the road. These tarantases are odd vehicles to look at, with a maximum of axletrees and poles, and a minimum of wheels (in circumference) and carriage body; however, with our trunks and boxes on behind, and sacks, cloaks, cushions, coats to comfort the outer man, and a good hamper of "creature comforts" for the inner one, a post-office courier (the best we could do), who, though not speaking a word of English or any of our varied "lingos," struts about in his long green official cloak with becoming dignity, and handles his pistol—while we shall be left to our own minimum to supply our wants. The last of our complement is the wild looking Yamschik (postillion). With all our arrangements for Odessa, we started off with [illegible] see the grand review for Prince Paskevitch the V[illegible] Poland, and since his Hungarian campaign the [illegible]

the Empire. On his return, a gift from the Emperor was presented to him by one of the Grand Dukes on bended knee. There were more than one hundred thousand troops on review. The scene was brilliant. It seemed surprising that so many men could, even by perfect discipline, be brought in so compact a column.

In this country every man, to be anybody, must be in the civil or military service. Everything and every body always under the strictest surveillance of the police. Every suspected letter passing through the post-office is opened and not always sealed; if unimportant is put back again. Those going to or from the embassies are invariably opened, so that now the English embassy wishing to communicate information as to their acts, or give them what John Randolph called an unintentional hit, they post a duplicate despatch, and send the other by their courier, when the duplicate is sure to be read by Count Nesselrode before the courier reaches Cronstadt. The roads are constructed purely for military purposes, and travelling is restricted as much as possible A gentleman can't go to his country seat, one hundred miles from the city, without a pass for a certain length of time, and mentioning all his family; and this can be renewed only on personal application, except in sickness, and then the applicant must appear with the physician's certificate, for that alone will save him from punishment. The Emperor is trying to cripple the power of the nobles and raise himself with the soldiers and common people by the appearance of being able to accomplish all he says he will do or have done, when and in the way he chooses; whether it be the erection of his winter palace in a year, which was done at the sacrifice of hundreds of lives; or the construction of the iron bridge over the river, which has been repairing ever since; or building a railway to Moscow, in a direct line through swamps and morasses, which have sunk as fast as filled in; or coming to Moscow in thirty hours by post; and now, in a day or two, he is to try on this untried new railroad to accomplish it in the trial trip in seven hours—four hundred and sixty miles.



tched by the Author. See page 51.

TARANTAS TRAVELLING, RUSSIA.

The workpeople are clever at imitation, but they have no inventive genius—except in setting jewelry.

To-day dined with B. We had sterlet, the famous luxury brought from the Volga. Even in winter they are brought on alive, and shown swimming to the guests as they pass through the hall at a dinner party; and when they are ready for the fish (the third course in Russia) they are cooked; at that season they cost from ten to fifteen dollars a piece, which makes a dinner an expensive affair, as every guest has a fish—except of the large ones, which are two and three hundred dollars apiece.

As an instance of the strictness of the censorship, the English clergyman at this place told me he could not write his sermons, until he had shown the heads of his subject to the censor and obtained his permission to use them.

Odessa, *September* 10*th*.—After lockings and unlockings, directions and orders, we were finally tucked away in our tarantas, and off in grand grotesque style, with our box of trunks chained, strapped, and tied, standing out in bold relief behind, and our post-office courier in all the dignity of his office, redoubled by his present charge, sitting in equally bold relief in front, with his official panoply of coat buttons and pistol, cartridge box, padaroshnas (post-office orders for horses) and march route, "backed up" by a sheep-skin-coated driver. But "pride must have a fall," and so we learned, for two or three stations on our way found our wheels giving out. At a station where we stopped just before dark, the officer, on looking at our luggage, said he thought it well fastened (of late there had been some robberies on the road). Peter, our courier, loaded his pistol and showed it to me, while I strengthened his courage by showing him my revolver, explaining, that it fired six shots, without reloading. Recovering from his surprise, we examined [illegible] matters and were off again. About the middle of the night, [illegible] we were giving our undivided attention to Somnus, [illegible] by visions of robbers, were suddenly startled by a [illegible]

accompanied by a vague recollection of robber stories and present feeling of upset. We found a wheel off; while the rest were looking for the wheel and linchpin, and I holding the horses, "a tall horseman was seen emerging from the woods," quite in G. P. R. James' style. But he was a mounted Cossack patrol.

Next morning, about eight, reached Tula, passing through a beautiful country, we should have enjoyed but for the mishaps. We hunted up an Englishman here, to whom we had a letter, and he put us in the way of making "a swap" for another carriage. He took us to the Government Musket Manufactory, which he has charge of. They were making seventy-five thousand muskets a year, and enlarging to make a hundred thousand. Yet, strange enough, they make the stocks here, and in every *other* armory in Europe, by hand, while Yankees, wide-awake for a time-saving machine, do them by machinery. After the day with him, we started at dusk with letters to his relatives and to dignitaries at Micholaioff. At the first station, looking at our wheels, saw we had been cheated, so back we went fifteen miles.

At Tula, my friend found a party at our English acquaintance's, he sent one of his family with him to the Lieut.-Governor's, who was at the Governor's; there the Governor had a long conversation with him, learning he was an American, and finished by sending him with his compliments to the Chief of Police, to say "he sent them,"—so they went to him and told the story. He twisted his moustache, summoned his adjutant and aides (every one here is military); one of them knew Andrio Corbato, the horrid villain! Ordered him arrested, with a sentinel at his door, till the carriage was arranged to the gentlemen's satisfaction—a prompt administration of justice, my learned friend forgot to put in the "code." So back they came to the carriage, routing me, courier, and "traps" out, when poor Andrio Corbato, officer, sentinel, and carriage, hurried off; the former feeling very much, as if his passport for Siberia was almost made out. The Englishman wished us to finish the evening at his house, but our [illegible] "rig" was not comeatable, so we declined; the next

morning at daylight, I heard a noise in front of the house, there stood the carriage (with new wheels), Andrio Corbato, and the sentinel, with fixed bayonet, keeping guard, and the prisoner, probably, vowing most sincerely never to sell another carriage on a saint's day.

Breakfast over, the Englishman called, and after due inspection of the reparations, and Andrio being threatened with the vengeance of the police if they gave out again, we made another start. Everything held together well enough, till just before we reached Orel (a post of about one hundred and forty miles), our driver's box gave way.

Here we found a French restaurateur who had come on in the Diligence from St. Petersburg with us; he had just returned from the Great Exhibition, with all the grievances a Frenchman must suffer in "perfidious Albion;" he had been all over England without getting a beefsteak well cooked. And as we complimented France and its *cuisine*, he gave us a delicious *dejeuner à la fourchette*. The town has some 80,000. Last winter fifteen hundred froze to death.

On to Kourisk, of which a cup of Tchai (tea) and the bad pavements will be our sole *souvenirs*. Then Karkoff, along a sandy dusty road, galloping on in grand style with five horses.

The rich black loam, after heavy rains, had been baked so hard by the sun as to resemble asphaltum.

Karkoff is a large town with many public buildings, but like every city in Russia, built of brick or rough stone stuccoed. On to Pultowa, nearly suffocated by the clouds of fine black dust, while in the spring and autumn almost impassable from mud.

Pultowa, celebrated for the defeat of Charles the Twelfth, stands on a high, almost isolated hill, with no good buildings but the public ones. The monument, which is in the centre of the town, does not amount to much. The Post-house, [illegible] like any place with ablution privileges, was acceptable after [illegible] four hours of dusting.

[illegible] next resting-place Elizevagrad, one of the cavalry posts of Russia. A few years ago, the Emperor reviewed *eighty* thousand cavalry here. Then with a gallop of twenty-four hours over the steppes (prairie) reached the Black Sea fleet station of Nicholaioff—a fine town on high ground, nearly surrounded by water.

The admiral to whom we had letters had gone to Sevastopol. Feeling that we had nearly reached the end of our journey, pushed on with invigorated spirits to Odessa; only stopping now and then to "Tchai." At one place my culinary skill was called into requisition to poach some eggs; as all we could get was fire, eggs and a plate, no water or thing to heat it in.

Reaching Odessa Sunday morning, after a fatiguing journey of nine days, almost constant travelling, and making nearly a thousand miles; both of us in best of health and spirits, found an excellent hotel on the terrace overlooking the Black Sea, with rooms on the water. A comfortable breakfast once more, our things examined, and such a plight! Everything full of dust! Poor Peter, half dead, thinking his work and responsibility over, was soon composed to sleep on a bench, with his martial cloak around him. We vowing never to go through this again, went to sleep like Peter—but on a bed.

This afternoon, dinner over, strolled on the Boulevard, overlooking the finest bay on the Black Sea.

Nearly in front of the hotel is a fine flight of steps of yellow stone. The Duke de Richelieu, a French emigrant, while governor of the place, built it. They are about one hundred feet wide, descended by six flights; at the bottom a bathing-house, whose privileges of a Black Sea swim we found most grateful. Called with our letters.

[illegible], the Consul, told me that some fifteen years since, when travellers were less frequent, a New York gentleman and his wife stopped here on their way from the East to St. Petersburg. Prince Woronzoff had a party just after their arrival, and sent them an invitation. The guests hearing she was Ame

rican, all exclaimed, with surprise, "Why, she is white! why, she is white!"

No one is considered a merchant here who does not deal in grain. In the autumn the streets are impassable from the waggons, which I can imagine from the thousands of them I met on the road, many trains of thirty and forty each. The country for fourteen hundred miles is an uninterrupted grain field.

The town is mostly built of yellowish stone like that used in Paris. It is pleasant looking, with fine view from its lofty site.

Engaged our courier for a tour through the Crimea. The day before starting, he mysteriously disappeared, and as he could not leave the place without permission of the police, we supposed he had been shut up by them to prevent travellers going there, without resorting to the necessity of forbidding it. So we spent our time in sight-seeing and dining with friends, who were kind and attentive.

Difficult as is the job to get into Russia, it is about as hard to get out. And as I had dismissed my courier, and the other servant had dismissed himself, it took me nearly a day to get my *visées*. The last official I found in the kitchen of the *concierge*, in his shirt sleeves, eating stewed pears; he asked me to join him, but time was too precious. We bid good-bye to Russia, where we had passed so many pleasant days.

The villages on our way were mere hamlets; the soil badly cultivated; the threshing done on the bare ground, and grain carried hundreds of miles to market by miserable little waggons, holding about two wheelbarrow loads, and taking from four to six weeks in the transport. Near the Sea of Azoff are huge beds of anthracite coal.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Sept.* 14*th*, 1851.—This morning [illegible] after a pleasant sail of thirty-nine hours. In the night a [illegible] squall came up, and I was awaked by the steward [illegible] window; luckily, my India-rubber traps saved [illegible] bath, a wave having just preceded his arrival.

The Bosphorus is narrow and winding, with numerous forts on the rocky eminences. We thought they added much to the landscape, though the Czar, doubtless, is of a different opinion, as they and the treaty prevent his fleet going into the Mediterranean. The shores are lined with villages, and the hills with gardens and fields. About half way down, passed Therapia, the summer resort of the diplomatic corps, where we stopped to send the Russian despatches on shore. Then on through one of the most beautifully mingled views of land and water I have ever seen. The hills, valley, and shore varied with vineyards, villages, and villas, occasionally a palace of the Sultan, tall minarets, or a conspicuous dome of some mosque, arrested the eye, while the waters were dotted with craft of every description, nation, and rig, from the light caïque of the Osmanli to the lofty four-deckers of the Sultan. Zebeques, with their irregular rig, Austrian, French, English (everything but American) flags met the eye. And that flag which an American has the more reason to be proud of, the farther he wanders, had gone to the Dardanelles a few days previous, borne by the Mississippi, where she awaited the delivery of Kossuth from the Turkish governors.

Though no American flag met our eye, we had the satisfaction of knowing the Turkish vessels of war and many of the steamers plying the Bosphorus were made by Americans.

At last we dropped anchor in the "Golden Horn," a small cove separating Stamboul (Constantinople proper) from Pera, where foreigners reside and do business. At the junction of the "Golden Horn" with the Bosphorus, stands the Sultan's Palace, called "Seraglio Point."

The immense mosques of Santa Sophia, Sulimania, and Mahmoud, with their tall minarets, rise proudly above seraglio and palace. In the distance are the ruins of ancient aqueducts, the walls of the city, the scene of many a hard-fought battle, and the seven towers. But travellers have made this scene too familiar to our eyes to render another description necessary, even to the sudden transition, on landing, from the lovely

picturesque to the shocking filth of streets and places, and the praise accorded the sensible Englishman who, rapt in admiration of the view from his yacht, never left her, fearing to destroy the impression. We had hardly dropped anchor, when the servant of Mr. F. (whom we had left at St. Petersburg, but who had preceded us, via Vienna and the Danube,) was most kindly sent aboard for us to join his family and a party for the mosques, palaces, etc. We had a delightful excursion among these oft-read-of but never-to-be-realized places, except on ocular demonstration. Then at the hotel we have lovely views of Stamboul and the Bosphorus.

We are by the side of a burial-ground, which appears to be a promenade for braying donkeys, growling camels, and fighting dogs, judging from the perpetual concert they keep up.

Sept. 14th.—A gala day, our little party of Americans, six in all, took carriages for Scutari, on the Asiatic shore, where, with horses for the gentlemen, and arabahs (vehicles drawn by oxen) for the two ladies, we went to Bulgurlu, a high hill which affords a beautiful panoramic view of the city, Bosphorus, and Sea of Marmora. Here were all the ladies of the Sultan's "harem" (house); we passed leisurely through—a Frank lady being as great a curiosity to them as they to us; consequently returned our stare with interest; throwing aside their yashmacs, ceasing to eat bonbons, drink sherbet, and almost to smoke their pipes.

Few of them were good-looking; they have full faces, dark eyes, pale complexions (from their constant veiling or confinement in the house), and very little intelligence; what we term a most unmeaning face. Their eyebrows are painted till they nearly or quite meet. On our way home, rowed down the Bosphorus, over the spot where the sultans summarily dispatched troublesome and bagged members of their female domestic [illegible] passing the city and her sea walls, so often crimsoned [illegible] tending foes, and over which blind Dandolus was [illegible] ing as he went. Landed at the extremity of [illegible] stands the first of the "seven towers," not [illegible]

on and passed the Golden Gate through which the Emperors rode in triumph. There are three walls on the land side. At last got two horses, and though with men's saddles, a most agreeable relief to the ladies of our party; we walked on either side, cavaliers *à pied*, helping them hold on in so awkward a side-saddle. Got to hotel at ten, after an amusing walk of six miles.

We are now arranging for our journey to Mosul, Nineveh, and so on to Jerusalem. A long big-fisted Irishman from Australia wishes to go with us; he has an ugly, gaunt-looking wife who holds the purse, well filled too I fancy, from the satisfaction she takes in jingling it in her pocket while she stalks along with grenadier stride. The wife he proposes to send on direct to Jerusalem, and we have concluded to take him, thinking he'd be such a "broth of a boy" if we should chance to have a "scrimmage" with the Arabs (who are very troublesome) en route. So my room is in the jolliest kind of confusion. On the floor, patent canteens, pistols, flasks, clothes, camp bedstead, maps, a library of books for reading, studying, and sketching; ink, pencils, paper, compasses, bullet moulds; around on chairs and sofas, are scattered coats and India-rubber "traps," while trunks lay open around me with all the etceteras of a vagrandizing comfortable traveller; musketo-bars, camera-obscura, herbarium, and a medicine chest; the lancets and weights, with the book of directions I've just been examining. They extend from a broken neck to a snake bite. Being issued under act of Parliament and the Admiralty, feel I must arrive at some termination, kill or cure, though should feel more faith if qualified by "Act of Congress" than Parliament, as we stiff-necked Republicans are apt to be rebellious to all that bears the impress of royalty.

To-day, visited Terrhapia and our minister; most of his family have suffered severely from a trip to Egypt, the desert, and Palestine, last spring and this summer. Dined with the Secretary of Legation. Returning, called on several of the missionaries, passing on our way down the new palace of the Sultan,



Sketched by the Author.

See page [illegible].

A TRAVELLER'S IDEA OF ORDER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

spoilt by the lower part only being of marble, the rest of wood; but beautifully situated on the water's edge. They have a curious custom—every Sultan builds a palace for his successor.

Saw the dancing and howling Dervishes perform: one set on either side of the Bosphorus. The one like "Lebanon Shakers," the others, maniacs with their frantic "shines."

Saw the Sultan go to mosque this morning—a pale, thin man about twenty-eight, of very slight form.

At the "sweet (fresh) waters" of Europe and Asia, another sight of the Sultan's harem.

To-day made my first essay in donkey-riding, and was puzzled to know what to do with my legs, especially in a crowded bazaar.

On a visit to "Prince's Islands," saw quantities of arbutus trees, full of ripe fruit.

This morning learned our dragoman for Mosul, etc., whom we have been waiting three weeks to find, had gone off with another party, thinking he might be robbed or murdered returning alone. So, with Mussulmanic philosophy, we must shrug our shoulders and say, "Enshallah!" (God wills it!)

Now we go to Troy and Greece, *en route* to Syria, Egypt, etc. As our diplomatic representatives so often disgrace their country, except it may be in England and France, I'll pay a parting tribute to our most worthy and esteemed one here, who has so ably sustained, in all the walks of public and private life, the high reputation he bore at home. Mr. C——, a previous representative, in the same "kit" and category as Bagby, Hennegan, and Polk, vain of his ugly "corpus," exposed himself nude, at the ministerial windows, to some Greek ladies. Their brothers, in natural indignation at the insult, took the law into their own hands, and would have assassinated him, had he possessed more prudence (or cowardice, term it which [illegible] —that, and gratuitous insult to a woman, are the [illegible] modesty, and thus hid himself.

The Turks, with that love of the "almighty [illegible]

imputed to us alone, keep Sunday instead of Friday, in order to avoid losing the Frank custom of one day.

October 2d.—DARDANELLES.—Yesterday came down from Constantinople, which I parted from with regret: I've passed my time so delightfully, and had such lovely views from my window; from early morning to midnight I gaze upon its thousand glittering lights; the dark outlines of Santa Sophia and Suleimanye, with their lofty minarets, and beyond, Marmora reflecting the moon's rays from its glassy surface, until it seems a dream too beautiful for reality.

Just before leaving yesterday, a very nice fellow asked permission to join us at Beyrout—one of the leading members of the old Visconti family at Milan. Being too ardent a republican, had been obliged to take refuge here. I hope he will join us; I like him much.

At this place we stay with the English vice-consul. The scene on the deck was most amusing; the Turks always have part portioned off to them; and being exclusive, confined themselves to their quarter, where they scrubbed, chatted, and scolded—the latter quality the feminine gender in this nation excel in.

Scattered about the forward deck were Mussulmans, Jews, Armenians, Greeks, and Heaven only knows who or what else. I should think, a dash of every clime, from the variety of costume, enveloped in huge blankets, cloaks, and the shaggy "capote."

On the wheel-house were two Persian priests, with their tall pointed fur caps, prostrating themselves, with their eyes turned towards Mecca. I wandered about the decks, passenger and moon-gazing until tired, and then turned in.

This morning arrived at the Dardanelles, at six, leaving Sestos and Abydos about three miles behind us. Went ashore at the little town of Chanak-Kalasi (*Anglicè*, Pottery-ware Town).



Sketched by the Author

See page [illegible].

RUINS OF PRIAM'S PALACE. TROY.

October 4th.—Started for the mouth of the Dardanelles, landing near Boonabashe. The sail was delightful, passing the various guard forts.

They use immense cannon, with granite balls of enormous size; one nearly sunk an English frigate a few years ago, one of the fleet that forced the passage. No vessel is allowed to pass after dark. During the night constantly hear the cannon fired to "come to."

In the style of Homer, most sapient D——, long-legged I——, and most useful Joseph, were soon landed from their sharp-prowed caïque. With our "traps" on our backs trudged to the village, about the spot where the "valiant Achilles," "much-devising Ulysses," and their warlike countrymen first landed. We were soon in the saddle, and stopped for the night at a khan opposite Tenedos, where was a most primitive lighthouse (a large fire) on a hill.

This morning in the saddle before sunrise, and soon fairly on the Plains of Troy. Three mounds are pointed out as the tombs of Hector, Achilles, and Ajax. On a high hill, some distance from the sea, the remains of the old city, and in the distance the rivers Scamander and Simoeis, now nearly dry. The plains, over which Homer has thrown a mystic spell, are low, and flat, growing grapes and olives, but even they not flourishing,—perhaps a judgment on the desecration.

On over broken columns and other vestiges of ancient ruins, reached the Amphitheatre of Alexander Troas (built by Antigonus, one of Alexander's generals). The columns of gray granite, some five feet in diameter and sixty feet high. One of the columns lying in the water, showed the encroachment of the sea.

Inside of an old wall is seen a large ruin, called [illegible] Palace,—the ruins so large and massive that I actually [illegible] top of the building, where my friend unfurled "[illegible] I saluted with my pistol. Then continued on [illegible] passing many more similar ruins, though [illegible]

the baths, where were mineral waters—I suppose a Trojan Saratoga. At last, near dark, we got to the little village of Ulagà; after much delay found they had no rooms—but we could lodge in the quarantine; being all we could get, and too late to continue on, had to take it; and stowed our three valuable selves as best we could. By guess measurement, our quarters were eight feet wide by twelve long. Here there was a space five feet square for passage, wood, etc., cut in the floor, which was about three feet above the ground; and ceiling just six feet high. In this spacious apartment had to be lodged—ourselves, servant, provender, saddles, and other "traps."

Not being proud, we went to the common fountain, and took our turn at ablutions with Turks, niggers, donkeys, horses, camels, and other cattle.

From the number of huge turbaned fellows hanging round our door, our place must be the "Ton" itself, and certainly of sanctity, for we are under the same roof as the mosque, as we soon learned by the "Muezzin" (or cry to prayer), and nasal whine of the worshippers.

They have a funny way of leading a train of camels, generally by a little donkey, which produces a ludicrous effect.

DARDANELLES, *Oct. 4th.*—Last night I was woke up by a cat walking across my feet, I shouted, and she landed on Mr. D., *en route* to the window.

This morning toileted at the fountain with our friends of last evening. Off before sunrise. The sunrises and sunsets are lovely, with those beautiful tints we always see in pictures of the Mediterranean.

Passed through the little village of Renkoii, and scrambling along breakneck paths reached the shores of the Dardanelles again, and two hours after in Chanak-kalasi, at the comfortable house of the Consul, and right glad to get there after twelve hours in the saddle.

Oct. 5th. Rowed to Abydos, and ascended the hill where Xerxes

viewed his vast army, and made his memorable exclamation. Here his famous bridge was fastened, and to this place Leander swam nightly to see his "lady-love." The Turks, in excavating from the top of the hill for a battery, found the hexagonal base of what was either Xerxes's throne or a light-house. On our return the guns were thundering forth their sunset salute in honor of the Turkish feast the "Ramazan."

SMYRNA, *Oct. 7th.*—Yesterday the steamer (though French) following the charming track of these Orientals, who fancying to-morrow is as good as to-day, and the day after better yet, did not arrive until near twelve. While waiting for her saw one of the carts of this place, which performs the double duty of cart and "hurdy-gurdy." The wheels are very small and solid, with a narrow iron tire, the wood tapering off and so fine it would ruin the best road in the world. The wheels and axle-trees are morticed together; never being greased its eternal squeak sounds like a drove of swine in full concert.

Our sail was delightful, and found several acquaintances on board of the steamer.

Passed between Troy and Tenedos.

The harbor of Smyrna is beautiful. We have not been on shore, but we shall spend some days here on our return.

Our departure this morning was delayed some hours for the captain to breakfast with the admiral, and yesterday for him to go ashore at the Dardanelles to shoot. A few trips since, in the anxiety to shoot, they forgot the mail, which they did not discover until about two hours after they had started.

PIRÆUS, *Oct. 8th.*—I date from the Quarantine rooms. We had a charming sail here, passing the principal islands and ports. Mytilene and Scio were illuminated by ... which produced a very fine effect, thirty or forty lights ... the entire side of the mountains.

This morning saw Pentelicus and the ...

thon, passing under the promontory of Sunium, with the ruined old Temple of Minerva crowning its brow. There are just twelve columns standing. Now Athens is in sight, so I must close.

ATHENS, *October* 10.—After a quarantine of three days, an amusement or vexation these wiseacres get up for annoying each other, the doctor looked in this morning, and finding us all flourishing, let us out. We were soon off for Athens, a dull, dusty drive of six miles, and particularly uninteresting—though we did our best to feel enthusiastic and recall all the Grecian lore whipped into us at school, but much of it long since forgotten. The Piræus is a most diminutive port, the entrance only about two hundred feet wide.

We are established in the Hotel d'Angleterre, under the auspices of two hosts, one with the reputation of being the greatest liar in Greece, the other of having been a bandit; but they keep the best hotel here.

Went this evening to view the Temple of Jupiter Olympus by moonlight, the largest of the temples, begun first and completed last (by the Romans); a joint monument of the two nations. There are only sixteen columns left—but their immense size gives an idea of its magnitude; they formed the façade and are sixty feet high by six and a half in diameter. Near by, the Arch of Hadrian, one of the entrances to the city. We climbed up to the Acropolis, but the Cerberus of the citadel was not to be bribed. Visited the vast ruins of the theatre built by Herodes Atticus, in honor of his wife.

The Acropolis is a ragged, rocky hill—and has always been the citadel; thus the perpetual target for bombs and cannon-balls during the sieges, and much to the detriment of the beautiful temples that crown this fortress. While the Parthenon was the powder magazine of the Venetians, a bomb exploded and shattered it.

Saw Mr. Hill, the American Missionary, and Chaplain to the English Embassy—the only instance on record of the position



Sketched by the Author.

RUINS OF TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS, ATHENS.

ever being offered to an American. The place being vacant the English Minister had him appointed, a compliment and mark of his high esteem. Mr. and Mrs. Hill are much interested in their school, which, some years, has had over a thousand scholars—many of the pupils children of former scholars.

Our Presbyterian missionary has a pretty Smyrnian wife who won't be of any religion. Then to a Greek court—saw a modern Demosthenes defending his client for stealing sponges; if he stole them for his own use should have been let off, on condition of using them. The judges invited us to sit near them, doubtless from a fellow feeling, "birds of a feather," &c.

Sunday, 12th.—Yesterday were off by break of day, with a dashing young Albanian guide, for Marathon. Half the journey in carriage, rest on horseback. Last night it rained, and this morning the air is very fresh. Passed Hymettus, then Pentelicus' white peaks. Shortly after starting, discovered my friend missing,—turning back, found him and his horse having a game of "leap-frog," one on his nose the other on his knees. Changing horses with him, he got along better.

Marathon is a long narrow plain at the foot of the mountains, and bordered on the other side by the sea. A half washed and dug-away hill marks the place where the Athenians were buried, and a heap of stones where Miltiades was afterwards entombed on the field of his fame.

The road home lined with arbutus trees in fruit. This evening a full moon,—went to the Parthenon. The Archæological Society of Athens has done much to remove the rubbish from the Acropolis, and put together old temples. The Turks, when besieged here, made cannon balls from the columns of the Parthenon and other temples.

This morning at daylight, we and our servant were [illegible] Mars' Hill, Mr. D. did St. Paul, the servant and I the [illegible] I the Areopagite, and he, not understanding English, [illegible] Returned by Socrates' prison, and the Bema [illegible]

and Demosthenes harangued the assemblies. An admirable spot for the purpose: they here could appeal to the feelings, in sight of their homes, the temple-crowned Acropolis with the altars of their gods, the bay of Salamis, and the numerous sites of their victories as they circled the horizon.

The palace is an immense abortive attempt at architecture, with but one feature of success in its construction—enriching the rascally architect who made a large fortune out of it.

Dinner over, the band played in the grand square; the King and Queen rode up with their suite—she has been pretty, not so now; he, small, plain, and common looking.

October 14th.—Started early yesterday morning on a tour of two weeks through Greece. Stopped in the vale of Daphne, where once stood a temple to Apollo; near it, the temple of Venus. Then tomb of Strato, now in ruins. Going on by the "Via Sacra," passed the bay of Eleusis, the salt and fresh water side by side. A few ancient tombs, then the temple of Ceres and ruins of Eleusis. The temple must have been very fine, judging from its ruins and a façade ornament of Ceres reclining on a ground of grains and fruit. Some Vandal has knocked off the head and carried it away. Saw a fine statue with drapery.

Stopped for the night at Gasa, formerly Enarkos. Dined in grand style with Alexander in full costume as waiter, and a capital one too; we have a retinue of seven horses and four men.

Off this morning before daylight, and got to the summit of the mountains as the sun rose—a superb view—Parnassus' tall peak still in sight, while Platea and Leuctra lay at our feet. Just beyond, is Thebes. Getting out to walk, picked up a very old coin.

Thebes is on a hill, its ancient mantle of glory now covers a village of cobblers. After breakfast, stopped at Mardonius' tomb; the Lacedæmons were led by Pausanias, and Herodotus pronounced their victory the greatest he ever heard of.

Crossed the Esopus, a stream, two and a half inches deep.

Leuctra is on a hill, with a tumulus to mark the place of those who fell under Epaminondas—next Thespia's former site.

Did not get off early this morning; my friend sick. The gendarmes went out after robbers. Passing the site of the Temple of the Muses saw some old columns covered with inscriptions verifying the spot. Then fountains of Hippomene and Narcissus. Stopped at Lebadea for the night.

Leaving the town, passed the caves of Trophonius curiously honey-combed. On the summit, three hundred feet high, stands the citadel.

Cheronea, a vast fertile plain, with ruins of amphitheatre and citadel. Also of the lion over the tombs of the Bœotians who fell in battle against Philip of Macedon. Near by, the chair of Plutarch, and the old town of Achaia with its lofty citadel, and on over a battle-field of Greeks and Turks to Arachova, through thousands of acres of vineyard.

In waiting for dinner, amused ourselves throwing coppers out of the window until a crowd of some seventy persons gathered.

DELPHI, *October* 17*th*.—Rose at one—by half past breakfasted; and in our saddles, such as they were (on mules) ascending Parnassus. A lovely moonlight, the de'il was always possessing our brutes to be constantly leaning over a precipice to pick a *bon bouche* of thistle, when we could see the cottage lights hundreds of feet below us. At this midnight hour, the clouds and mountains blending together, and lit by the moon's rays, were like angry billows of snow. Reached the summit after six tedious hours as the rising sun was gilding the mountain peaks and tinging the clouds with rainbow colors. The last few hundred feet we had to climb *à pied;* the rotundity of my friend was [illegible] compatible with that, so three men pulled him up. The [illegible] was one of the most extensive I've ever beheld. All [illegible] seemed present to our gaze.

Descending, stopped at the celebrated Corycian [illegible]

hill scramble of a thousand feet. The entrance is small; the large chamber, one hundred by two hundred feet, and fifty high, covered with stalactites, and the floor with stalagmites, followed by a succession of smaller damp slimy chambers. On to Delphi, which we reached by a breakneck road at nine this evening.

GALAXIDI, *Sunday, October 19th.*—After a disturbed night from rain with a leaky roof above, uneasy horses below, and mewing cats in the room, we hurried through breakfast and off for the oracular seat. Visited Apollo's Temple, lately discovered in excavating, then the Castalian fount. I quaffed the water, but the spell of poesy has not come o'er me yet. Saw the seat of the priestess when delivering the oracles—then the stadium, and various tombs cut in the rock along the road.

Turned to look once more on this amphitheatre of nature and ancient seat of Grecian mythology—then on to the port, or Scala di Salona, passing the spot where Œdipus killed his father.

Beginning to rain, we started pell-mell for the village. Not being able to get a large boat for Vestiggia, took a small one for this place. No better luck here, for none would start till Monday morning, so we made our quarters over a coffee-room.

Down stairs the Greeks have been quarrelling over their cards all day.

MEGASPELION, *21st.*—Rose at three yesterday, and went on the boat. The horses were slung aboard most strangely. With little wind we were drifting about all day. On landing, the horses were slung over the side by a noose, and held up in the water till the noose was unfastened, when they swam ashore; a more brutal affair I have never seen. On the way to the khan passed a sycamore tree forty-three feet in circumference.

Left this miserable town at seven; travelled over beautiful and verdant mountain scenery, with wild flowers, and the arbutus red with fruit. Got here in the afternoon. The building is

perched in the recess of a projecting mountain peak, with high strong walls around it. Here the Greek Revolution first broke out, and afterwards the Turks were repulsed, with great loss, in their attempt to take it. The semicircular hill-side garden terraced down three hundred feet. The old priest showed us a "Transfiguration," presented by the Emperor of Russia, the chapel, and wine vaults. The latter are extensive, and apparently their pride; they also showed several fountains, but of no use that I could discover, internally or externally.

CORINTH, 23*rd October.*—Night before last a very amusing time. The old priest, the head of the establishment, declined to dine or drink with us (at these places you have your own dinner), but he dined at his own end of the table, libating very freely of their own beastly wine (with flavor of melted pitch and sealing-wax), every time reversing his glass to show us he left no "heel-taps;" then said he would take a little with us, and some brandy, so poured out a good half-tumbler, drank it off (pure) in two swallows. He gagged and choked; at last, as by degrees, recovering the use of his half excoriated throat, gulped out as he stroked his long beard, "su-per-li-ti-i-vum seniori."

Three or four tumblers of wine following this in quick succession, he soon became oblivious, and threatened to whip us if we did not eat some grapes he brought; then wished to send some to the President of the United States, and begged us to make a long visit, etc.

Yesterday, left early; had all sorts of a ride,—climbing tops of mountains, and galloping along the shore of the Gulf of Corinth to Zaphilites.

To-day, visited Sicyon, formerly one of the first kingdoms in Greece, now only the ruins of a temple and theatre visible. [illegible] Corinth went to the old temple of Minerva, which is [illegible]. Then from the khan to the Acro-Corinth, or citadel, [illegible] hundred feet in the air.

"A fortress formed to freedom's hands."

It has all sorts of fortifications, the eternal Venetian tower among the rest. The view is magnificent,—the place impregnable. The rest of Corinth has vanished; Roman, Goth, Venetian, and Turk, have destroyed every vestige of this once mistress of Grecian luxury and art.

ATHENS, *Monday 27th.*—Friday, passed the Nemean cave shortly after leaving Corinth,—the ruins of Cleonæ, then Nemea, with a few temple ruins.

Met two armed men in a defile, *gendarmes*, my guide said, but I thought robbers, from his sudden flush, as he handed them some money and whipped into a rapid gallop. The guides have all the robber bands in pay, as the robbery of a traveller would cost them their business.

Saw the track in the rocks of ancient chariot wheels. Then reached Mycenæ. The city is on a hill. Part of the walls in good preservation, built of large stones, laid without mortar. The two gates, the one of Lions very perfect except their heads. They lean against a column. Near is the (so-called) treasury of Atreus; further on the tomb of Agamemnon, some say of Atreus,—a curious, conical, bee-hive-looking affair, fifty feet in diameter and height. The principal chamber was laid in stone covered with brass. The stone over the door twenty-seven feet long by eighteen broad, and three thick. Then to the Nixus of Argos, its citadel, on a small mountain near the city; at its base an old theatre.

Saturday.—This morning rode to Nauplia, stopping at Tyrenus or Tyrens. The walls are in good condition, in the outer one an arched way; near it sat an owl—perhaps Minerva herself, watching us.

Nauplia is the only really well-fortified town in Greece; the streets are tolerable. It was the capital for a few years during the regency:—then full gallop (the usual style, and over such roads, one would consider elsewhere certain destruction to man or

beast, perhaps both, and here neither) over horrid, loose, stony, and breakneck ways.

Stopped at Hiero, where stood the Temple of Esculapius, which, from the ruins, must have been both immense and beautiful. The theatre is the only perfect seated one I have seen (they are cut in the rock or of stone), this would hold twelve thousand.

On to Epidaurus through the Sacred Grove.

Sunday.—This place, though small, very ancient. The first Congress met here. Left at five in a small boat, and with heavy wind and sea been beating about all day. At dusk put into a small cove in the island of Ægina.

I started with the captain to see the old Temple of Jupiter. Has twenty-two columns standing, in many parts perfect.

Monday.—Last night our lodging, a cavern just above the water's edge, the bed an old carpet. My friend and the servant, like yesterday, enjoying a felicity of sea-sickness.

Reached the Piræus at one, and right glad to get on *terra firma* after an adventurous cruise, which was far from a safe one. At the hotel found several Southern and New York acquaintances.

This afternoon Mr. Hill, who was delighted to see us safe back (the country swarms with banditti), accompanied us to the Acropolis. The Archæological Society have quite restored, or put together, the ruins of the little Temple of Victory, which stands at the side of the Propylaeon. The goddess at Sparta is chained, here is represented as laying aside her garments to remain. There is a hideous square Venetian tower, decided by the King of Bavaria (an imaginary wiseacre in such matters) to remain as marking an epoch. Then the chariot-worn road by which the Panathenæan procession passed every fifth year.

Now the Parthenon, robbed of much of its beauty and ornament by barbarian Turk, scarce less vandal [illegible]

enough to enchant. In its centre stood the famous statue of Minerva, whose gilded spear could be seen from Cape Colonna. The setting sun was gilding Hymettus' crest and mellowing the landscape as we descended.

29th, Wednesday, PIRÆUS.—Yesterday finished our sight-seeing; visited the Stadium, crossed the Ilyssus, saw the choragic monument of Lysicrates, Temple of the Winds, and Hadrian's Granary, a very handsome building.

To-day came down expecting to find the French steamer. Met Mr. Hill, who took us to call upon Mr. Black, whose wife was Byron's "Maid of Athens." Mr. B. is a professor with every requisite for success but good luck. Mrs. B., dark hair and eyes, with pretty teeth. The daughter is a very pretty young lady of nineteen.

The steamer not coming, we stayed with some very nice people, American missionaries. In the evening a niece of our friend, Mr. Rallie, of Odessa, came in—a young lady of eighteen, who was soon to be married to a Greek merchant in London whom she had never seen. They have a curious custom in these affairs. If a gentleman is pleased with a young lady he tells some mutual friend, who informs her parents. If they like him they settle upon the amount of her dowry, and propose to the young man or his family; but it's a great disgrace for the young man to propose first. Often the matches are made by the families without either party seeing the other. Called to see a daughter of Marco Bozzaris, but she was out of town.

The priests, as usual, are illiterate—the monks are looked down on. Their establishments are of ancient foundation. The King as small in mind as body, with no sympathy for the country. Very few roads and those bad.

The country, if properly cultivated, would be very productive and of great adaptability for most things. Greek honesty and integrity are commodities unknown.

SMYRNA, *October* 31.—Yesterday started for this place with some English friends. Was introduced to Col. Rawlinson, now on his way to Mosul.

At our hotel several New Yorkers, en route for Syria or Egypt. One had lately returned from Iceland.

Just seen an English paper with the distribution of prizes at the Grèat Exhibition, and gratified to find in the scientific department, we've come off with flying colors, though that eagle did spread his wings over a blank space in the large room.

The country is swarming with robbers, and since the Dutch Consul was carried off a few days since from his garden, and only released on paying of twenty-five hundred dollars, all the merchants have moved into town. The government takes very little trouble to suppress the robbers, and all its expeditions against them, are got up with such a parade they have time to run away.

The ladies have a custom (for strangers very pleasant) of sitting afternoons at their doors, in full dress, sewing or gossipping with their opposite neighbors; many of them are pretty. They mostly adopt the European style of dress; a few wear the scarf on the head and a fez (red cap) with the hair in a large braid around the forehead, with a veil instead of a bonnet. There are many Armenians here; they are the Jews of the east in financial matters. At Smyrna, they indulge in a perfect Babel of languages. The Dutch Consul's wife is English or American: they have four sons and two daughters: the sons are married to English, American, Italian, and Danish ladies—the daughters to a Frenchman and a Maltese.

Monday, November 3*d.*—Started this afternoon for Beirut, about half a dozen passengers, among them Capt. C——, an English officer, and great traveller, who was with Fremont in his Rocky Mountain Expedition.

BEIRÛT, *November* 8*th.*—First night:—had a

Second day, stopped at Rhodes, where are many remains of the Knights of St. John, in the armorial bearings on the houses and church. There are two harbors, both very small. Third day, stopped at Cyprus: went to Larnica the sea-port,—supposed to be the ancient Citium where Zeno was born, and Cimon the Athenian general died—passed Paphos, where Venus, springing from the foam of the sea, landed, and where stood her hundred temples.

We arrived at this place at seven this morning, and are in a capital eastern hotel, by the water. We have had a cabinet council over our plans. One LL.D., and two members of the bar (of New Orleans and New York), with precedent and contracts, against a shrivelled up Arab. We succeeded, he rolled up his eyes and remarked he was a poor Arab, and Allah is great. One of the great questions being the Backsheesh (present) the great motive power in every rank in every country, only known under different names, "*pour boire*" office or something else.

Nov. 11th.—We and Mr. Smith (the distinguished missionary, formerly a classmate at Yale with my friend), N——, C——, and all started off, they for a tour through Syria, and we to El Kelb to see some Assyrian inscriptions on the rocks in cuneiform character.

I've just returned from Mr. Smith's studio, where he is engaged in translating the Bible into Arabic. Yankee like, he has made an improvement in the arrangement of the type. There are in the English press, one hundred and fifty kinds of letters and points: in the Arabic, eighteen hundred! In the study, the books are arranged on the three sides of the room on a continuous desk; they are all wide open, and in constant use,—twelve Bibles in five languages, two commentaries, two concordances, four dictionaries, four Hebrew grammars, three in Arabic, and a book on particles. His method is to get a good translator to make a good translation from Hebrew into Arabic; he then examines it, comparing it with the translations of the Bibles he

has, and after his corrections, re-examines it with a very learned grammarian, who copies it. They then print one hundred and twenty copies, and send them to the various Arabic scholars in Europe and America, requesting them to make any corrections they may consider necessary. He has got to the fifth chapter of Numbers, which he finished to-day.

Returning, saw some camels carrying sticks of timber, thirty and forty feet long. As they occasionally oscillated, the poor brutes were in momentary fear of a rap on their heads, which they avoided by dodging. Our things went off to the consulate to-day. Such loads I've never seen on mortal man before: one had two small but very heavy trunks on his back, held by a fine cord passed round his forehead: on top of that a camp table and legs, over his head Achmet put the camp stools, one part of which refused to go over his nose, but he gave it a jerk almost jamming the poor fellow's proboscis into his face: on either side of his head hung two heavy leather water jugs: he finished the load with a furnace and saddle, all to be carried nearly a mile for——ten cents! —— and that rather above the usual price.

Wandering through the town, saw a little blackey sold (so black, I believe charcoal would almost have made a white mark on him), a boy of twelve, who, when his purchaser wished to take him away, made furious fight with feet, teeth, and voice; his late owner cuffed and scolded; the buyer, a very mild man, did the persuasive and coaxed, but all of no avail. I left, and perhaps they are hard at it yet.

The town is by a little bay, on the site of ancient Barytus. This morning watched some men roofing a house with mortar. There were a dozen with flat pounders, their feet and pounders keeping time to a song by their leader; such a performance by twelve big-breeched fellows would have convulsed a New York mason or roofer.

All the travellers have gone but my friend and [illegible] companion in the dining-room is a bulbul, who tries to [illegible] our solitude with his cheerful notes. They look [illegible]

our mocking-birds, but smaller; their note is more of a shrill whistle than a continuous song.

SIDON, *Nov. 14th.*—After a hard day's ride from Beirût this morning, we are cooped up in a sort of rubbish room about ten feet square. After leaving the rough lanes, bordered by scraggy, prickly pears, followed the seashore, and met several friends returning from Jerusalem. One of them a militia general from Albany, more skilled in trotting horses than in military tactics, who, in his simplicity wore, by mistake, at all the balls while in Europe, a full marshal's dress for a major-general's! He had a large parchment from the Governor of New York to *inquire* into the state of the cavalry in Russia. To-day his first sentence after "How-do-you-do," was, "I made the trip from Moscow to Odessa in six hours and twenty minutes,—less time than ever done before," overlooking in his speed Elizavagrad, where the Emperor keeps a large cavalry *dépôt*, and had *eighty thousand* cavalry there at a review a few years ago. Passed over some remains of Roman road, and the temple where the whale "beached" Jonah.

SOLOMON'S FOUNTAIN, *Nov. 15th.*—Still skirting the sea, passing ruins, and the town of Zareptha (in the Bible), at three entered Tyre, the "Island City," connected with the land by a narrow causeway of sand beach half a mile long. Truly, the prophecy has been fulfilled, and describes most literally its ruined walls, "Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon." Then to this place, large reservoirs, said to have been made by Solomon. This morning, as I stopped to water my horse at a fountain, an ex-pasha, who was breakfasting a short distance off, surrounded by his suite, sent me an invitation to join him, but I was obliged, for want of time, to decline. We have been trying to manufacture some meat-biscuit soup,—a newly-patented article my friend found while commissioner at the Exhibition: as he, with spectacles, watch, and direction, read and timed,

while I with tucked up sleeves, spoon, jar, and pot of hot water, did the scientific culinary, and Achmet, with hands in his pockets, the spectator. As you may readily imagine it proved admirable under such efficient *artistes*.

MOUNT CARMEL, 17*th*.—Yesterday and to-day still along the sea-shore. To-day saw Hiram's tomb; passed through several large orange groves laden with their golden fruit, also the pretty garden of a pasha: then visited the fortifications of Acre. The convent is on the front of a spur of the mountain almost overhanging the sea; saw on their books the names of many of my friends.

JAFFA, *November* 20.—Still on the coast, passing Atleth and Cæsarea, with their extensive ruins. The consular agent has put us in his house near the town; a fine pipe of water runs into his garden. After our warm ride we soon had our coats off, and dove in like a couple of ducks. Was near being spilt into a tan vat (of which there are as many as in Peter's time). While riding sideways my horse became frightened and restive; spurs and holsters would not allow me to get my leg back again, and I was becoming resigned to be manufactured into sole-leather.

Saw a funeral as we passed through the town,—the body on a donkey, followed by a priest and a dozen women singing, neither in time nor tune, to a discordant banjo. The women wear long dresses and scarf, part of which envelopes the head. One article of dress answers for the men, who wear a girdle around their waist, the dress is not troublesome from length. We asked our host about a place ten miles distant; said he had never been there, or away from home but once, and then to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem,—thirty-five miles!

November 22.—"Gaza the Strong." Yesterday at [illegible] tried in vain to find Ekron. Bible says "is not," and [illegible] of that belief. Saw a wedding at a distance, all [illegible] to the banjo. Stopped at Ashdod, of which [illegible]

bits of wall and parts of towers is left. Met two Algerine pilgrims here, on their way from Mecca; pretended we wished a servant to accompany us to America, and bargained with one much to the amusement of his companions; but the condition that staggered the ragamuffin was, he must wear coat and trowsers like us.

We got a boy to bring us some tomatoes, which we had seen in a garden; he soon returned with a pocketful. As their dress is only *one robe*, he had pulled a little extra shirt above his belt for pocket, and his body made the lining; we had a good laugh at the novel pocket.

As there have been Bedouins about the town lately, our dragoman has provided guards; so we shall be safe if attacked; for now, at near midnight, I hear them snoring a discordant quartette. From the cultivation of the country I should fancy the people all Fourierites. Their agricultural implements of the rudest description, the plough a crooked branch.

Achmet has come in with the news of war in the desert, between the tribes whose country we cross, and we may be robbed or murdered! Inspiriting. Some magnate is to be married, and nightly receives a furious serenade—like the Dutch ones on the Hudson.

November 24.—This morning we were off, cracking jokes at our novel steeds (camels), Achmet scolding, camel-men shouting, and animals growling—passed some armed and mounted Bedouins.

ELARISH, *November* 26*th*.—In quarantine three days, before entering Egypt. The superintendent has got our names, and those of our fathers, though my friend's has been dead fifty years. Last night a sheik came for his tribute, but we have put him off with two sour oranges until we leave this place.

To-day have been amused by seeing the Turkish officers practising the jereed,—a small stick five feet long—from whichever side it is thrown the horse wheels and rushes with great rapidity.

This evening saw a ludicrous affair in front of our tent; one of our men is a Nubian, about "seven feet nothing" high, and proportionably thin; he's for ever at his prayers, polishing his feet and arms with sand, which the Prophet allows in absence of water. While in the midst of a prayer he heard the rattling of the pot cover; at a glance he discovered the matter; his gourmand companion was about attacking their supper, not liking to tax the strength of his religious zeal by a continuance of his "genuflexions," but with a hasty amen, hurried to keep him company.

November 30th.—The "Medicos" were to see us this morning and give us a clean bill of health; so we all marched out, exhibiting our tongues; one man was found missing, blackey, who was soon espied and signalled; he came rushing up, rags flying, thinking it the jolliest fun. My friend wished his inkstand filled, those sheets of manuscript he has been throwing off like a printer's press, for three days past, having reduced it; but, being in a wooden case, the bottle must be taken out and carried by a string to the town to avoid contagion.

In *one* place to-day, saw them watering camels, drawing water with a broken pitcher, a wooden wash-bowl receiving it! This evening a crowd of Arabs visiting Blackie, who claims the people of the Desert as friends.

CAIRO, *December 8th.*—This morning entered this most picturesque city, after an amusing yet rather fatiguing journey.

The Desert is neither a waste of soft sand, nor cultivated, but either a succession of rolling hills or plain of compact sand, sometimes hard and gravelly. Passed, yesterday, the bed of the ancient canal, cut by Arsinoe, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The dromedary gait is fatiguing, from the constant oscillating motion of the body, which you support by a [illegible] wound several times round the waist. The city looked [illegible] as we entered, like a June morning with us. We passed [illegible] obelisk, and site of Heliopolis, built some forty years [illegible] time of Joseph and "Mrs. Potipher." Passed [illegible]

looking soldiers practising sabre cutting on wet clay figures. Arrived in the city, selected our hotel, called to see our friends, and present my letter to the honorable Mrs. C—— M——, wife of the English Consul-General, a well-known and esteemed countrywoman, who, I learned, had died suddenly that morning. Then chose our boat.

December 12th.—This afternoon on board our boat and up the Nile, after seeing most, if not all, the sights, fortress, mosques, including the beautiful new one Mohammed Ali built of alabaster, in the form of a Maltese cross; palace and mausoleum of Mohammed Ali's children, monuments so numerous, of irregular heights, and peculiar form, they looked like a badly kept asparagus bed; the slave market and beautiful tombs of the Mameluke kings.

Going through the bazaars one day, saw a crowd, and heard (Egyptian) harmonious strains preceding a miserable looking "young one" of about ten, gaudily dressed; learned he was to be circumcised, a ceremony they still perform, but not until attaining as many years as the Jews allow days. We have one of the usual so-oft-described sail-boats of the Nile, that travel has induced these unprogressive people, from interest, to make so comfortable. The coffee-grinding machine of our crew is like the old fashioned samp mortars in size and arrangement.

NILE, *Christmas*, 1851.—We have sailed and been towed alternately against the downward current. Heard from a French sugar manufacturer of the *coup d'état* at Paris. This morning strained our eyes for some wanderer of the Stars and Stripes, or Red Cross, to help us to jollify the day, but in vain; so we did our best at M. Edward's (our Arab cook) dinner, whose nondescript names and cookery would have crazed "Vattel's" brain. Then drank to the health of our "absent friends" and "noble selves."

New Year's Day, 1852.—Even duller than Christmas

THEBES, *January 3d.*—At last one of the great objects of our voyage attained; met some friends and took a donkey ride to the ruins of Karnak, magnificently grand and beautiful as the full moon threw her silver rays along massive columned halls, or over crumbling shattered wall, obelisk, or sphinx. Had a guide mounted and armed with long spear, for ruin gazing by midnight is not very safe in these latitudes.

ESNÉ, *5th January.*—Stopped for the double purpose of provisioning and seeing the famous Alméh dancers, who have been banished to this place by the virtuous Egyptian government, who, when the Viceroy travels on the Nile, takes three steamers, one for himself and suite, the other two for the harems of women and boys. The dancing certainly is repulsively disgusting in its best form, not to speak of it in its variations, when they cater to the low tastes of their visitors.

January 8th, ASSOUAN.—(Head of the lower Nile and first cataract.) Came in with flying colors after a sharp race of twelve hours, with a smacking breeze, passing all the other boats. Being the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, my friend's flag has been flying all day.

Among the pleasant interchanges of civilities on the river, is the saluting, by the ascending boat, every returning one, which of course returns it, irrespective of nation.

January 11th.—Went up the cataract yesterday; rowed, dragged or pulled by fifty or sixty noisy, nude vagabonds. The boatmen never overload themselves with clothes: last winter a gentleman coming up with his wife and daughter, thought one of his men displayed a paucity of clothing for even decency, so gave him a pair of trowsers;—next morning he saw them converted into a turban!

The appearance of the country is now entirely [illegible] instead of low flat banks, rough rugged mountains [illegible]

I've not mentioned that the country is irrigated nine months in the year, artificially, by water-wheels, which go night and day; thus their eternal squeaking furnishes poor travellers with their evening "lullaby" and daily solace; you know "music hath charms," etc.

January 17*th.*—Wadee Halfeh (second cataract). Got here at eleven this evening—with little to vary the monotony of being towed and sailing, save a few shots at crocodiles, and daily shooting on shore.

18*th.*—Visited the cataract—a long rapid. Saw two gazelles. Crossed the river in a boat. The donkey boys lift their animals forelegs in, and giving them a push behind, they necessarily jerk the others in after to save a fall.

A man brought us half a pint of peanuts to sell, his whole stock in trade—an importer of these parts.

This afternoon started downward, when the boats usually row or drift, the wind always being up stream.

January 26.—Philae, first cataract again, after eight hundred miles. Arrived this morning, visiting, en route, the various ruins and rock-cut temples of Aboo Simbul—Ibreeim—Derr—Gerf Hassan—Kalabshee—Taphis, and others.

Having taught myself drawing while we were going up the Nile, I made my first essay on our return, at the first temple, and certainly under difficulties; for with only self-taught knowledge, I endeavored to get the four walls, ceiling, and floor in my sketch, and to help the difficulty, my Reis (boat captain) on his knees kissing my feet and begging for backsheesh. My next trial was at Aboo Simbul, where it was so close I nearly suffocated; and in their assiduity to gain favor and backsheesh, they nearly burnt me up with their torches and sparks; and with varied adventures in that way, and usual experiences of Nile travellers.

One evening saluted a boat very close to us, which hailed us

in return, and gave an invitation to visit a ruin by moonlight. Found the man a French savan sent out by his government. He gave us, on parting, a letter to some friends in Thebes, who, he said, would do the honors of the tombs.

Got here at eight in the morning, the time they say the Prophet decreed for going over the cataract—over we went. A grand affair it is, often compared to the rapids of the St. Lawrence, but infinitely superior.

Found lots of friends, among others Cathcart and Noel, whom we parted with at Beirût. They had been to Palmyra, where they were discovered by a wandering tribe, and after a barricade of several days they escaped.

Cairo, *February* 17.—Returned this morning after a delightful voyage of two months (and 1800 miles), having visited everything of note or interest. We spent a week at Thebes, exploring its massive ruins and sepulchral wonders.

Met a queer countryman from Michigan, who carried a beaver for his flag; told a friend of mine he was editor of two religious papers, and travelling for dyspepsia, to cure which he lived on cheese and onions.

20*th*.—Cairo is full of Americans and English, about equally divided. To-day were invited to witness a grand bastinadoing; of the dignitaries of a village, for some quarrel a blustering Tennessean had got himself into, in which his servant was shot and he somewhat injured; when, *of course*, the natives were to blame (our people never are!)

24*th*.—We have had our heads shaved, and I take it the significant Texas phrase, "his hair is too long," (meaning a fellow who wears long hair to hide the remains of his ears, clipped for hog-stealing), won't apply to us for some months. My [illegible] hardly knew whether to laugh or cry at this novel "[illegible]

Taking an adieu of our Consul, met two members [illegible]

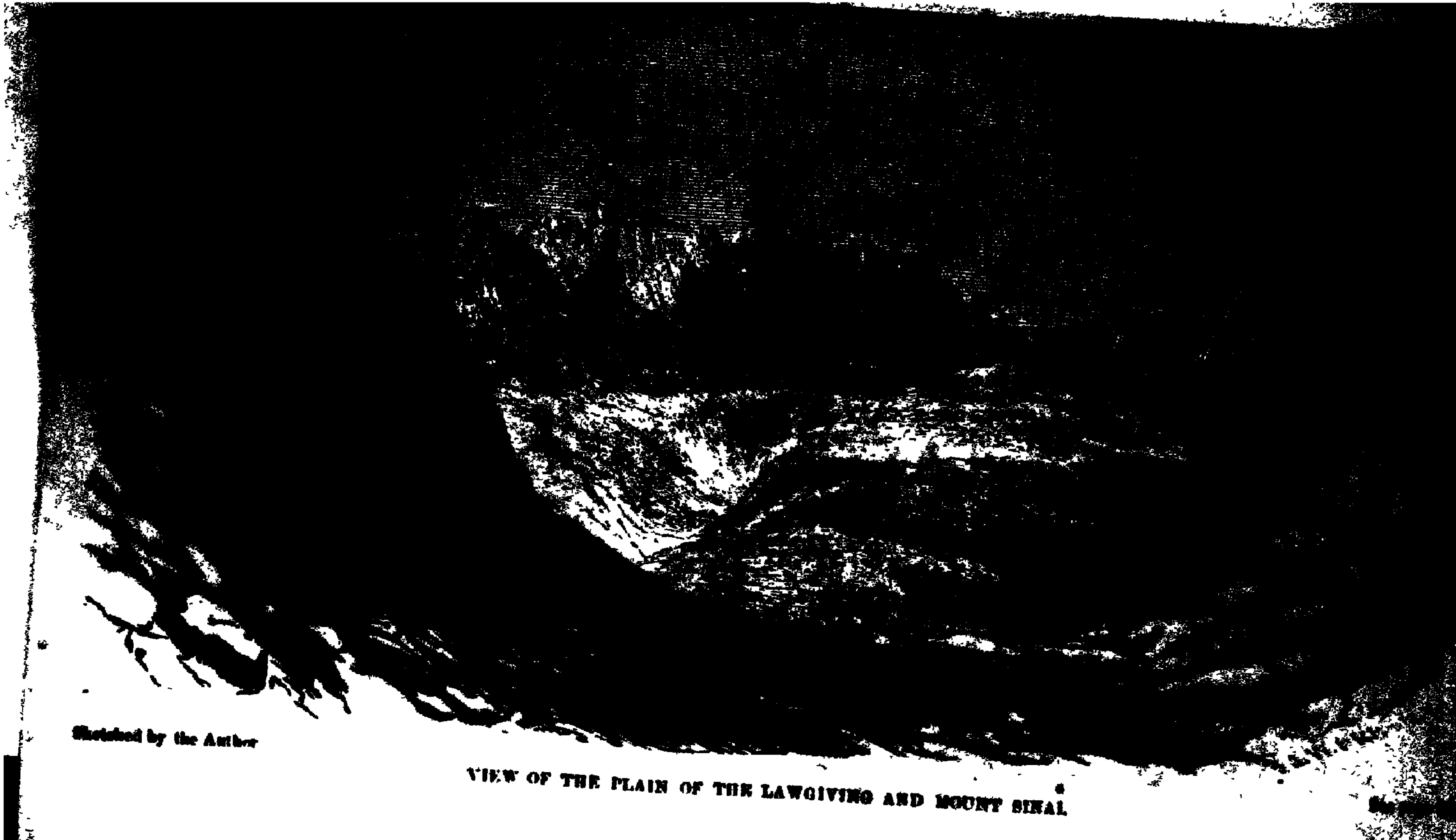
"bar,"—a young Arab, and a drunken Englishman. We started, a grand cavalcade, two tents, ten camels, four drivers, and four servants; our camels with loads of ourselves, kegs of water, wicker coops of chicks, turkeys, and panniers of provender—"eat" and "drink." Our whole train and parties had fifteen servants, fifty-two camel drivers, and sixty-eight camels. As we came out of Cairo, saw some Egyptian soldiers on guard who were knitting; wonder what the Emperor Nicholas, Duke of Wellington, or our distinguished Commander-in-Chief, — "Fuss and Feathers" (to use the sobriquet of the "Point" cadets) would say? You see we travel luxuriously, for as a friend observed, who was joked on his comfortable high-post bedstead, "the camel carries it," and so we say of our luxuries.

"WELLS OF MOSES," *February 28th.*—Started the afternoon of the 24th, my friend persuading me to let the quarrelsome Tennessean and his "unlicked cub" of a protegé join us, to reduce expense, and "I reckon" he has found they are not up to "musta." Four-fifths of his words are oaths; fingers and table napkins his *mouchoir.* So you may realize the agreeable companionship to my courtly *compagnon de voyage.*

The journey from Cairo, pleasant, passing the Ragged Tree (a tree where each returning Mecca pilgrim deposits a rag).

Robinson's and Smith's book on the Holy Land, our text-book of travel (as well as that of all travellers); I quite agree with them as to the place where the Red Sea was crossed by the Israelites.

MOUNT SINAI, *March 5th.*—Reached this place this afternoon, putting up for the night at the convent (St. Catharine's)—found several friends here. On our way from Suez and Wells of Moses stopped at the "Waters of Marah,"—they are still bitter (bitter means brackish). Encamped near the "Wells of Elim." Passed through Waddy Mukattid (the supposed route of the Israelites). There are many inscriptions on the rocks here, that very much



Sketched by the Author

VIEW OF THE PLAIN OF THE LAWGIVING AND MOUNT SINAI

puzzle antiquarians. Then on by Mount Tubal, which some suppose to be the "Sinai" of the Scriptures. And this afternoon, Waddy-er-Rahab, Robinson's "Plain of the Law-Giving." A plain about two and a-half miles long, by three-quarters broad.

March 6th (*The Jewish Sunday*).—This morning we ascended "Jebel Musa" in the rear of the convent. It is the Sinai of the monks. We had a priest for guide; passed several fountains of Moses, also chapels, at each of the latter he stopped to mumble a prayer. Near the top is a crevice in the rock, where we saw an amusing pantomime by one of our Arab boys, who was bringing provisions, etc. He wished to explain that it was the place where Moses hid himself when the Almighty passed by. He crouched under, and pressing himself as tightly as possible against the sides, looked out of the corner of his eye to the sky, and whispered, "Allah!" This mountain peak is by many thought to be Sinai, though Robinson says the other, or western end, is, which is very much more likely. Then we descended from the peak, continuing along the summit of the mountain to the other extremity—Es-Sufsafeh or Robinson's Sinai. He calls the range Horeb, and this peak Sinai.

On our descent, passed the rock Moses is said to have struck for water. Our tents having been put up we did not return to the convent.

March 7th.—Went up to the convent to see the service, then the "burning bush," where we, in imitation of Moses, were obliged to unshoe. It is covered with a silver grating. It is not a bush, but a vine, and as it dies away in the autumn, very little is left; it's the "Simon Pure" and no mistake, so believe it, unless you desire to be considered a heathen, Turk, or infidel. Then Jethro's well, where Moses' gallantry got him a wife. The waters are now used for distilling arrack, for which the [illegible] fathers have rather a weakness, judging from the [illegible] I had.

They make a date cheese, composed of dates and almonds. The library has two thousand volumes, mostly Greek and Latin. They have a curious way of arranging the dead bodies of the monks; after the flesh is decomposed, they put the skulls in one place, and the bones in other places, each kind by itself.

March 8th.—I have just returned from sketching the convent and Sinai; our delectable Tennessean is back from his ascent of Mt. St. Catharine, half dead with fatigue, as are the Englishmen who accompanied; we shall start to-morrow morning, and they will miss ascending Sinai. We are a charming invalided party; besides those "dead beat" from their mountain ascent, our "unlicked cub" of the West has been sick ever since starting; and I have a sprained thumb by way of eking out the "kilts." One man, in another party, has a gouty foot he contrived to get mashed by a donkey in Cairo, while all the rest have teethache or colds, including "the beauty from Cork," a very nice Irish lady, wife of one of the travellers. Another is sick from too long exposure when we all took a "dip" in the Red Sea at the "desert of sin."

Last night was terribly cold, the water as it oozed from the leathern buckets froze. On rising this morning found snow under the edge of my tent.

The convent is situated midway up a narrow defile between two valleys; it is a curious medley of buildings, and built in the time of Justinian, half fortress, half house, and has seen many troublous times. Dr. Robinson makes the ancient Rephidim, where "Amalek came and fought with Israel," to be very near this. These mountains were the refuge of early Egyptian Christians.

AKABAH, *March 14th.*—Left Mt. Sinai for this place the 10th. Various members of the party pairing off, always walk several hours, first collecting gum arabic, then along the shore of the Gulf of Akabah, with lovely views. We have picked up much

coral (red and white) and beautiful shells. Among our amusements or pets, two sheep, part of our live stock, who walk the marches until we require their presence on the table, after which we have to carry them. Near the present Akabah stood Ezion-Geber, one of Solomon's ports on the Red Sea. We have just had a visit from the Governor, a forlorn-looking old Turk; and Sheik Hassein, the head of the Arabs here; a very dignified old villain.

There is a question of backsheesh among the Arabs, in dispute, that will probably prevent our starting for several days, until they arrange it among themselves. The old Governor's wife, a yellow Abyssinian woman, has been to call upon our lady traveller this afternoon.

17*th.*—To-day Sheik Hassein's brother arrived with the present Sheik of Petra, and his father Abu Zeitan (Father of Olives), so we have nicknamed the son, "The Olive Sprig."

This evening after they had had a long "pow-wow" around the camp-fire, with "fierce debate," reminding one of the witches in Macbeth, they adjourned it to our tent, it being the largest, and made an amusing scene. Old Hassein, at the entrance, in close conference with three dragomen; we (the members of the various parties) sitting on beds or trunks, in all sorts of costumes, from crazy O—— in his fine military undress, a compromise of every division in the army (to none of which he was entitled), down to the very lowest grade of desert costume, with moustache and whiskers to match. In the midst of the conference between the Sheik and dragomen (who were working to cheat the Sheik of Petra), he very coolly marched in, pipe in hand, and as coolly surveying the party quietly took a seat, to the great annoyance of old Hassein, a regular Paul Pry,—"hope I don't intrude" scene; however we are to start to-morrow.

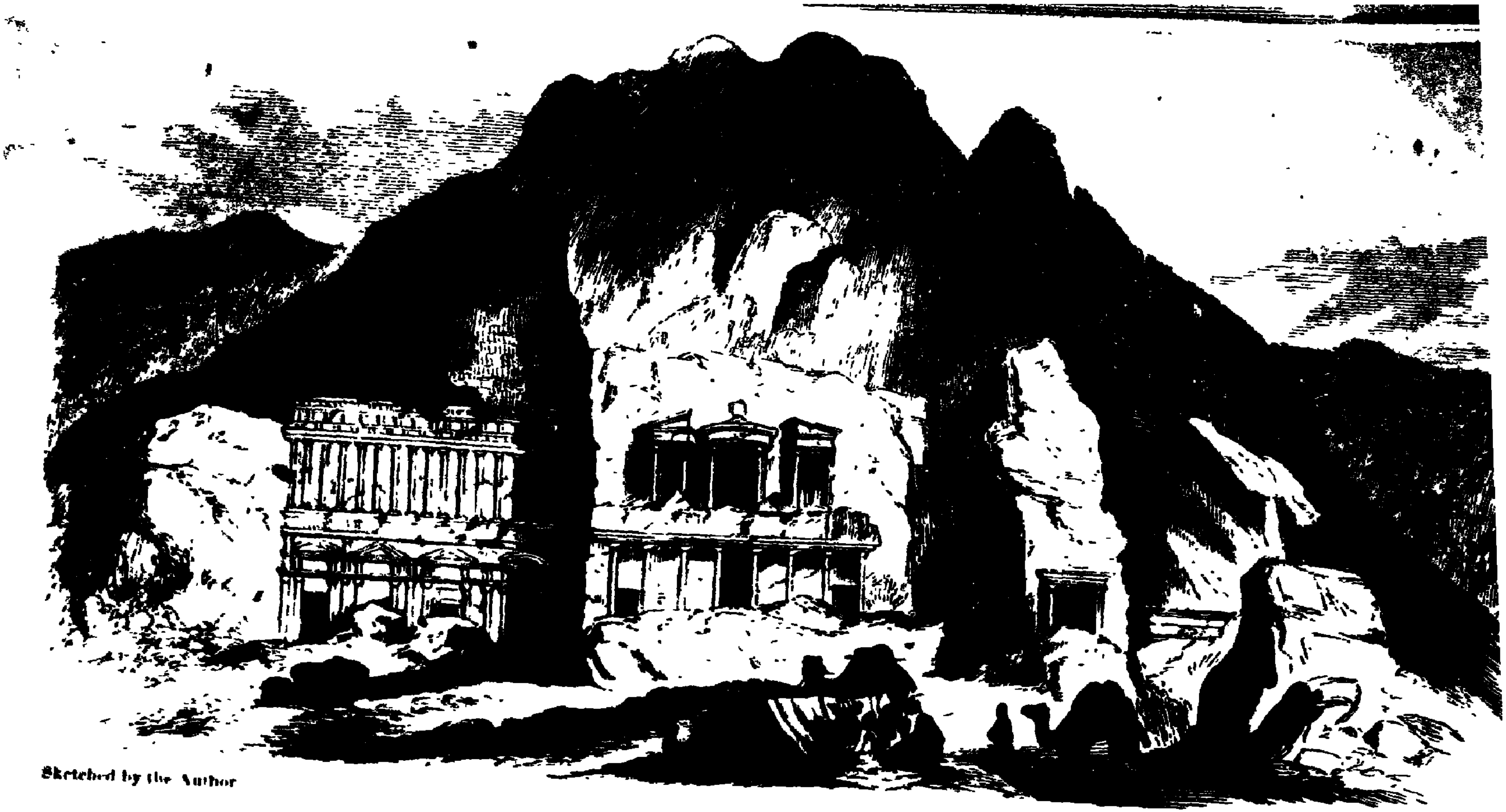
PETRA, *March* 22*d.*—We were off the 19th, in ... uproar with our new, wild camels, and ...

liquor and crockery by their summarily relieving themselves of their loads. Of mishaps to riders, my *compagnon de voyage*, *selfishly* monopolized them all; first, his camel sprung up, leaving him hanging by one foot in the stirrup, and holding on to the horns of the saddle, till the brute could take a prance for a minute or so, then getting composed let matters be comfortably arranged, when we all started off. Suddenly I heard, "Ugh! ugh!" looking around saw him again in trouble, making a "spread eagle" of himself as he took a summerset over his camel's head, while the beast was apparently trying how high he could get his hind feet in the air when going at full speed; coats, cushions, rugs, umbrellas, books, and all the varied *et ceteras* of our camel "fixins" were flying in all directions. We soon had the brute stopped. His rider (who luckily had sustained no injury) with traps on his back, and all off again *respectably*.

Continued on; the afternoon of the fourth day ascended to Mt. Hor and top of Aaron's tomb, erected by the Mussulmen; on into the valley of these mountains passing varieties of façades of tombs of freestone, in every tint. At last pitched our tents in the middle of Petra, the capital of Lower Idumea. The prophecy of, "Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea," is as literally fulfilled here as in the Philistine cities of Ekron, Askalon, etc., in Palestine.

Yesterday had some little trouble to find a clear place to pitch our tent, as under every stone is at least one scorpion, and often two or three. In the night were awoke by some firing. I consulted with my friend, and we concluded it was safer to keep still in bed until the danger came nearer, as our tent was not supposed to be proof against stray balls, and no glory in dying under such circumstances, *besides* not seeing Petra after all our trouble.

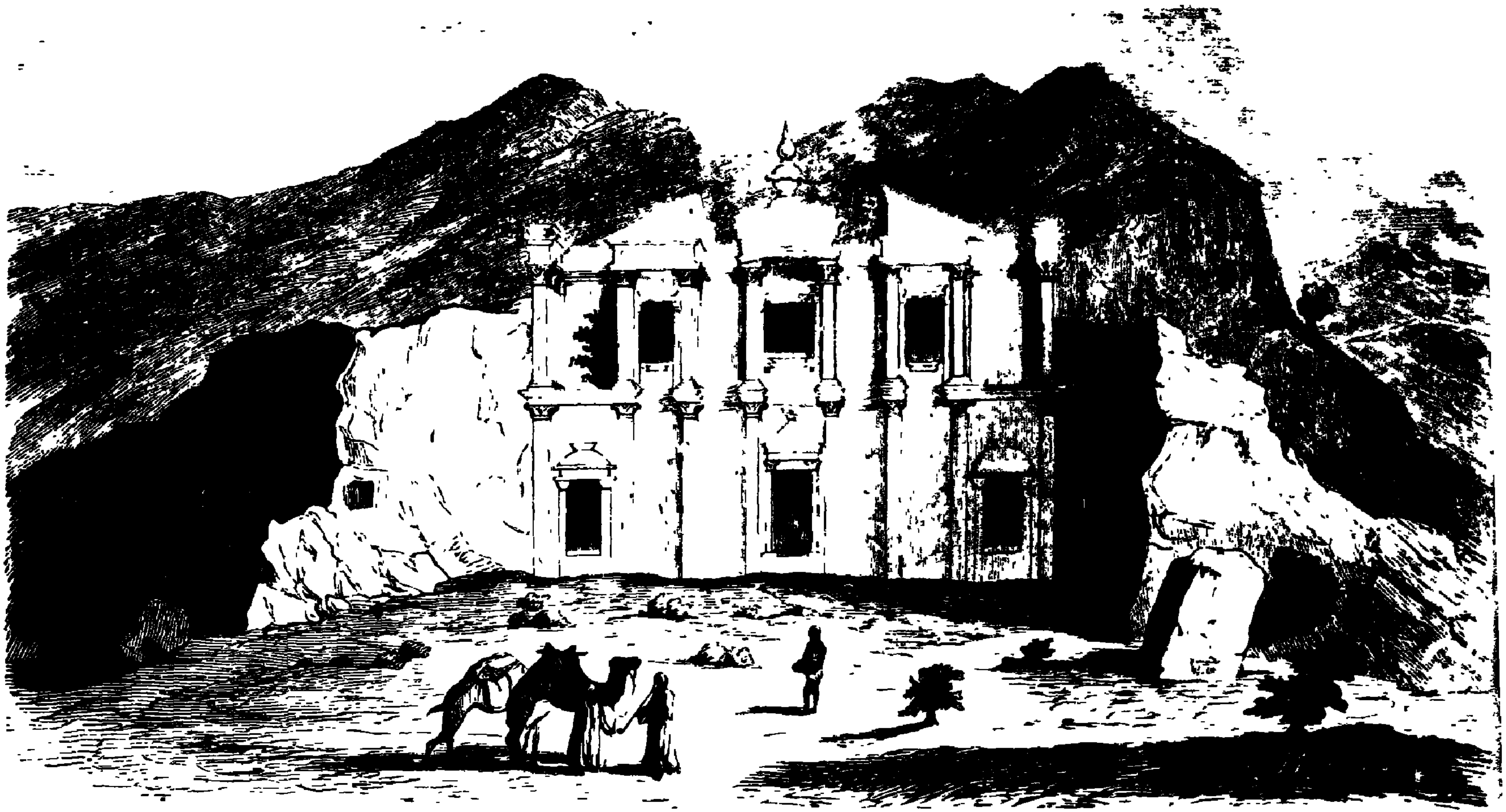
This morning found that a strange tribe had seen our camp-fires, and coming too close, had been fired into by our Arabs, of whom we have a host—about one hundred. After breakfast with guide (for no one is safe from wandering Arabs without



Sketched by the Author

CORINTHIAN TOMBS, PETRA

See page



Sketched by the Author

See page 28

EL DEIR, PETRA

one, he being the visible certificate of the sheik's protection), our little party ascended some hundreds of feet to the "El Dhir." An exquisite façade, the architecture of Rome in its later days, facing on an open, grassy plot of about two acres; the name signifies convent, but it was one of the many fine tombs of Petra in its "palmy days," when they appear to have made more liberal provision for the dead than the living. The interior is very rough, consisting of only two or three rooms on the first floor, though the façade exhibits two stories.

Then the "Khusné:" passing an old ruin on a high isolated peak called "Pharaoh's Castle," a triumphal arch near our tents, a small theatre—seats cut in the rock, and on through a narrow ravine for several hundred yards. In a small lateral one was the "Khusné," an exquisite façade, and flattering monument to the taste and skill of a nation who have passed away like a dream, without even a record in history, other than at one time Petra was the great centre of all the commerce in this part of the world. Now it is a desolation in the fullest sense of the term; not even an Arab dwells among its ruins. This, like "El Dhir," has probably been a tomb, as the arrangements are the same, though its architecture more elaborate; its name means Treasury. The Arabs, supposing there was gold in a stone urn over one of the entrances to the door, have discharged any number of bullets at it, hoping to break it and scatter a shower of the precious metal, as there is no other way for them to reach it.

In one of the rooms I saw the names of Irby and Mangles, 1818, Stephens, Robertson, and Smith; Burkhardt's name is said to be here. He was in the place about five or six hours, and only succeeded in getting here as a pilgrim from Morocco to the tomb of Aaron,—but his close observance of the place and its ruins excited the suspicions of the Arabs (they are ever suspicious in regard to Petra, which, except Palmyra, is the most difficult place to visit in this part of the East), who showed him the "bee-line" out; yet he has written the best description of the place, notwithstanding his brief visit.

The rocks are of sandstone, with every shade of blue, red, grey, cream, purple and brown. Steps originally led in every direction over the rocks, but time and rain have washed them away, and hollowed the rocks into most fantastic shapes.

Continuing on through the larger ravine, which in many places is not above fifteen to twenty feet wide, and in none more than eighty, with walls of ragged rock, like those of huge fissures, rising from two to four hundred feet; came to the arch called "Sikh,"—perhaps a gate formerly.

On either side of this passage or ravine, once a street, judging from the large flag and pavement—on either side are earthen pipes for supplying the city with water, or to furnish an exit for its superfluity.

Following the street we soon reached the entrance, and in wandering about saw a very large tunnel, three or four hundred feet long, cut in the rock. Mr. Marsh found it last year in the same way and thought he was the discoverer, from never having heard of it before.

23d.—To-day have been sketching "El Dhir," "Corinthian Tombs" (a fine façade of consecutive tombs), "Khusnó," and "Sikh." It is most singular how Petra ever was selected as the site of a city, when so difficult of access.

This morning saw a camel-branding operation; the feet of the brute are tied so he cannot move, while the more brute biped owner, with a burning brand, makes a chequer-board, or some equally tedious device on the belly of the animal, burning through the skin. I was dressing at the time, and hearing the frantic moans of the camel, looked out.

27th.—Started again the 24th, after we had all satisfied our curiosity:—and some had made blurred photographs, and I about equally bad sketches.

The next day, while we had stopped for our luggage to come up, as we saw a party of Arabs in the distance, my rotund little

companion had an awful back summerset from his camel, falling head foremost on a hard gravelly spot, luckily striking the front instead of the back of his head, or he would have been instantly killed: and as it is, he is in very great pain, momentarily increased by the oscillating motion of the body consequent on the long rolling gait of the camel.

HEBRON, *March* 28.—A few days since, crossed a slippery mountain, rising at an angle of about forty-five degrees. While we were slipping and sliding, the camels, with their soft spongy feet, clambered up with great ease.

Night before last told Ali, our smiling Syrian waiter, to wake me at four for an early start; he asked for my watch, so I explained and marked the hour with my pencil. This morning he came in grinning as usual (fancying it the jolliest fun in the world to rout us up at midnight), watch and candle in hand, exclaiming, "quatre heure, Monsieur Irland, quatre heure." Looking at the watch I saw it was only three, so sent him off with a threat to shoot him if he dared show his face again one minute before four.

Yesterday saw great numbers of cranes as we reached the green pastures and "flowery meads," which mark the approach to Hebron.

Had an alarm from Arabs; a small tribe owning this part of the desert claim the right of escorting us across to Hebron to the exclusion of the others. So each body halted, and while the leading dragomen and sheiks were holding consultation, we were getting our revolvers, guns, and rifles ready, and our Arab escort priming their guns and lighting the matches. Our Syrian cooks and waiters "waxed valorous," seized the iron-pointed lantern stakes, like Paddy and his shillelah at Donnybrook Fair, with a good "scrimmage" in prospective, and they fiercely flourished them as if "on deeds of valor bent." As my travelling companion was an invalid and could not fight, I tried to persuade him to try his latent musical genius (he could not tell a jig from a [illegible]

and excite our American ardor by whistling "Yankee Doodle," feeling sure his fellow invalid, with the gouty foot, would try "God save the Queen" for our "cousins." The most valorous men of our party were Otley (a very good fellow if not troubled with a crazy military mania, and we all dub him the "Greenbrook Volunteer"), in his conglomeration of uniform (Turkish fez and turban, artillery undress coat (blue), infantry waistcoat (scarlet), walking trowsers, shooting shoes, surgeon's sword, revolver in his belt, Bible tucked in his waistcoat, and cocked rifle in hand, reminding one of Cromwell's injunction to his troops, "trust in the Lord *but* keep your powder dry," and the Irish traveller's black cook, who, with an apology for a turban on his woolly pate, an immense dress coat, the skirts of which trail at his feet, and with this a pair of Turkish bag trowsers and bare feet, probably for better expedition, on Hudibras' principle, "he who fights and runs away," etc.

All last night we were kept awake by the Arabs holding "watch and ward" against the tribes we had met in the afternoon. All yesterday and to-day we have been marching over grassy fields, studded with myriads of wild flowers, the country undulating, and thousands of sheep, in the biblical language of our western paragon (such people deal in extremes of good and bad), reminding him of "the sheep on a thousand hills."

As we came in sight of Hebron, the country became more rocky. Saw about thirty teams of yearlings working with most primitive ploughs, though somewhat better than those in Egypt. About two miles from Hebron the Quarantine guards stopped us, and tried to get us in some kind of compactness, but looked the picture of despair at our refractory conduct. We passed a large reservoir, surrounded by idlers—a gossiping "exchange." The people seemed very merry at our approaching captivity,—we laughed at them in return. Then reached the formidable building where we are quietly to rest until three days are over, and all impurities engendered by forty days of camel riding in the Desert have had time to dissipate. It is likely to

be a horrid bore, our party so numerous; we were four, and baggage, to a room only twelve feet square; cold weather, damp walls, and our only fire a brazier with charcoal. But I kicked up such a "row" they gave me another room, and the other parties following the example, our grievances are somewhat moderated.

After a furious uproar from unloading seventy camels, groaning and bellowing, with a dozen little ones crying for their "mamas," and fifty or sixty quarrelsome Arabs yelling and fighting, with our own servants adding their "mite" of importance to the general confusion, with the various orders and directions of Quarantine officials, and ourselves in a medley of English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, and Arabic, for the space of nearly two hours, in a small court fifty feet by a hundred, producing a most inconceivable Babel. We were at last rid of this much of our plagues, sincerely hoping it to be our last trial in that form. I think we all breathed freer when the gates were closed on the last camel and his driver.

Thanks to our purchases, my *compagnon de voyage* and self are decidedly the most comfortable of the party in our new quarters, as we were in the desert in our large tent.

My invalid friend is better to-night, though he groans fearfully as our Western man's big blackey rubs him, occasionally having him by the head, "taking him to London town to see his grandfather," and from his weight, he will be in a fair way to stay and see the rest of his relations if he goes very often.

HEBRON, *March 28th.*—To-day been trying to "drive away dull care" by all sorts of expedients, reading, writing, talking, and walking up and down our little balcony. But we cannot keep still five minutes; even our surviving chickens partake of this feeling, and have cackled and crowed ever since they arrived, though one would suppose that they, at least, would wish to rest after their multitudinous summersets in camel [illegible]

This afternoon, got up some target-practice at a [illegible]

twenty feet from the smoking "boudoir" of the governor, medico, and other officials, who were preciously disturbed by this specimen of miniature platoon firing from our various revolvers: so after a long discussion of "pros and cons," found we must give up this and try some more *quiet* amusement.

March 31st.—Doctor reported us all well, and let us out for a run in the hills back of the quarantine like a flock of sheep.

JERUSALEM, *April 1st*, 1852.—Our dragomen were all off at daylight this morning, in a sort of steeple-chase, for best rooms at Jerusalem for their parties.

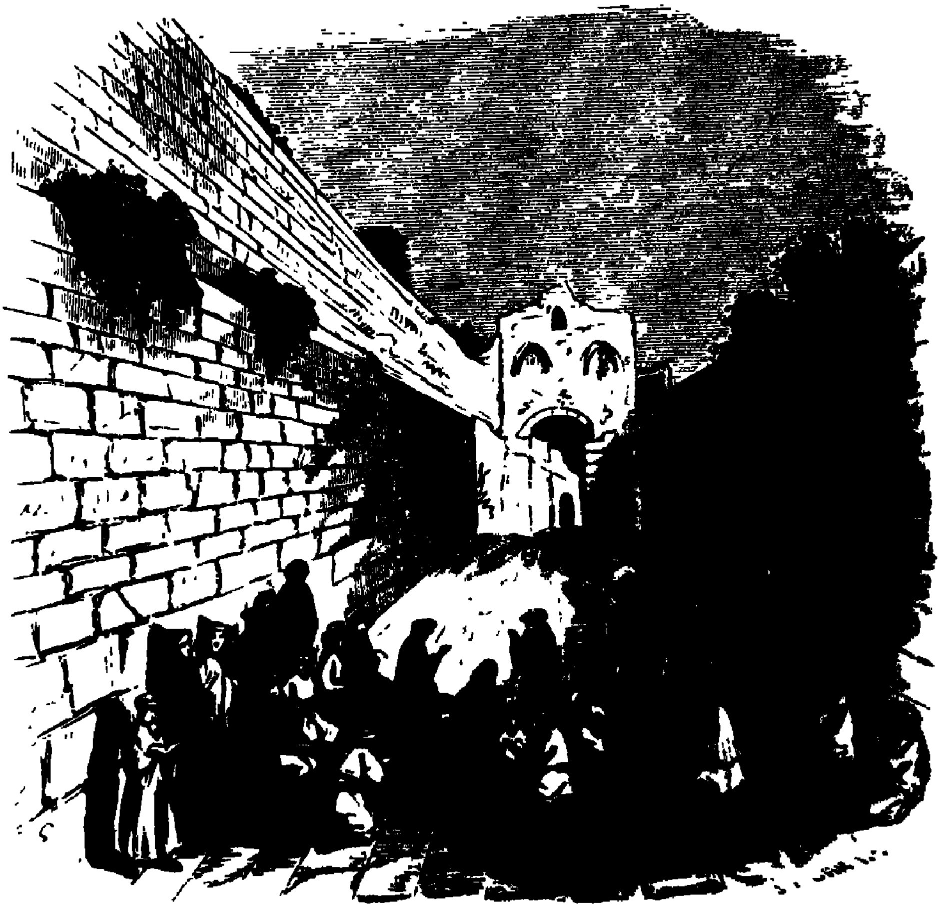
We trotted around Hebron first; saw the clay from which the lump was taken to make Adam! and the place where Cain slew Abel! Then by the terabinth (a species of oak) tree of Abraham!—but really where it is supposed many of the Jews were brought, after the final destruction of Jerusalem by Hadrian, and sold as slaves. The tree has every appearance of being old, is large, and of great diameter.

The tomb of Abraham is venerated by the Mussulmen (as are all of our prophets, only they make an inferior prophet of the "Saviour," putting Mohammed in his place), so no Christians could enter its sacred precincts.

Passed a man with a miserable yearling bullock and donkey yoked together; and by the valley of Eschol, and "pools of Solomon," and "Rachel's tomb," on to Bethlehem, on the brow of a high hill, and Jerusalem, imposing in the distance, entering by the "Yaffa gate" and "Tower of Hippius," a relic of its pristine importance.

Visited Dr. Barclay, who "hails from" Virginia; he endeavours to perform gratuitous cure of soul as well as body.

We have been most industriously employed in visiting the [illegible] sights. "Jews' Place of Wailing," a melancholy spec- [illegible] Pool of Hezekiah," "Coenaculum," "Tower of Hippius," [illegible] of the Holy Sepulchre," which now during the



Sketched by the Author. See page [illegible].

JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING. JERUSALEM.

"Easter fêtes" is a regular bazaar of carved shells (with crucifix or "Last Supper") rosaries, crosses, etc., for Christian or traveller (who is supposed to be heathen). "Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea," "Gethsemane," where Stephen was martyred, "Mount of Olives," hole in the pavement where Lazarus fed in front of "Dives' house." Tree on the ascent of Mount of Olives, whose leaves the Prodigal Son fed on, the husks being a poetical licence. The "Ecce Homo" house and arch, "Valleys of Hinmim and Jehosaphat," "Hill of Evil Counsel," where Solomon kept his Sidonian wife, "Well of Job," "Pool of Siloam," "Tombs of James and Zazariah" and "Column of Absalom," all in valley of Jehoshaphat. Saw the stone on the corner of the city wall, and also the old temple wall, where the Mohammedans say Christ will sit at the day of judgment over the people, who will be in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Near this, the valley of Gehenna, assigned as the place of Tophet, and where the Jews practised the rites of Baal and Moloch—beyond Aceldama or Field of Blood. Then the Golden Gate, through which Christ made his triumphant entry previous to the "Last Supper." The "Lower Gishon Pool" and "Tombs of the Kings" and "Tombs of the Prophets." "Grotto of Jeremiah," "Tomb of Lazarus," at Bethany, "Pilate's House," and the place where "The Saviour" was put the night before his crucifixion, when he had been arrested.

April 7th.—To-day we returned from seeing the pilgrims bathe in the Jordan. They leave the city at twelve o'clock the Monday night before Easter Sunday. As we went out of the city day before yesterday, saw a Mohammedan procession going to the "Tomb of Moses," which these "wiseacres" have discovered, though the Bible, in its ignorance, says "no man knoweth where it is to this day." There were great [illegible] women at the gates as we came out, with their [illegible] thrown around them, but so arranged as to leave [illegible] face visible.

The road being as unsafe as in the days of the "Good Samaritan" we employed an Arab sheik. Camped on the plains of Jericho; visited the modern Jericho. The site of the ancient city is unknown.

The camp scene was most amusing. The patches on the trowsers of the guards would put to the blush the military economy of any nation in Europe.

Yesterday morning about half-past two, were in the saddle and off for the Jordan after the pilgrims. The sight was wonderfully picturesque and wild; thousands of Greek pilgrims in two bodies, about three and five thousand, with their torches and frantic singing. Arab sheiks galloping and curvetting their steeds, with long spears quivering, and "dirty picturesque" robes; the whole scene brilliantly illuminated by the burning plain, kindled by the pilgrims in their wild frenzy.

We went on ahead, got our "dip," filled our bottles for the benefit of future progeny, and got a position, where we saw the first wild rush, and then the carefully deliberate, who put on the long white gown, like the Millerite "ascension robes," dipped three times, then carefully folded the gown, to be kept till their burial,—a passport "*en regle*" to heaven. Then rode to the Dead Sea, where took a fine "swim." The day was warm, and a slight surf rolled lazily in. The specific gravity of the water is so great it is almost impossible to keep your feet low enough to swim. The water possesses mineral properties, painfully disagreeable to eyes, nose, and mouth; the bather's body looks, when dried, as if rubbed with oil.

We spent last night on the plains, and returned to the city this morning, passing several pilgrims who had been wounded by the Arab robbers.

8th.—This morning, Mar-Saba, a celebrated convent, near the Dead Sea, and the wilderness where Saul and David, in their troubles, played "hide and go seek."

This afternoon, the "miserere service," in the church of the

"Holy Sepulchre," by the Latin patriarch. But were disturbed by noisy boys, probably paid by the Greeks, though they deny the imputation. But the animosity is so great, that a few years since, when the Latins got a firman to make repairs in the church at Bethlehem, the Greeks procured another to remove them. They work through the Russians; the Latins, through the French; and the Armenians, through "Plutus'" potent influence.

In the midst of the ceremony, some of the Greek women, pilgrims (who live in the church in a kind of gallery, about nine feet high, separating the Greek chapel from the rotunda, in which stands the Holy Sepulchre, a beautiful white marble temple, about twelve feet wide, by twenty feet deep), were moving about, some of them drinking water out of the spout of a large tea-kettle, exciting the risibles of us all, since they were also operating directly over the Patriarch's head.

In the evening, the crucifixion service,—when we marched from the Latin chapel, each with tapers. They have twelve stations: at each a sermon is preached in a different language; the whole procession moves between a double file of Turkish soldiers with fixed bayonets!

On Calvary (the church being supposed to include Calvary, which is in the gallery), where the body, a wax figure, borne by the priests, from the chapel, is nailed to the cross, which is then erected (the Greeks say He was raised to the cross and crucified; the Latins, that the cross lay on the ground when it was done; and then raised with Him on it), the sermon preached, then the nails knocked out and body taken down from the cross. One of the most repulsive sights imaginable! The body is then carried down stairs, anointed, and buried, and at each of these stages another sermon. The lights of the church are now put out, and not lit again by the Latins until Easter Sunday.

Saturday is the great day with the Greeks,—by some calculation they arrive at the conclusion that this, and not the next day, is Easter, when the church is a perfect Babel. The [illegible] every part, each with a large wax taper or a bunch of [illegible]

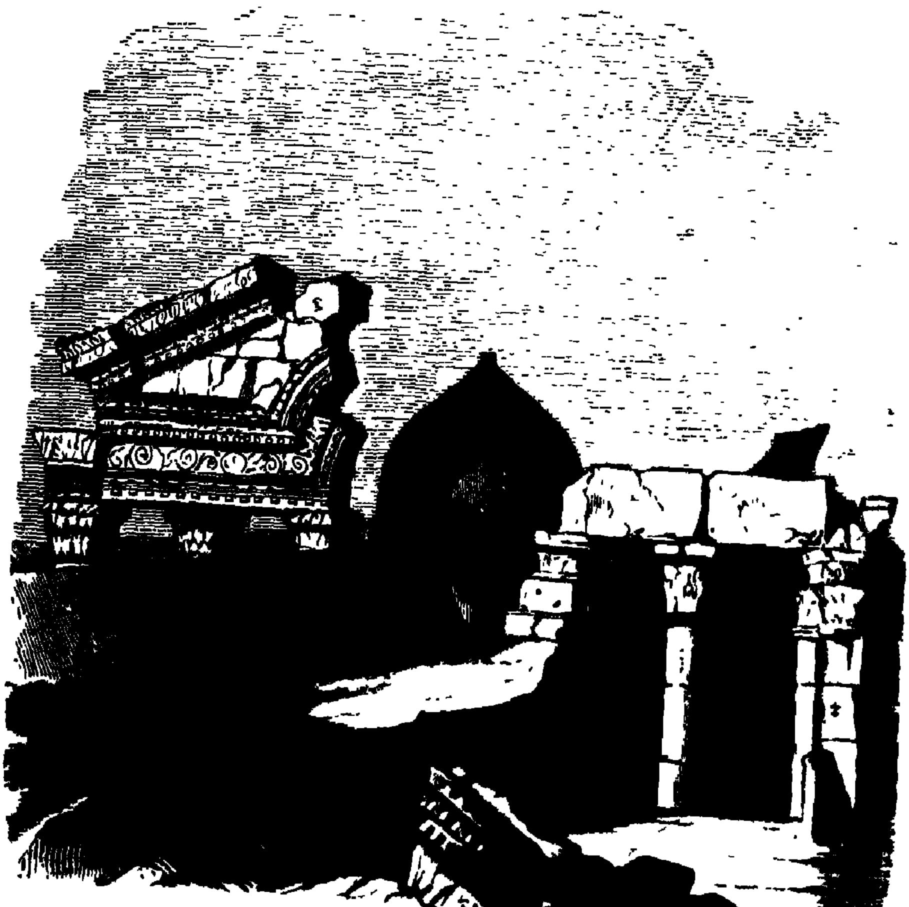
The "fire from Heaven," to re-light the world, comes down to the "Holy Sepulchre," at precisely two o'clock on every year! when some priests who are there for the purpose, receive it, and from it light the candles of the crowd. The church was filled about ten, when a grand "row" and stabbing affair getting up, the soldiers, with fixed bayonets, marched in and tried to keep order. Then followed shouting, singing, and fisticuff fights.

In two minutes after the first candle was lit, the whole church was ablaze. Their blood warmed with the excitement, the soldiers gone, and the tapers making good clubs, at it they went again, on the principle of the shillelah practice, "hit every head you see." This afternoon my travelling friend asked Achmet (our dragoman) if he was busy: "Yes, sir, I am going to the mosque to say my prayers; I have been so busy since I left Beirût I have not had time!" Only six months, with nine weeks of it repose on the Nile!

I have got any quantity of crosses and rosaries, blessed by the Patriarch, and been in and on every sacred place:—so when you get them, if they don't "put you through straight" it is because you are "predestined" to go somewhere else.

I have visited repeatedly all the churches, and gazed on the city from Mount Olivet (where, by-the-way, is a foot-print made in a piece of marble by the Saviour when he ascended), and the Mosque of Omar, conspicuous on the foundations of the old temple, besides making a sketch of the whole scene. Now I am off for Damascus.

April 18th.—NABALUS (SICHEM).—Started yesterday from Jerusalem, stopping on the way to see the curiously historic church of the Georgians, a short distance from the walls, where they were allowed to come in full armor, with banners flying, until about two hundred years ago. Passed by or near Mizpeh, so celebrated in biblical history; Anathoth; Gibeah, of Benjamin; Gibeon, where "the sun stood still and the moon stayed," and celebrated in the history of David, Solomon, etc. Then Ramah,



Sketched by the Author.

RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, DAMASCUS.

See page [illegible]

Michmash, Bethel, and the mountains of the "Blessing and Cursing," Gerizim and Ebal. Saw a Pentateuch at this place *said* to have come down from Abishua, the son of Phineas, 3400 years old!

April 15*th*.—NAZARETH.—Yesterday stopped to see the ruins of Sebaste (Samaria) and the colonnade built by Herod the Great.

To-day been marching through the plain of Esdrelon, passing Mount Gilboah, plain of Jezreel and Little Hermon, near which the "witch of Endor" dwelt; Shunem and Megiddo, celebrated for the miracles, battles, or misdeeds of Elisha, Gideon, Barak, and Ahab in ancient days; and in more modern ones, for those of crusaders and French. At Nazareth the house and *et ceteras* of Joseph shown, besides other wonders.

16*th*.—TIBERIAS.—To-day ascended Mount Tabor, the supposed scene of the "transfiguration." "Cana of Galilee" is in the distance, while we took the route to Tiberias, passing over "Tell Hattin" that decided the fate of the crusaders in Palestine. The city is small; and the lake about ten miles by three.

18*th*.—"JACOB'S BRIDGE."—Yesterday passed by Bethsaida, the city of Andrew, Peter, and Philip, and to-night encamp on the borders of the Jordan, a narrow stream of a few feet, but very swift.

DAMASCUS, *April* 20.—Arrived this morning. Yesterday and day before passing over a Roman road, and near the old Roman town of Arbana. We came in at daylight, not an object moving to disturb the harmony of the scene; even the bulbul, with whose "matin" we commence our morning march, had not left his nest.

21*st* and 22*d*.—Seen all our missionaries,—several from my own state. They showed us the street called Straight," "House of Ananias," and the fine ruins of the ancient Christian church, now built around by Turkish houses, on the top of which [illegible] to sketch them.

23*d*, Baalbec.—Yesterday passed the Roman town of Arbela, and the tablets of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus which are still legible. This afternoon have been exploring and sketching these wonderful and beautiful ruins. Many of the stones in the walls are sixty feet long by twelve feet square, actual measurement.

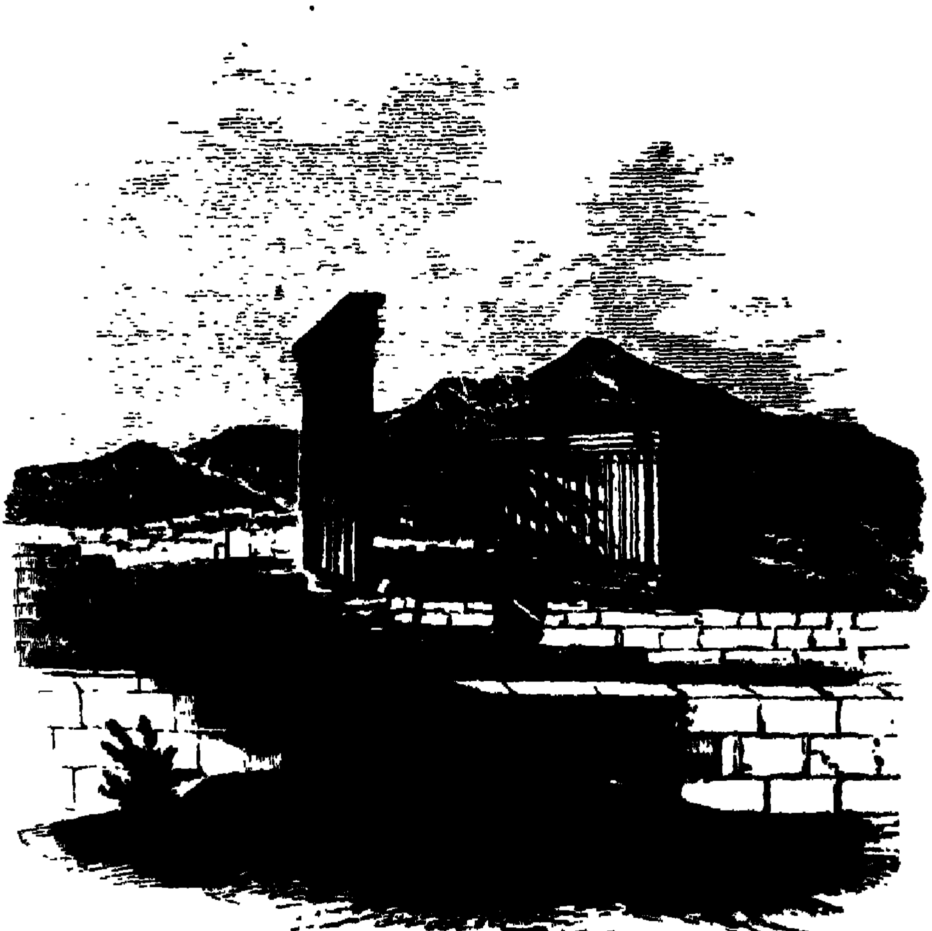
Beirût, *April* 25.—The delectable western part of our party, or rather the well one, has a passion for electric speed, and "doing a place" ("par exemple," seeing Rome in two days); for his protegé cares for no body or thing but the black servant and donkeys; "birds of a feather," etc. We find Drs. Smith and Robinson, whose book has been our perpetual "vade mecum" since leaving Beirût, nearly seven months ago, have gone to Jerusalem to prosecute further researches.

May 15, Marseilles.—Steamed via Alexandria and Malta to this place. We did not go ashore,—merely saw St. Elmo from the ship.

19*th*.—This morning Rochefaveur, the magnificent aqueduct. It connects two spurs of a mountain, is 1250 feet long by 262 high, in three tiers of arches.

Perpignan, *May* 22.—Stopping to see the beautiful Roman ruins at Nismes (maison de carrée, baths, and amphitheatre), Montpelier, and Bergiéres, celebrated for the massacres of the Albigenses in 1209.

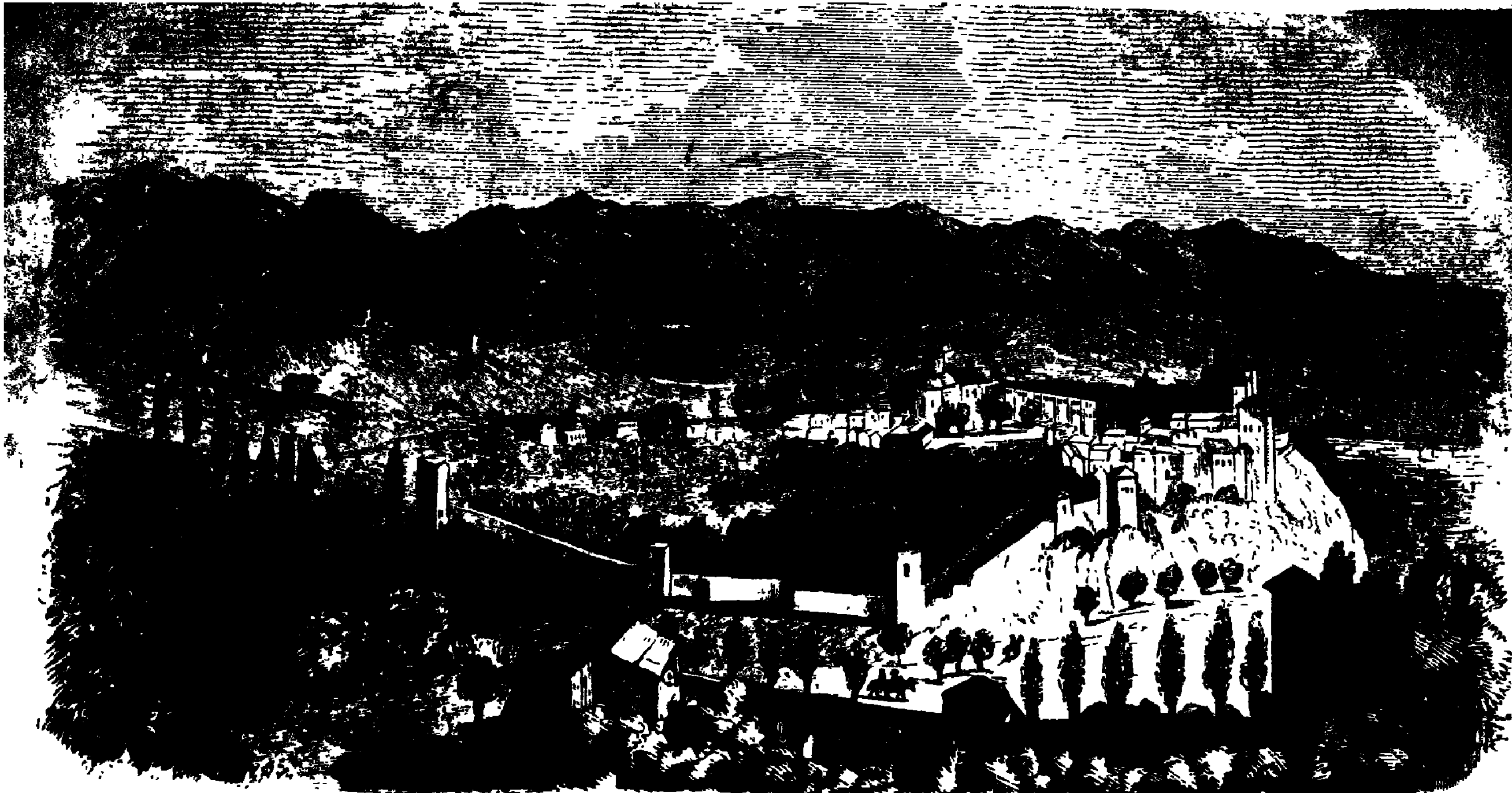
Barcelona, 24*th*.—Crossed the Pyrenees through magnificent scenery, and via Gerona to this place, and had our first experience in Spanish diligence, with nine and ten horses in pairs, no lines to any but the leaders, stopping them by pulling, like "hauling in" a ship's cable. Very often on the leader a postillion, a little imp with turban, blouse, legs and arms flying like a "dancing jack," while the driver and assistant in dark velve-



Sketched by the Author.

RUINS OF BAALBEC.

See page [illegible].



Sketched by the Author

THE ALHAMBRA

See page 101

teens, resplendent with bright buttons, were whooping, shouting, cutting and slashing, the diligence creaking and groaning as it bounded from stone to stone, while we were tossed about the coupè, blinded and choked with dust, wishing our lives insured, or ourselves somewhere else. This place is celebrated for its fine fortress and large opera house. To-morrow by sea down the coast.

26th.—Valencia a bright, curious place. Saw the house of "The Cid," and roofs covered with "azuléjos" (colored tile). Continue on by sea this afternoon.

28th, MALAGA.—The town very ancient, with Moorish remains. Saw numbers of pretty "blondes" walking in the "Alameda" this afternoon.

May 31.—Granada by saddle, via Velez, Malaga, and Alhama. Visited all the wonders of this lovely place, a Moorish paradise, its court of lions and other beauties, the exquisite tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella.

GIBRALTAR, *June 6th.*—Via Loja, Campillos, and Ronda, riding over plains and wild mountain routes. Visited the fortress.

June 10*th*, CADIZ.—Came by steamer. To-day, saw the Corpus Christi services; and a miniature bull fight.

12*th*, SEVILLE.—Yesterday on here, via the famed Guadalquiver, like the Nile, except very winding. There are many curious remains of the Moors. Alcazar and private houses with quadrangles or patios, as at Damascus. The cathedral is magnificent. The Murillos very numerous and fine. The treasury of the church immensely valuable in plate and jewelry; by good luck I was allowed to see and handle it all.

17*th*, CORDOVA.—Last night started for Madrid by post.

Stopped here to-day to see the wonderful Cathedral with its 854 pillars. It has been very prolific in great men, and was the Moorish Athens in its "palmy days."

June 19th, MADRID.—This morning reached this, via La Mancha, celebrated in Don Quixote, and Aranjuez, the royal country seat.

June 25th.—Visited the beautiful gallery, one of the finest in Europe. Seen Murillo's celebrated Santa Isabel, of Hungary, applying Remedies to the Diseased, ranking with Raphael's Transfiguration. The Palace, celebrated for its charming situation. Prado.—Bull fights, disgusting spectacles. Chiclanaro (nephew of the celebrated Montes) was there to display his skill.

TOLEDO and its famed Cathedral.

June 27th, SEGOVIA.—Stopping at the Escurial and La Granja. The Escurial, immense in size, devoid of beauty or attraction, except historical. La Granja, pretty and wild; the fountains in the royal grounds, very fine. Here, a Fair day. The Roman aqueduct is grand. The Alcazar, a Moorish relic, is curious. Now, a Military College. Gipsies were in numbers at the Fair, the women in red or yellow flannel skirts.

July 1st, BURGOS.—Making a detour, visited Valladolid, nearly ruined by the French; has a few interesting remains. This place is celebrated for the repulse of the "Duke;" its fine cathedral; sundry minor churches; and wonderful tomb of the father (Juan II.), mother, and brother of Isabella, much injured by the French soldiers.

July 5th, BAYONNE.—Via the Basque Provinces, through beautiful scenery. This is the frontier town of France, on the west, as Perpignan is on the east.

July 10th, BORDEAUX.—Visited Pau, beautifully picturesque.

Celebrated as the birth-place of Henry of Navarre, and Bernadotte, each of whom changed his religion for a crown. This is a pretty, well-built place, with a fine stone bridge across the river. In the days of the Black Prince, noted for wars.

July 11*th*, NANTES.—Saw, *en route*, La Rochelle, the former great stronghold of the Protestants. This is a pretty and important place, with a wide-spread celebrity. The important "Edict of Nantes" was signed here.

July 12*th*, SAUMUR.—Where Lord Chatham and the Duke of Wellington received part of their education at the French Military School. Stopping, *en route* to this, at "Black Angier," a strong looking town for feudal times.

July 14*th*.—ORLEANS, via Tours, a pretty place, much resorted to by the English; Amboise and Blois, both historically celebrated. This place is celebrated for the siege and Maid of Orleans in English and French wars, and its cathedral.

15*th*.—CHARTRES; its fine cathedral,—one of the finest in France, and scene of the several coronations.

July 17*th*.—Returned to Paris yesterday after a continued wander of thirteen months, and right glad to stop and breathe once more. My tour through Spain and France was delightful, especially through the latter, the former being only demi-civilized, as far as the ordinary comforts of a traveller are cared for: bad roads, bad conveyances, with *minimum* security for life or money when travelling, though I roughed it safely through the most interesting parts in my "cross cuts" and circuit. In France, through districts of the most historic interest in the wars with the Saracens, English, Albigenses, and Huguenots. Now a breath of English air, and——off direct for Cashmere

July 29*th*.—Paris, have been to London,—everybody out of

town, and all is excitement about the election. Paris all quiet, the Prince President apparently popular. So, adieu.

August 4th.—GENEVA.—Have been here several days. Last evening was introduced to an *antique* celebrity who had a great admiration for America, said he knew all about the *thirteen* States! I could have told him we had inverted the numbers, and the eagle still on his wing was extending the circuit. The Sunday amusements here show Calvin's star is waning.

August 6th.—BERNE, via the lake to Lausanne and "Chillon's walls," and a glimpse at lovely Thurn. Met two men,—one I had parted from in Norway, the other at Jerusalem. Stopped a day for a hasty view of the sights. The more important, the Bernese Alps, magnificent in the bright sun; and Berchtold's (founder of Berne) tomb.

August 10th.—LUCERNE, usually the stopping-place for visiting the Rigi. Took a sail down the lake, as it was just clearing up after a long storm. Saw hundreds of cascades and fifteen rainbows, six of them double; "Tell's" Chapel; Thorwaldsen's Lion; and on the bridge the series of paintings called "Dance of Death."

August 11th.—ZURICH.—Lake Zug, and field where Zwingli was killed; and battle-fields of the French, under Massena, and the Russians. The first entire English version of the Bible was printed here in 1535.

August 12th.—CONSTANCE.—A pleasant journey; passed the castle from which the Hapsburg family (Austrian sovereigns) originally came. The Grand Council of Constance, held here in 1414 and '18, was attended by ecclesiastics from all parts of Europe, prince-cardinals (30), patriarchs (4), archbishops (20), bishops (150), professors of universities and doctors of theology

(200), besides a host of inferior prelates, abbtos, priors, etc., convened for the purpose of reforming abuses in the church. Their proceedings were prefaced by a declaration that the council had received by "divine right" a superlative power in church matters, and began by deposing John XXIII. and Benedict XIII., and electing in their place Martin V. Then the treacherous seizure and murder of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, in spite of the safe-conduct granted him by the Emperor Sigismund, President of the Council.

The mother of Louis Napoleon lived near this lake. In the shops pictures of Huss being led to execution. The officers look like dancing-masters and assistants trying to "step-off" with an awkward scholar in his first polka lesson!

August 13.—To Augsburg, by steamer and "rail." The seat of many diets. In one, toleration to the Protestants of Germany granted. Here, in 1530, the celebrated declaration called, "The Confession of Augsburg," was presented by Bayer, the Chancellor of Saxony, to Charles Fifth, and loudly read to him in German (that the people might understand), though Charles ordered him to read it in Latin. Formerly one of the most important money markets and commercial towns of Europe. Earlier an important Roman town. Saw women *mowing* grain in a rain storm.

August 17, MUNICH.—Visited the studios of several celebrated painters and sculptors. The palace and its curiosities. In one room the portraits of the most beautiful women in Bavaria. Many modern paintings in fresco and oil. The "Rich Chapel," so called from its valuables. The galleries, public and private, are fine. The library collection of books large and valuable. The city a mass of imitations, ancient and modern. The Statue of Bavaria, a splendid figure in bronze, sixty-four feet high. Crawford's bronzes for the statue at Richmond, Virginia, are to be cast here.

August 18, NUREMBURG.—Lies in an extensive plain, the

former moat, now a vegetable garden. In the time of the "Thirty Years' War" endured a memorable siege sustained by Gustavus Adolphus against Wallenstein. The place was once much celebrated for its commerce and manufactures. Much injured by the expulsion of the Jews. Has fine churches and curious houses, with more tiers of windows in the roof than in the front of the house.

August 19, LEIPSIC.—A dull place; celebrated for its University, and the battle between Napoleon and the Allies, in which Poniatowski was drowned.

August 20, DRESDEN.—Arrived yesterday. Its celebrated gallery contains many of the finest works of the best artists, particularly of Raphael, Correggio, Rubens, Vandyke, etc. Also an admirable collection of ancient arms and armor; then the "Green Vault" or treasury—the finest collections of valuables of any palace in Europe—one case alone worth $5,000,000. Met Gen. Santa Cruz here; the "valets de place," had the report spread that he was the President of the United States.

August 21, PRAGUE.—Came on last night. Well known as the scene of wars and sieges. Religious, "Thirty Years' War," and others. A fine library, rich in Bohemian literature. In one of the churches veritable relics of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—a bit of the sponge wet with hyssop, part of crown of thorns, true cross, etc., etc. There is a very curious synagogue here, very old; and a burial-ground said to be *one thousand* years old—it looks so. The private residences in the suburbs are beautiful. Wallenstein lived here in grand style. The University, at one time very famous; it had *twenty-five thousand* students; by an unfortunate measure, abridging the privileges of foreigners, they were soon scattered over Europe.

August 28, BERLIN.—Got here six days ago, stopping one day

at Dresden. The city is very regular, and much like New York or Philadelphia. The galleries of all kinds (pictures, antiquities, and coins) are interesting. A handsome monument in bronze of Frederick the Great, with his marshals in the "Unter Linden Linden," the street of Berlin. Its porcelain manufactory is known throughout the world.

Met some English friends who were in the East last winter. Visited Potsdam, the Prussian Versailles, where are various palaces, "Sans Souci," old palace, new palace, and others; besides many residences of the nobility. In the gardens of one of the palaces saw one of the loftiest jets of water in the world. Some of the garden beds are bordered with *pumpkin vines.* Here stands the palace built by "Frederick the Great" after the "Seven Years' War," to show Maria Theresa he had plenty of money left to carry on another if she wished. His tomb, and those of his horses and great dogs, are in the grounds of the palace.

August 30, VIENNA.—Via Breslau, the birth-place of Blucher. All last night were entertained by the discordant music of a drove of hogs in the rear car, who were being taken to market. The city proper is small, inclosed by walls, but the suburbs very extensive, streets narrow and winding. Found many acquaintances. The gardens are full of people every evening listening to the music, and drinking beer. One of the churches has a beautiful marble monument to Christina, daughter of Maria Theresa. One of the chapels of another church contains the hearts of forty-three Emperors in silver urns ranged around the walls. We saw in the vault of the Convent of the Capucins, the coffins of the Emperors for the last two hundred years. Many very beautiful, several of solid silver. Among them the sarcophagus of the Duke of Reichstadt, near that of his grandfather, who was very fond of him. Then the cabinet of medals and coins, 134,000! One of silver weighing six pounds! Then the picture galleries, private and public; the former are very extensive and good, the latter remarkably fine, especially in Rubens' works. The armory

has a good collection. I have met several English acquaintances here, who have introduced me to English officers in the Austrian army.

September 12, LINTZ.—Arrived here at daylight this morning. A snug little place; for miles around the town there are towers, a new defence, an invention of one of the Archdukes, to guard Vienna, this being one of her approaches. This place was a Roman naval station.

September 13, VIENNA.—To-day returned here. The sail down the river grand and picturesque. On inaccessible crags, old castles, many celebrated as notorious robber holds. Drove out to "Schönbrunn," the principal residence of the Emperor; and where Napoleon signed the Treaty of Schönbrunn.

September 15, BADEN.—A pleasant country resort near Vienna. To-morrow I shall start for Pesth, after more than two weeks here very delightfully.

September 17, PESTH.—Coming down the Danube passed the small island of Lobau, where Napoleon was obliged to retire after the fields of Aspern and Essling, and was cooped up about two months with 150,000 foot, 30,000 horse, with 700 cannon. By a skilful manœuvre threw himself to the mainland over a bridge and then behind his opponent, the Archduke Charles. Then came the battle of Wagram. On one side of the river is Pesth, on the other on high hills are Buda and Presburg, separated by a deep valley.

September 18, PESTH.—This morning went to see the review and manœuvres of over eighty thousand men by the Emperor. A rather good-natured looking young man, quite thin. This afternoon a gentleman passed my door in the full Magyar costume, which is very striking. Coming down the Danube passed Gran,

the seat of the See of the Primate of all Hungary. The revenue the richest of any Primate in Europe, $350,000. Passed Comorn, called the maiden fortress because never captured.

Sept. 21*st.*—DANUBE STEAMER.—This morning started again on my voyage down the river, with one of the best cabins on deck; an English friend not joining me, offered to share it with a very nice Englishman I met on board, who had the bad luck to be in the general cabin,—an awful suffocating hole. Passed the various towns so often the scene of contention between Turks and Christians; the castle of John Hunyady, the champion of Christendom against the Turks in the fifteenth century; then Belgrade, so long the alternate bulwark of Christendom and the advanced post of Moslem power.

Sept. 22*d.*—GLADORA, which brought us to the "rapids," the scenery wild and grand; then the remains of the old Roman road, part an excavation from the steep mountain sides, the balance by holes or sockets in the rocks for beams; saw the large tablet cut in the rock and called "Trajan's Tafel; now the rapids, and foaming, chafing waters of the "Iron Gate." From Orsova, to a place beyond, descended in barges. This evening a grand concert by the Italian opera company on board. Among the passengers a lovely Polish countess, whom Louis Napoleon in presenting to the Princess Mathilde, said, "Allow me to present the most beautiful woman in Paris." Besides an Armenian, the wealthiest man in Turkey, just returning with a son and pretty daughter; has six sons being educated in England, and the same number in Paris.

Sept. 25*th.*—GALATZ.—Last night were near having an awful accident. A Greek freight vessel ran into us intentionally, carrying away half of the saloon; luckily no lives lost or personal injury done.

Sept. 26*th.*—BLACK SEA.—Saw the Russian out-posts and

guards as we came down the Danube. Passed near Ismail, which Suwarrow carried by storm, in 1789, with a frightful massacre—

> "There was an end of Ismail, hapless town!
> Far flashed her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,
> And redder ran her blushing waters down."

The mouths of the Danube, passing through an extensive marsh, empty into the Black Sea. This bar is difficult to cross except in pleasant weather. We have two gentlemen (Belgian and Prussian); they have been in the Carpathian Mountains shooting. Saw two kinds of Gypsies: one dark; the other light, with flaxen frizzly hair; and a curious bird, much like the ostrich. Stopped at Varna for a few hours,—a dazzling whitewashed town.

Sept. 28th.—CONSTANTINOPLE.—At daylight the entrance to the Bosphorus came in sight, with all its splendors successively revealing themselves; described in my journal of last year. Put up at Misserie's hotel. My old friend, the first dragoman of our legation, has invited me to join a shooting-party for an island near the Dardanelles. We are to go down this afternoon. There are twenty sportsmen, with more than thirty dogs, sleeping, eating, howling, or barking, while others are being hauled on board by their masters. All fairly being on board the roll was called to detect any interlopers. After we had been mustered and found right then came the servants: Signor Spezziosa's *domestique;* Monsieur (Somebodyelse's) *domestique;* then a lot of turbaned, petticoated Alis, Mustaphas, Alexanders, and Demetriuses. Then a general hunt for Senor Brown's Matthias, a big Hungarian refugee, whose place had been supplied by a Greek, whose name neither Mr. Brown nor any one else knew; he sat, quietly enjoying the fun, while we were racing around the deck in search of him. Senor Brown's *domestique* was vociferated in French, Greek, Turkish, Italian, and German, by

thirty pairs of lungs. A turbaned, moustached blackey, with Tuskaras and bill-of-health in his pocket, sword by his side, and colored dignity enveloped in huge capote, strides the deck with an awful dignity as he casts a watchful eye over his noisy bjects.

Sept. 30th.—This morning we were all up a long time before sunrise and stowed away in a tottering domicil. This evening returned fagged out, men and dogs, with heat and miles of tramping. I have never eaten such grapes as to-day we have been walking by. We have a medley party. The director of the Poste Français and his head clerk, a distinguished Italian artist, a Greek merchant, Mr. B——, and I. We have had quite "a spread," red mullet, etc.; our drinking apparatus two tumblers, a cocoa-nut cup, an India-rubber one, and another of leather, with silver, pewter, and wooden spoons, each man carrying this pocket-knife!—but with good humor, appetite, and stories of our exploits, sung,

> "Fill high the bowl with Samian (or some other) wine!
> We will not think of themes like these!"

and had a right jolly *finale* to the day.

Friday, October 1st.—After a beggarly night, with hosts of most unwelcome, but persevering, visitors (fleas), in a room, already sufficiently tenanted by *six gentlemen, five servants,* and *seven dogs!* made a quick toilet and breakfast, then off. Another splendid "spread" on our return in the evening; and now aboard, going back to the city, with five hundred and odd partridges! and no end of amusing incidents and experiences. One verdant youth had been cajoled out of his gun by a "honey-mouthed" robber. Another, from bad shooting, was deserted by his disgusted dog, who sought a more successful master. Our colored "Guardiano" lies below, suffering and groaning from too jovial companionship with Ceres and Bacchus. So

bon nuit, and I will resign myself to a wooden bench and "Somnus."

October 2nd, CONSTANTINOPLE.—This morning arrived; state of our healths inquired into by the *attentive* Quarantine official, and off for home, forming an escort for our dogs, who could but just move, much less defend themselves against the hosts of "Pariahs" that came to attack them (the city is regularly divided into districts by the dogs themselves, and "woe-betide" any dog, public or private, who crosses the boundary, unless well protected). Saw some fresh American papers, filled with Presidential campaign and steamboat accidents.

October 5th.—Yesterday, a grand change of ministers in the Sultan's cabinet; hordes of visitors coming and going; all sorts of odd lists of news "gratis" from the lots of "Queen's Messengers," who daily come from and go in every direction, spiced with happy experiences of verdant travellers.

October 12th.—To-day, I have arranged with an English friend, for "a run" to Troy and the "Seven Churches," a foolhardy thing I suppose, as the country is swarming with banditti; but curiosity will lead people to be stupidly venturesome at times. A Mr. Abbott Lawrence, nephew of the Minister to England, and wife, with a Mrs. Tailor, a relative, arrived two or three days ago; so gossip is busy with the report that our Minister from England, and the wife of General Taylor, are here.

October 13th, RENKOI.—Came down the Dardanelles last evening, and ashore this morning, booted and spurred, with our scanty wardrobe in the saddle-bags, just in time to catch the Vice-Consul at breakfast.

October 16th, ASSOS.—Yesterday and day before, over much the same ground, on the "Plains of Troy," as last year. This



Sketched by the Author.

DINNER WITH A BEY.

See page 118.

place is an old Roman town; our quarters a quarantine, the ceiling nearly five feet high! and both of us tall men.

October 18*th*, KEMAIK.—Yesterday, rode by the sea-shore all day; at night, lodged in a quarantine as usual. I expect, as we are so often put in sick quarters, we shall soon become hypochondriac and fancy we really are ill. Reached Adrymetum at two, where we took a pipe with the substitute of the Bey, who was on a visit to the one at this place. Then were honored with a guard to escort us here, where we found the Bey "holding court." He gave us pipes, coffee, and an invitation to dinner, all of which we accepted. Then led us up to his reception room. Soon some blackies spread a "crum cloth" in one corner. Then turning a four legged bench upside down, laid on it a large waiter, covering it with a table cloth, then "counting noses," placed around the sides, alternate pieces of bread, and clusters of grapes (one of each to every one). They stretched around the table in festoon manner, a long scarf as a "family napkin."

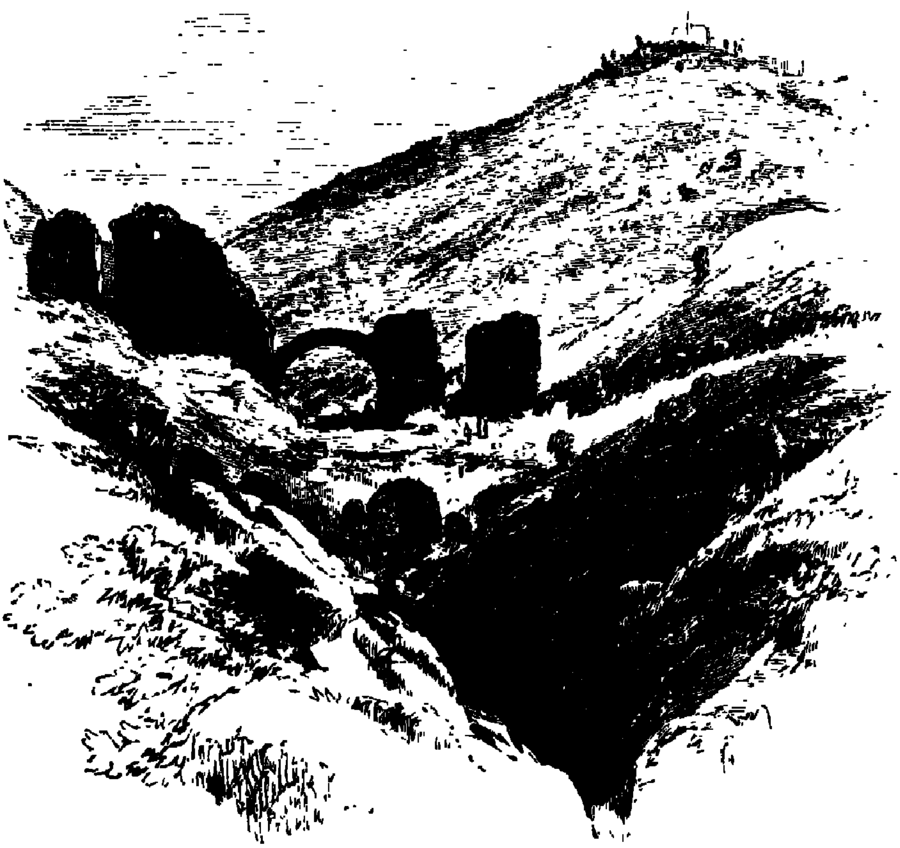
The servants brought basins, and pitchers of water, one holding it while the other poured water on our hands, which ran off into the concave perforated cover of the basin, then taking a napkin from his shoulder, on which there was a number corresponding to the guests. While this was going on, my fellow-traveller, who understood a little Turkish, heard one of the party, who thought we were "green uns," ask the Bey if he had not some forks for us, to which he replied, he thought there was not one in the house, but would see; but sent a servant, who brought two old ones.

We sat down round this novel table, and the two Beys and their suites (six or seven in all) too in compliment to us. The Beys "led off" by dipping their spoons into a large tureen of soup, and we all "followed suite" for three or four rounds, when the last spoon was laid on the waiter; the soup was removed and a large dish of stewed meat, cut into small pieces, took its place. I had had "the cue" from my friend, who had often

"put up" with Beys and Pachas, never to use my *left* hand on any occasion. So "following leader," I dipped in my fingers and bit of bread, (a piece about an inch and a half square, held between the first and second fingers, at their ends,) and seized all I could with my thumb and the bread; it is then tucked down the throat without the delay of mastication, but with some risk of choking a beginner. After the meat succeeded three dishes with different kinds of vegetables, from which we all ate, between times, eating grapes together with pickles, and such like, from small side dishes; then came boiled rice and sugared milk, when the spoons (without washing) were brought in requisition again. This was followed by a large dish of jelly, like poor calf's-foot jelly; then three or four courses of stewed meats and vegetables; after these, a large plate with a kind of mince-meat pie; the finishing course, a grand pillaf (dish of rice and meat prepared in a peculiar way), then rose from table, and resumed our doubled up seats on the divan (which was not particularly comfortable with our long riding boots and spurs), the ablutions renewed, then pipes and coffee. Many visitors "happened in," who asked all sorts of questions, and made all sorts of remarks, which H—— understanding, translated to me. Then off to bed, much pleased with my initiation dinner. H——, who is an epicure, and *bon vivant*, says, a good Turkish cook will equal a French one in the delicacy of his nice dishes.

October 19th, KOSARKO.—True enough, the road has been fully as rough as they represented, though we have seen no robbers, against which they wished us to take a host of Zaptiyahs (guards), all but two of whom we had declined. Had fine views of the country in crossing the mountains.

Passed numerous tents of Urrucks and Zebeques, a sort of demi-civilized Turks who rob or murder as suits their convenience. They wear picturesque costumes, with a huge pistol (stuck in the long girdle around the waist), for use or ornament as occasion requires.



Sketched by the Author. See page 115

VIEW OF PERGAMUS.

In a small village met the Aga, who appeared to be holding court; he sent us on to the next village, promising to accompany us the day after to Pergamos. About twenty Zebeques followed the greater part of the way for their pleasure. Our quarters, one end of a stable. The soldiers sent us some rice and milk in a huge dish: some "swollen wheat," cheese, and a villanous sort of ash cake made from barley, ground husks and all. A luxurious supper for two gentlemen! we then "tumbled in" on a mud floor, I with all my clothes on even to boots and spurs, with saddle for a pillow, and coverlet—bed and quilt.

Oct. 20th.—PERGAMOS.—This morning off by daylight, but the Aga was before us; we have been journeying in a rough mountainous country. At eleven reached the valley leading to Pergamos. Soon saw the remains of a Roman bridge and aqueduct—the immense ruins of the amphitheatre, built arch upon arch, three stories high, over the current of a small stream; a singular structure and more peculiar situation. Reaching the city, traversed it in search of lodgings; at last quartered on a Greek, with a prospect of some comfort; then climbed the isolated Acropolis hill, with nothing to repay but the sight of a ruin of the middle ages.

Ruin-hunting through the town, saw the remains of the old theatre, of which two ends are standing; on to the amphitheatre, which we sketched in spite of a young hurricane which nearly blew us away. After this, saw a famous sewer, an eighth of a mile long, undermining part of the town, and serving as a passage for the river. Beyond this, a curious old building (of marble) said to have been the palace of the Roman governor.

Oct. 21st.—KIRKAG-HATSCH.—Off by daylight, taking, as we went out, a rapid saddle sketch of the valley and distant mountains. Passed some people returning from a fair—among them some gipsies with dancing bears, looking scarcely more savage than their masters. At eight got here, when the Bey put us up

in a nice Greek house, with well carpeted floors and silk divans. Immediately on our arrival, the pretty wife of the host brought us some confectionery, sherbet, and coffee. Then dinner. At bed-time, two famous beds, *covered* with silk, were laid on the floor, and so large they nearly filled the room; for coverlets, superb silk quilts, a most unexpected luxury.

Oct. 22d.—MARMORA.—Off and reached Aksá (Thyatira) in a few hours; it is pleasantly situated, though little beyond association to recommend it. The horses had to almost swim through the streets in reaching the "Kaimakans." While waiting for the Aga to return from his devotions, the Zaptiyahs brought in two robbers, whom they collared, and fastened the other end of the long chain to a hinge on the outside of the prison. Were soon off, as there was nothing to be seen, and rode over a flat country, near the estate given by the Sultan to Lamartine, pausing occasionally for a saddle sketch, and reaching Marmora about seven.

Stopping first at the Aga's for house, and horses the next day. He is a splendid fellow of the "old school." The Sulagee had refused to let us have his horses, and he had got the consent of the last Aga to the arrangement. But as we could not get others here, and the present ones are so good, (with our firman in hand,) persuaded the Aga to decide that we could have these until we found others to suit us, even if we had to keep them until we reached Smyrna. Jolly justice for poor travellers! The Tanzimut makes terrible work for travellers and also inhabitants, by abolishing capital punishment as well as almost that of every other kind. Robbers are only shut up for a few months, perhaps a year if they commit murder.

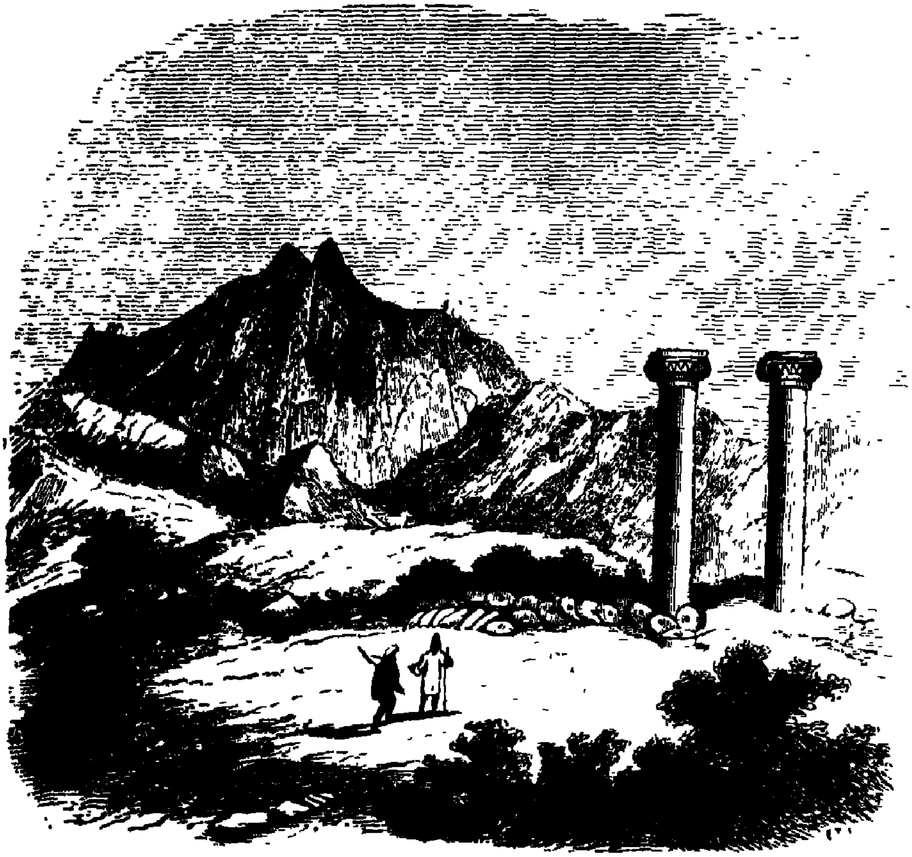
Oct. 23d.—SARDIS.—A pleasant early morning ride soon brought us in sight of Mt. Molus, the Gygaean Lake, and immense tumuli of the Lydian kings. That of Alyattus, father of Croesus, being much the largest, is described by Herodotus, as vieing with the finest monuments of Egypt or Babylon; is three



Sketched by the Author

VIEW OF THYATIRA

See page 116.



Sketched by the Author.

SARDIS. "SEVEN CHURCHES."

See page 117.

quarters of a mile at its base by two hundred feet high; it is a mound of earth with foundation of stone. The lake is large—covered with wild fowl.

At a small coffee-house, they said the night before the Zaptiyahs had, in a small "scrimmage," killed three robbers and captured two more. Last week about twenty Zebeques had occupied one of these tumuli, and robbed or shot all who passed.

Crossed the Hermes, a small stream, but in the spring a deep river. Stopped to coffee with an Aga whom we passed at his encampment. Reached Sardis about one. Leaving our saddle-bags, pushed on to some huge remains of a building formerly a theatre. Then the ancient temple of Cybele on the opposite side of the Acropolis hill; only two columns standing, and of Ionic order; there are remains of several others lying near; we sketched these two and the Acropolis. Then a vast building called "The Palace of the Cæsars," which we sketched. This evening came in two hours to a small village; quartered in a guard house (second story). As I was coming down stairs, a large savage dog sprung at my foot through the open steps, caught me in the heel, and took the whole length of my heavy spur down his throat! he sloped.

Oct. 24th.—NIMFI.—Off early, and at eleven reached Cassibar, celebrated for its musk melons; called upon the Bey, a capital old fellow, and just in time for a *dejeuner à la doigt*, that being Turkish fashion; so took pipes and coffee first, then adjourned to the balcony, where cushions were laid, and ablutions performed. We were soon at work. Only us three, on each side of the table a large dish of melons cut in small pieces, bread and a dish of fine cut meat in the centre, for general use. The breakfast consisted of several courses, commencing with fried eggs, followed by vegetables, stewed meat, stewed beans, and a pillaf, which is always the finishing course at a Turkish table; the vegetables supply the place of drinkables, which I have never seen on one of their tables. Ablutions again, then pipes and coffee. He had some

curious old guns that were brought out for our inspection. My gun and revolver pleased him very much. He was quite a sportsman, though off his training, (weighing about two hundred and fifty.) Got here at five; town beautifully situated; lodgings, beastly.

Oct. 25th.—TEPAQUIE.—In about two hours arrived at the monument of Sesostris, described by Herodotus. It is a tablet above life size, cut in the face of the rock, about one hundred feet above the road. Lord Mandeville, a friend of H.'s, was robbed here some two years ago, and they were about to cut off one of his fingers to get a ring that fitted very tight; luckily, he succeeded in getting it off, and so saved his finger. It is a famous place for robbers. Our present quarters are a miserable hovel, we at one end, and a Bey and his Zaptiyahs at the other.

Oct. 26th.—EPHESUS.—This morning made sketches of some tremendously "swell" Zebeques and Zaptiyahs,—then off for this place, which we reached at twelve; the Bey being off two hours in the mountains, they would not give us rooms, but said we had better go up to him and show our firman, which pleasant little excursion we respectfully declined, and took possession of the first house we could find, sending our firman to him while we went sight-seeing.

The modern Ephesus dates for two hundred years only, and is now called Ayasaluk; it presents rather a fine appearance in approaching, with its Acropolis, ruined mosques, and extensive aqueduct. We made a saddle sketch as we approached; and now, winding our way to the ancient city, two miles off, paused to examine some large ruins of great size, passing the extensive remains of the Stadium, and on to the Acropolis, from which we had a fine view of ruined temples and theatre. One of the former was the scene of an interesting incident in St. Paul's eventful life. Returned to the theatre, of which only a part of the ends, and a seat or two are remaining. Extending from the side of



Sketched by the Author. See page 118.

EPHESUS.



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ZEBEQUE ZAPTIYAH, EPHESUS.



Sketched by the Author. See page 118.

ZEBEQUE ZAPTIYAH, EPHESUS.

this for several hundred feet, are projections for columns, as if it had been the façade of some vast building, or a colonnade. This is on one side of a hill which stood near the suburbs of the city. As I passed around this hill, paused on the top of the theatre for a sketch of the Acropolis and "bird's-eye" view of the harbor. Then, further on, passed another immense ruin, and a similar arrangement for portico or colonnade; and then, home.

Nicolo has laid himself out for a famous dinner, three full courses—boiled, stewed, and roast chicken—most sumptuous entertainment after our fortnight's fare of twelve to sixteen hours in the saddle daily, and then generally nothing but rice and poor bread.

Oct. 27th.—SEDECUI.—Last night a terrific storm, thundering and lightening incessantly, while the rain poured in through our well-ventilated roofs in every direction; among other excitements were screams and shouts, which Nicolo informed me this morning were caused by robbers. They, hearing some travellers were to arrive with money, lay in wait for them, and "pour passer le temps," they robbed the mail just three miles from the city! The travellers not appearing, they entered the town last evening to inquire for them, and hence the screams.

The Bey, unknown to us, had stationed three guards at our door to protect us. Examining our arms, we set off for another survey of the ruins. The marble mosque is a fine old building; also discovered the remains of some old churches. On returning, to our great surprise found no horses had arrived; after a row of a couple of hours, we were again fairly in the saddle, one of the horses, making our complement, having come by virtue of compulsion; and now could not get any Zaptiyahs for a guard; so trusting to our arms and good luck, pushed off by ourselves; towards dusk picked up an Arnaut Zaptiyah. As we approached a small village, there was a tremendous bustle. A Pasha's harem had arrived en route to Smyrna, with a good guard for

them, and especially the "pickings and stealings" of his Pashalic. Other Zaptiyahs were starting off in different directions for robbers; another party had brought in a robber's head during the day. The officials would not give us any guards, so we showed the firman: raising a "big fuss," and abusing them pretty thoroughly, they gave us two Arnauts, (who are generally "plucky" fellows); so pushed on by moonlight, reaching this at near twelve, and over thirteen hours in the saddle! Routing up the officials, got a night's quarters in the office of the Bey.

The village is the one where the Dutch Consul was carried off by the robbers last year, while playing with his children in his garden, and only released on payment of $3,000.

Oct. 28th.—SMYRNA.—In saddle by sunrise, and here by ten, after a most delightful and interesting excursion: got in by good luck safely, for which we have been congratulated by every one. A few days ago, a Greek gentleman was caught while out shooting, and obliged to pay $5,000 ransom. The robbers have an ugly trick of shooting you from behind rocks and trees, and then plundering you at leisure. Most of these places are the sites of the "Seven Churches" mentioned in Revelations. Christianity was first planted at Ephesus by St. Paul. Pliny represents this city as the ornament of Asia, and the largest city in Asia Minor. The "Temple of Diana," made familiar by the narrative in the "Acts of the Apostles," was one of the seven wonders of the world. Laodicea, a few ruins; Philadelphia, a number; Sardis, about the same; Thyatira, none; and Pergamos a few uncertain ones: but this and Sardis have the best. Smyrna has none at all, the only relic of Christianity is a chapel for the benefit of the few English residents and travellers. These churches or these sights have now no interest but association and occasional display of ruins.

Oct. 29th.—To-day H. and I have been overhauling our traps and having regular "swaps." He is going to Germany and Eng-

land, and I on my eastward flight; so among other things I've got all his drawing and painting materials; and if I don't come back a Raphael or Claude, I probably shall return somebody else.

Oct. 31st.—To-day at church, and this afternoon promenaded the streets, looking at the handsome women; passing my banker, Mr. L———, he called me in and introduced me to his family; his daughters are among the prettiest young ladies I have seen.

Nov. 1st.—AT SEA, OFF CHIOS.—On board, after bidding H. good-bye,—same day and same destination as last year for both: Athens and Beirût. Few passengers. Among them a New Hampshire man, half editor, half preacher, with the sons of several well known New Yorkers under his charge, for a wander in Europe and the East.

Nov. 6th.—BEIRÛT.—Got in this morning, warmly welcomed by Demetrius, my handsome petticoated landlord of last year; while hosts of Alies, Achmets, Mustaphas, Musas, and Abdallahs dragomen of my numerous acquaintances last year, gave me recognizing grins, doubtless hoping I was going over another seven months' tour. My friend Mr. Smith was busy with his sermon to-day, so I only saw his family.

Nov. 7th.—To-day, to church; this morning heard Mr. Whiting, who is very popular and highly esteemed by the natives. This evening a grand illumination in honor of the new Pasha who arrived Saturday. The shopkeepers attended him through the bazaars, sprinkling rose water before him.

Nov. 8th.—Mr. Smith is to write to some friends at Damascus, who are to arrange, if possible, for me to get to Palmyra,—at all times a difficult and dangerous undertaking. Mr. S. is getting on finely with his translation: has finished the Pentateuch and

been engaged for some weeks on the New Testament. This evening another procession: sword-dancers and others, each business or procession having its evening. Then to the Beirût theatre; a blacky was bobbing in and out a dignitary's box, as if the most important personage in it. The blacks here have so decided a color, that most American "darkies" would almost fancy themselves "white folks" by the side of them. The opera glasses and "white kids" very amusing in this place; about as wide as a good sized parlor.

Nov. 11th.—JEBAL.—This morning, long before light, I heard Achmet's shrill "Mussīr, Iland! mussīr, Iland!" I sprang out of bed, recognizing his tones, though not having the least idea whether in Beirût, Desert, or Egypt. Soon off with my new dragoman Yousif (Anglicc, Joseph), with Ali dignified as cook, this, my first night of tenting "solitaire;" but Ali's good dinner had wonderful charms by way of companionship. To-day, met a man going to market with grapes, and stopped him; he picked up two or three stones for weight!—and all five of us carried off as many grapes as we could eat, for a piastre (five cents). As the weather is so cold with snow on Lebanon, I sleep to-night half way up.

Nov. 14th.—BAALBEC.—This morning off an hour before sunrise; awfully cold, and everything, plaids, coats, capote, &c., in requisition; in an hour and a half at the "Cedars." The New Hampshire man and his young protegés only just "off the roost." There are about two hundred trees scattered over a space of three or four acres in a hollow of the mountain. Few are over two feet in diameter, though some reach three and five. There are three or four very patriarchal ones, that have half-a-dozen trunks growing from one root or parent stock; with the exception of these few, none look very old. I got a cane from the *top* of the *largest* tree. Made some sketches and then set off.

Nov. 15th.—ZIBDANIEH.—Sketched at Baalbec yesterday after-



Sketched by the Author. See page 122.

MULETEER, BEIRUT



Sketched by the Author.

CEDARS OF LEBANON

See page [illegible]



Sketched by the Author.

HADJ RETURNING FROM MECCA DAMASCUS.

See page 128.

noon, and this morning, wandered over the tops of the village houses "sans ceremonie," for good views.

Nov. 16*th.*—DAMASCUS.—To-day an alarm from Bedouins and Druses; seeing some strange armed horsemen galloping across the plain, we got our guns and pistols ready, poor Ali vowing if he got to Damascus he'd buy a pair of sixty piastre pistols ($3). I have been to see the missionaries (American), and the English consul to learn the chances of getting to Palmyra—none at present. Having done most of my sight-seeing last spring, and now comparatively "a. man of leisure," I see the missionaries often: Mr. Paulding, from New York; Mr. Burnett, Ohio; Mr. Fraser, I don't know where from; and Mr. Lansing, from the Mohawk.

Nov. 22*d.*—My carpet-bag was broken open a few days since and revolver stolen. Andrea, my hotel-keeper, being in a great way about it, asked me to-day to go with him and see a magician. To please him I went; he looked very grave and heard the story. Andrea declares he'd be the very devil if he found it. Big-bearded Abraham, our juvenile waiter (of seventy, who, to comfort himself after a six weeks widowerhood, took to himself another wife a few days since), shakes his head and looks wise.

Nov. 23*d.*—To-day, while sketching the court of our house, in rushed Andrea with my pistol. A miserable blackguard after being chained, throttled, and thrust into some dark hole, confessed—and Yousif I find is the thief!

Nov. 28*th.*—This morning saw the "Hadj" enter the city on its return from Mecca; amused at the curious mode and style of camel conveyance. I will send you a sketch I made. One camel carries a "pall" and the supposed coffin of Mahomet, and ever after he is held sacred; happy fellow!

Nov. 29*th.*—The sheiks positively refuse to take me to Pal-

myra, and as Yousif says he has been once, and thinks he knows the way through the desert, I've concluded to overlook his theft, as in the main, he's a capital dragoman with plenty of "pluck;" has been in Ibraham Pasha's service, thus used to gunpowder; and to-morrow is to get me my Arab disguise dress, and take me safe to Palmyra, and back to Beirût in nine days (with one at Palmyra), which just saves me the steamer, while I overlook his fault, and pay an awful sum of money.

Nov. 30th.—To-day settled my contract at the English Consul's, (we have none here), breakfasted with them, and then off in a pelting rain; put up to-night in a dirty village, the head man in jail for some villany, so can't say what the rest of the people must be; our accommodation for man and beast, three men (with self) and three horses, are two muddy rooms, six feet high by twelve square.

Dec. 1st.—JURUUD.—An Arab village; I caught a fever last night and am so weak, I have been holding on to my horse and saddle all day with both hands. Passed this village this afternoon, stopping for a little while in the sheik's hut; presently there was a grand stir, and they went to prayers led off by a big turbaned fellow.

Dec. 3d.—PALMYRA.—Got here at three to-day. Last night and the night before I slept about four hours on the bare ground (cold work), with my bridle in my hand, and the men the same; but every few minutes my horse would plump his feed-bag on my head, or paw close to it; and the others, I take it, did not get much more sleep, from the frequent angry growls I heard. As we got near this place, the mountain ranges seemed to approach closer until within a mile, when they resolved themselves into a barrier of rough broken hills. These hills are covered with old mud ruins and part of a wall led out on this side. Passing this and reaching the opposite side, Palmyra, the ruined capital of the "Queen of the East," lay before us in all its beauty. By this one view



Sketched by the Author

RUINS OF PALMYRA

See page 124.

I felt most amply paid for all my fatigue and annoyances, great as they were. Baalbec is more grand with its immense foundations, beautiful architraves, portals, and columns. Carnac is magnificent with its massive columns, and fallen obelisks, surrounded by lofty walls and towering pylons; but for light graceful beauty combined with extent, I've seen nothing in all my wanderings that can bear the least comparison with Palmyra. Ruined temples and colonnades cover a space more than a mile and a half long. There is one—immensely long (several hundred feet)—continuous colonnade of white marble; the "Grand Temple of the Sun" is situated on the extreme southerly part of the city. The hills on the western side are covered with lofty tombs and square towers, whose sole ornament is a niche half way up the front of each. In the extreme north, on the summit of a hill, stands an old fortress, from its appearance probably Saracenic. Coming in we wound around the southern part, stopping at a sulphur spring to water our horses—the only water here. Then to the "Great Temple"—the house of the sheik, which consisted of one large apartment with a fire near our end. This part being the seat of state, I was duly installed and coffee'd; and after "a bit of lunch," started off with an Arab guide.

Passing through the grand portal of the great colonnade, I saw on many of the columns Greek inscriptions, and beneath them another of Palmyrene. Then through, or by other colonnades, to the Tombs Several had niches in front, one with three figures standing behind a corpse laid out. I found some of them divided into eight partitions for the dead; others with the ceilings of the first story ornamented in various designs, the angles filled up with painted figures. Over the door, are several figures in basso-relievo; around the room, pilasters with fine caps; although of two or three stories in height, I could find no passage leading to them.

Most of the tombs are dilapidated. Here I stopped and made two sketches. The Arabs had now increased to about twenty, and raised a most intolerable din; one moment jogging my

elbow while trying to see what I was about, the next shouting Anizee and Arab, to frighten me; then they would dance, shoot,—anything for a noise. After I got through, returned to the ruins, and examined a small temple where I found a Roman inscription, which I have not seen mentioned in any of the books. I was not able to copy it, as it was nearly dark, in a bad position, and somewhat illegible. Then through the various ruins and by the granite columns, of which there are only four left.

Dr. Paulding, who was here about a year ago, traced the walls of the city for a long distance, and thinks they could not have been over four miles in circumference! Now to the sheik's, it being some time after dark. The Arabs having left me in disgust, my guide was in a terrible way at my staying out so late.

On my return found the rascals had *tasted away* my only bottle of wine in the absence of Yousif, who had stepped out for a few minutes to attend to his horses. And now they complain that their heads feel queer, as they are very temperate in their habits, and seldom taste any kind of liquor.

They are the most curiously inquisitive people I have ever met with. This evening they got up a grand entertainment for me, giving me mine in my corner of state, to eat in lone dignity. Not feeling well, I wished it far enough, but had to eat some, or they would have been offended, I then stretched out on a rug before the fire for the night, while at the other end of the room the Arab vagabonds were "doing up" Mahomet with every variety of attitude in their "religion culbutant."

December 4th.—This morning off to the ruins by daylight. Before starting, bought of the sheik a fine marble head, which he had discovered in the ruins about a fortnight before. I afterwards learned that the French Consul at Damascus agreed to pay him handsomely for any sculpture he found in the ruins, and would bring to him; so to save the trouble of carrying the body he knocked off the head! but coming first. I took advantage of it

to "drive a bargain." I deeply regretted not knowing about the body:—but learned it too late; my servant "picked up" the story and told it to me on my return to Damascus. Clambered up the little temple which occupies the centre of the grand court, which is about four hundred and fifty feet in breadth by six hundred.

In different parts of the court are scattered groups or rows of marble columns, and I presume, originally, the interior was surrounded by a fine colonnade. On to the interior of the little temple, which has been beautiful, sketched one end, and afterwards the upper part of the front; the lower is buried in Arab huts.

The exterior walls on the north and south side of the court, are much dilapidated, but have the remains of "the pilasters;" the eastern is new, built up with odd bits of columns. Then, on sketching the grand entrance to the colonnade, and made several other drawings as I wandered through the rest of the ruins: by that time my day had been stretched to twenty-five hours, and Yousif was very impatient, as were the Arabs, lest some prowlers of the "Anisees," the ruling tribe of the desert, might make their appearance, as they did last year, when they blockaded two of my English friends, Cathcart and Noel, in the sheik's house within an hour after their arrival.

The Arab guide we "picked up" on our way out here, having persuaded Yousif to pay him (contrary to my advice), he consequently declined returning with us, but sent a boy of thirteen, on a bare-back horse, and two nearly naked Arabs with clubs. We were soon left by all but the boy. Presently passed part of the "Hadj." Palmyra, I imagine, must have been supported almost entirely by her commerce, even to the necessaries of life, as all the ground, except one small tract adjoining the city, with a fortress and small lake, is sand or gravel.

A more desolate sight than the hills behind the city can hardly be imagined. The Arabs are lazy villains, and do-nothing but smoke, steal, or fight. The ground to Jeruud is hard and gravelly,

except now and then a few spots of light sandy clay with holes into which my horse was constantly stumbling. I saw three gazelles this afternoon; to-night stopped two hours to rest and for the moon, sleeping on the ground, and though fearfully cold, afraid to kindle a fire lest it might attract the Arabs.

December 5th.—JERUUD.—Started again last night at twelve—reached Kuryatin, another Arab village, at six, rested a couple of hours, and off for this place at eight. This evening the Arab boy either lost himself or ran off; so we groped on alone till about ten, when we halted until one for the moon. As we were preparing to start off, heard the distant bark of a dog, and following the sound, in an hour we came to a small village. Here Yousif wanted to stop and feed his horses: The "Khan keeper" took us to a room where not less than twenty Arabs were stretched out asleep. I declined the accommodations, and as he had no other, he proposed building a fire in the yard until the horses were fed, but I insisted upon Yousif's going on to the sheik's at Jeruud; so off we started, getting here at four in the morning.

December 6th.—DAMASCUS.—Fed the horses, and got breakfast, such as it was, at Jeruud, and just as we were starting, our young Arab came in; but having found our way thus far, we let him go home, and plodded on alone.

Half way, turned from the mountains into the plain of Damascus. Here we found a coffee-vender's stand, with a pipe or two for the benefit of brigandizing Arabs, "Yankees," or what not. He had a companion, the Arab "Magician" whom Andrea had consulted about the revolver at Damascus. As we were starting, he recognised me in my disguise, and was about making some remarks, when Yousif stopped his mouth with a loaf of bread!

Got back to the hotel at five, and right glad to have a bath (a Turkish one next door), and some clean clothes, for, except my boots, I had not removed an article of dress since I left here seven days ago. And now I shall preserve my Arab costume, and send it to you as a curiosity.

I am the first one, as far as I can learn, of the very few travellers who have been able to reach this place, that has ever accomplished it on horseback, and certainly in so "hap-hazard" a manner, without guide or protecting sheik. Andrea and my missionary friends were all glad to see me safe and successfully back, as they all doubted the result of my trip, as it is rare to return without some difficulty there or on the way, and perhaps be turned back before reaching it; so bidding all good-bye, as I shall be off again at daylight. And now to my "downy couch" of "corn-husks," but won't I sleep?—retiring with tranquil mind ("happy's the man that free from care") and tired body, after an almost unexpected realization of this great point in my travels, for which I returned purposely, instead of going direct from Smyrna to Alexandria, and waited at Damascus a fortnight to get a sheik to take me there. Yet seen and gone so quick it now seems almost like a beautiful dream. These fatigues were truly realities, especially after the first night out, when I slept in that damp mud hole where I caught a fever, and my only repose twenty hours a day in the saddle for three days, and four hours sleep in fearfully cold nights on the bare ground; with the same luxuries returning, "barring" the fever which left me at Palmyra—thanks to a tough constitution, good habits, and a will to fight it out and get well.

Dec. 7th.—This morning "en route" with the "bulbul's matins;" I passed a party of "hadjies," and saw what Dr. Robinson has decided to be the ruins of ancient Colchis. At nine this evening came to a small Arab village, and put up where we could. Ali soon had my bed arranged; an India-rubber sheet and the quilt, those charming companions of my "seven churches" tour, which were bed and bedding "barring" the saddle pillow. Dinner served, not "à la Française" certainly, but most enjoyable. The entire family squatted themselves at the respectable distance of four or five feet, and while watching my graceful "handling" of knife and fork, and the mysterious disappearance of tongue

and chicken, they regaled me with clouds of smoke from their pipes, which I from civility and good-nature had to endure.

Dec. 8th.—BEIRÛT.—At daylight à cheval, having passed a most comfortable night in spite of unpromising prospects, with two cats keeping "watch and ward" at my head, with noses in close proximity to our provision sack. When disturbed by me they "sloped" through a hole in the door, making Yousif's face a resting point, "en route." I climbed cold, cheerless Lebanon's crest, getting here at dark. Had a row with the custom-house officer about my luggage, which he wished to, and did examine. When they came to the medicine-box he "passed" over that, while I did my best to get him to taste some ipecacuanha, and wouldn't I have given him a nice dose?—He should have *had* the full benefit of my medical experience, not in hospital, but desert practice. The hotel was full. Called and bid good-bye to my friend Mr. Smith, now an LL.D. for his oriental attainments; got some late papers, and lots of news, deaths, and marriages of acquaintances.

Dec. 10th.—JAFFA.—Yesterday full of business, paying off and giving certificates of character, for every one in your employ must have them; then on board. Among others having some French dignitaries, with various officials, to bid good-bye to, besides a "Cawass" (to support somebody's dignity) in "full fig" of oriental splendor. Why even Joseph's "coat of many colors" would have been "nowhere," with every color in the rainbow and—about *a dozen more.* At Jaffa we discharged about one hundred and fifty pilgrims of freight! The relief can only be appreciated by a voyageur.

Sunday, Dec. 12.—ALEXANDRIA QUARANTINE.—Got in at twelve, to be lodged in Quarantine three days, part of the Palmyra penance. For want of more liberal accommodations, I am to share a small room with a Sicilian Prince, an elegant apart-

ment, twelve by sixteen, two barred windows, and charming vista of the Quarantine. We had to wait two hours for our meagre comforts and luggage to arrive; Yankee-like, I "whittled" while the Prince killed time and "dull care" with a "bit of dudeen," as he promenaded the room, surmising if about five hundred blackguards, who are now making an awful row across the way, were going through the same performance every day. My bedstead at last came, and what should it be but a family chicken-coop of cane. Dinner accomplished, the Prince went to bed with his pipe, growled at the mosquitoes, rolling his eyes, and sighing as he saw me arranging my mosquito netting. My taciturn associate has been trying all day, with a perfect grandfather of a spyglass, to see through the Quarantine walls, for I can discover no other object to look at.

December 15th.—A batch of letters from the United States, and books from London for my India travels. This afternoon the Prince has been giving an exhibition to our Russian and French acquaintances in legerdemain. He is the most complete ignoramus I've seen. He was at Jerusalem with the Russians, and asked them if the bones of Christ were still in the holy sepulchre. He asked me if Egypt was in Africa, and of my wanderings, and did not know about a single place. He is of the oldest family in Sicily, and very rich.

December 17th.—Our consul, Mr. M———, is dead—no loss. Always "steamed up" with brandy, and sometimes took bribes. Alexandria is much more like a European town than Cairo—wider streets, carriages, and civilized houses.

December 19th.—SUEZ.—Got into Cairo at twelve last night. Pleasant sail and saw them at work on the railroad. This morning we were all packed in "vans," "crumpet" cart-looking affairs on two wheels with four horses, stowed on either side, sometimes four, sometimes six seats, omnibus fashion; but luckily to-day, never more than three or five passengers, so we had room for coats and

such like: numbered ten men, all officers, civil or military, except two cadets, a Bombay merchant, and self, besides a lady with her child and maid. We were preceded by a blackey outrider, "tricked out" in turban, frock-coat, and a pair of old slippers. Had a tolerably pleasant journey—horses baulking—meals now and then—got here at eleven in the evening—guards asleep, and a great time to get the gates unlocked.

December 20th.—ON THE RED SEA.—A cabin to myself. Together with ten others, we have just filled the ship. One a distinguished German missionary, sent out by the Missionary Society of London; he was sixteen years in Assyria, and established, with some others, a missionary station too near the Russian border or influence; and the Russian government managed to have them ordered out of the country. He has been about as long in India.

December 27th.—ADEN.—Christmas—rough sea, and most of the passengers indisposed for gaiety. Yesterday passed Mocha. To-day ship coaling and we on shore, and off for the fortifications and town, which is a mile from the landing, in an apparently extinct crater. The place is very strongly fortified and horribly hot. Saw a justice's court and a crowd of loungers learning law "gratis."

The donkey and horse-boys plaster their hair with some kind of preparation that gives it a saffron color and straightening it, looks funny enough, flying loose, as they never wear hats.

January 1st, 1853.—Charming day—everybody in good humor, even to our grumbling captain.

January 5th (*Wednesday*).—BOMBAY.—Made the harbor and anchored at two. A truly Eastern scene. A distant horizon of lofty mountains half encircled the view, and just visible through the rising mist. The harbor beautifully picturesque with scattered islands, covered with tall graceful palms. Every variety of craft skimmed the water or fretted at the cable. Old dull Indiamen, sharp rakish English or American clippers, and native

boats of every shape and rig. On shore, the old fort and wide esplanade, with hundreds of tents, carriages, equestrians, and natives; while behind all these, a mile distant, the town, with its tall minarets and temple towers, completed the scene.

Malabar Point on the north stretches far out to sea, forming a large bay on this side of Bombay Island,—on the other a wide expanse of water that puts up and separates it from the mainland. Exchanged cards with all my "civilian" and officer shipmate friends I have made on board, and received invitations to visit or stay with them (generally the latter) when I reach their stations. I started for shore with Captain W—— and family; he is Deputy-Secretary of State, one of the many officers in civil employ. He had invited me to stay with him while in Bombay.

On the esplanade were great numbers of tents occupied by temporary visitors to Bombay, officers, civil or military, either from the country or "going up." The "Esplanade" is a wide open space between the fort and native town. Late in the afternoon it is thronged with ladies and gentlemen riding or driving—quite a miniature "Hyde Park." Wealthy Hindoos, Mussulmen, or Parsees in their handsome equipages, vieing with high-salaried English officials and government employés. Occasionally a rickety gig, packed with half a dozen drunken "Jack Tars," drawn by a horse looking like a twin-brother of the cabman's horse in Pickwick, that only managed to stand up while going. Funny little bullock carts, and the animals funnier still, with their straight horns and hump on their fore shoulders; they are small, active, and trot along like ponies. On past this and the native town; it was getting dark, and they were lighting up in all kinds of, to me, singular ways. Here were "Joss Houses," (Chinese temples) flaming red Hindoo temples, with mosques: shops, groggeries, or taverns for the aquatic portion of the community, and enlivened by the presence of long-tailed Chinamen, drunken rollicking sailors, grave Persians with their tall pointed hats, Arabs in the "dirty picturesque," Parsees in their white gowns and queer hats, Hindoos, rich and poor, from the opulent

"Baboo" in his gossamer "floating robes," to the sturdy porter in his slight winter costume of three feet of twine string, and a small pocket handkerchief!—mostly with their different "caste" daubs of paint on face or body. A more motley set of people it would be hard to find in any city in the world. Almost every part of the civilized and uncivilized globe had its representative, and presenting as novel a tableau-vivant, as if I had just got in from Wall street. We stopped two miles out at a delightful, large, comfortable house, or "bungalow," as they term every house here except the Governor's or Resident's, which they call "Residencies." You can scarce imagine my pleasure, with such a "home feeling," after nearly two years of vagrandizing and "roughing."

January 6th.—This morning was woke up by the galloping of horses—found I was near the "race course," and the horses exercising. Drove down to the "fort" with my host, he to attend to business, I for sightseeing, shopping, etc. All the business by Europeans is done here. Merchants' and bankers' counting-houses, shops of every kind, and government offices—the fort being but a walled town. Captain W. gave me a note to Dr. B——, one of the notabilities here in a literary and scientific way, besides being editor of the Bombay Times. He "booked me up" in lots of places I ought to visit, suggesting Surat and its neighborhood to begin with, and asked me to dinner for next day, when he would show me his collections, and talk over plans of travel. Then I went to my bankers, who engaged me to dinner for another day to discuss tours. Visited with Captain W. the library and museum, and this afternoon went to the "Club House" and to inquire about travelling servants.

July 7th.—This afternoon drove out with Captain and Mrs. W. to a fine public garden, and to see some views of the place. The country, being hilly, in descending the hills, instead of a "drag," one servant runs in front and pushes against the tongue of the carriage. Then to a "House of Industry" under charge

of Dr. B——, where all the little vagrants who are taken up are taught useful branches of work, in which I was told they are very apt. Saw some discharged soldiers about going to Australia to try their luck. We then drove to Dr. B.'s, who had a few friends to dinner to meet me, and I spent a very pleasant evening. Mrs. B. is very pretty. A strong recommendation to an American who is "to the manner born."

July 8th.—This morning before breakfast went with Captain W. to the stables; a handsome sight, — hundreds of beautiful Arab horses. The "Fort;" and this afternoon a drive with Mrs. W. and child to Malabar Hill and Point, one of the pleasantest of the many drives here. The island is very low but hilly; in many places along the shore dykes are built to prevent the sea overflowing the road. Saw the "Towers of Silence" on Malabar Hill, where the Parsees, "fire-worshippers" from Persia, expose their dead. They are lofty square towers with a grating just below the top on the inside. Here the body is exposed until it decomposes, or is eaten by carrion birds, the bones falling through; when the place is filled by the bones it is closed and another built. They have a peculiar hat, which they were compelled to wear at first as a badge of degradation, and now have adopted as their distinctive mark. They are of very light mulatto color, with bright dark eyes; their women are very pretty. Returning, we passed near the railway which has been constructed to run to Calcutta. About forty miles are completed: but I think it is a great mistake to make it so solid, as if it were an English railroad, where the distances are very short, and heavy trains hourly passing. Here they will have but few and light trains, required chiefly for produce, which is now brought to market from the interior by the slow conveyance of bullock-carts, often taking weeks, and making the cost of transportation enormous: for except on the main arteries, the roads of the country are very bad.

January 9th.—Sunday. Attended church; the weather is hot,

and we are all wearing the thinnest summer clothes. In church long rows of punkahs were in motion during the entire service, pulled by men outside. They are oblong affairs, varying from six to twelve feet long, by two to four feet wide—a framework covered with muslin or stamped paper swinging on hooks, lengthways along the ceiling, and used in every house and church to keep them cool. A servant, called bearer, though the title of each servant is different in each presidency, usually stands in the corner of the room and pulls them. This evening our missionary acquaintance of the steamer dined with us.

January 10*th*.—This morning we (Captain, Mrs. W. and I,) were all off long before sunrise for the island and caves of Elephanta, with a regular "fit out" of servants—for no one in India ever moves without a lot of them. We had three, besides extra men for chairs, table, and a hamper of provisions. The sail was delightful, with a beautiful view in the early morning light, with every tree and shrub freshened by the cool night air for the scorching heat of the day. On shore, we soon scrambled up the hill to the caves. They have been excavated in a hard blackish stone like volcanic trap. The entrance is small, the ceiling, though twenty feet high, appears low for the immense size of the place. The walls are plain; at the entrance of the cave stand four massive columns, with corresponding ones inside, in rows of seven each formerly, though many are now broken or fallen. The tradition is the Mahommedans or Portuguese placed cannon at the entrance, and blew down the columns and figures or idols. They form a fine colonnade from the sides of the Temple, which is about one hundred feet deep, by one hundred and fifty in width, including side rooms or chapels, with altars, apparently. At the end of the Hall or Temple is an immense alto-relievo of the Hindoo Trinity. There is no certain mode of arriving at the antiquity of this Temple: but as near as they can tell from the cave temples, in which they have found inscriptions, it is about nine hundred years old.



Sketched by the Author.

VIEW OF CAVE TEMPLE AT ELEPANTA, BOMBAY

See page 186

January 11*th.*—I have found a head servant, or butler as he is termed in this Presidency, and have been getting up my "kit" in the bazaars. This evening, with Captain and Mrs. W. went to a dinner party at Mr. D———, one of the most distinguished barristers here.

January 12*th.*—This evening with the same friends, went to the Governor's (Lord Falkland's) reception. The scene was brilliant from the number of officers, mostly with decorations, for with the numerous wars, every man has had a chance "to smell powder" and distinguish himself. There were many ladies, a few pretty. From climate and want of exercise, the ladies are said to fade very quickly here. Captain W. introduced me to many officers, some much distinguished, among them a Colonel Havelock, with his breast covered with medals,*—very affable and looking every inch the soldier. There were several in the brilliant, though gaudy uniform of the Irregular Cavalry—a half native, half European dress.

January 13*th.*—To-day packing up for "a run" to Surat, Gogo, etc. Had the offer from several acquaintances of their houses and servants at Surat, but Captain W. advises me to go to a friend of his, the Judge; I will follow his advice. Got numbers of letters to my various destinations.

January 15*th*, SURAT.—Started night before last, and last night reached the bar too late to cross, so we were pitched about all night in "a nasty sea." Arrived here at Judge F—— by eight, and in the usual Indian style, the first the host knew the guest was at the door with all his "traps." After breakfast he sent his servant to arrange for a boat to-morrow to visit Gogo and the temples. After giving me quantities of Indian books and introducing me to his library for my amusement during the day, he excused

* The same who has since, during the Indian mutinies, won so high a name, and finally died at the "post of duty."

himself until "tiffin" (lunch), as he was obliged to hold "cutcherry" (native court). I then examined the boat, which was not very prepossessing, and returned to the library, which is choice. Tiffined, and then we drove to see the tombs of the early Dutch and English settlers, this being one of the parts of India where foreigners first settled. In driving through the town passed the old Portuguese fort, the Dutch and English factories (magazines or warehouses), or rather their "patched up" ruins.

The old houses we passed had much elaborate carving, though not pleasing. I was nearly overwhelmed by the bows, for Judge F. is treated with almost regal attention. At last reached the tombs; they must have been fine in their day, though now fast crumbling; the architecture is of a nameless order, it is so varied: composite, Hindoo, Mahommedan, Grecian, and *original*. Then to their rivals in life and death, the English. Passing the house of a wealthy Parsee, a princely establishment, saw on each gate-post the wooden figure of an English sentinel. The English tombs are as varied as the Dutch, though not so numerous. Some of the large ones looked like castles in size and structure; others painted bright vermilion. On to the tombs of the Nawaubs of Surat, descendants of the Grand Mogul at Delhi, of which this was a tributary formerly. This is a large platform of stone and plaster, some fifty feet square and four high. Here are two or three low Moslem tombs of the late rulers and their families, but neither handsome nor imposing. Went around the outside walls of the city a little way into the country. Home, and dressed for dinner. Even in this hot climate they adhere to their home costume of a full evening dress for dining. That and sundry other matters discussed, we went to bed. The house is delightfully situated on the river; it opens on a piazza, on all sides of which the birds and squirrels avail themselves to the fullest extent: the former hopping about the room as we sit at table, the latter racing round the room making their familiar chirp, and attacking every loose end in the carpet they can see. Surat was the great emporium of foreign commerce in India, when Euro-



Sketched by the Author

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OLD ENGLISH TOMB, SURAT.

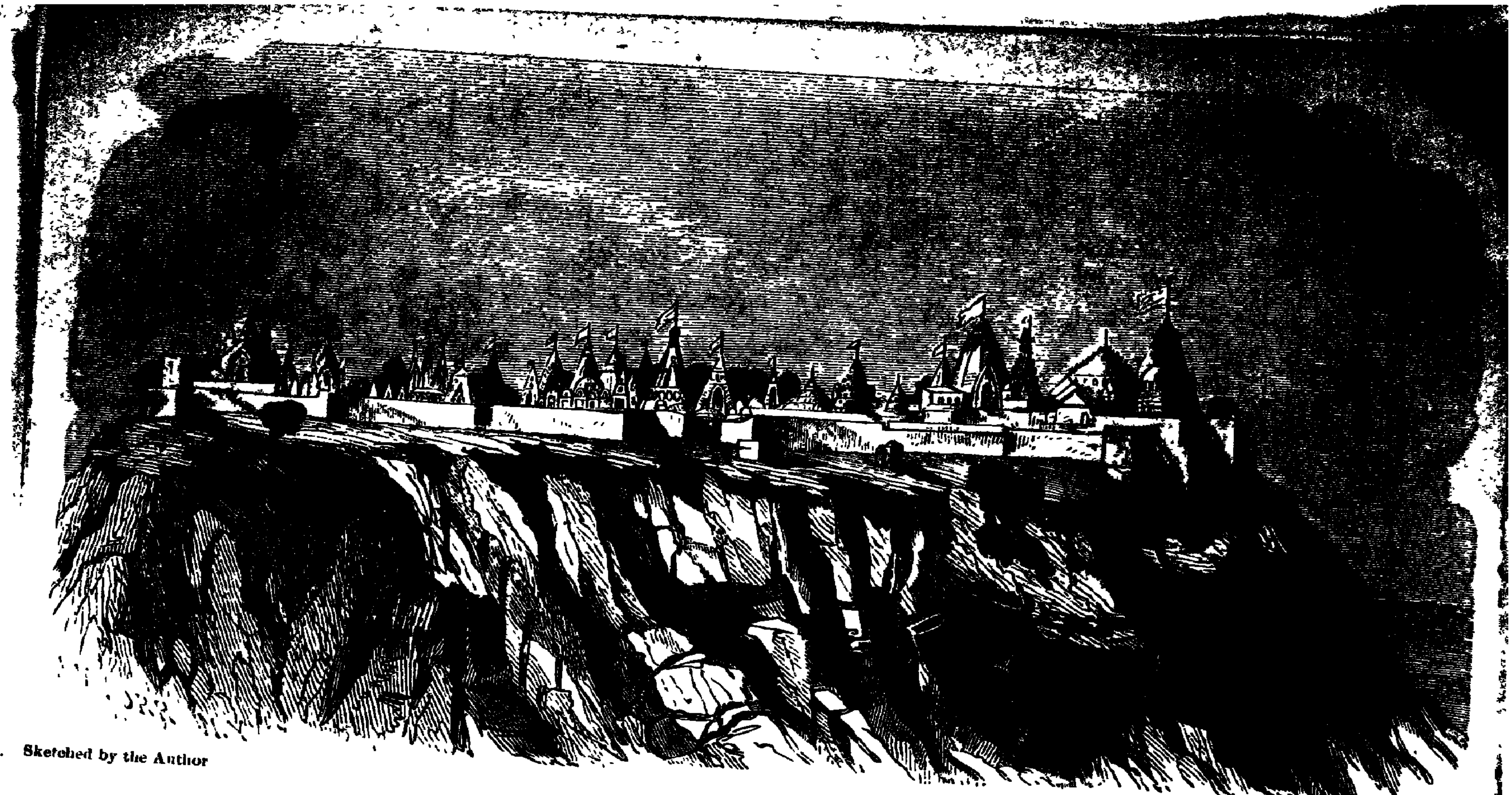
peans discovered the passage around the Cape of Good Hope, and the capital of a populous, commercial, and manufacturing country, trading with Europe and western Asia through the Red Sea, and Persian Gulf. Its population was then estimated at 700,000. This was the port where Mahommedans embarked on their pilgrimage to Mecca. Here the Dutch first established large factories. They were followed by the East India Company, whose factories were the largest in India. The prince or nabob was first temporary deputy, and eventually the hereditary deputy of the Emperor at Delhi. In 1800 the East India Company agreed to pay him and his heirs, an annuity of $50,000, on condition of his resigning the government with all its privileges, which he accepted, and it now belongs to the Company. In 1662 Charles II., by his marriage with the Infanta Catherine of Portugal, received Bombay as part of her dowry, and that soon became the chief seat of the English factories on the west coast of India in the place of Surat. Bombay, being on an island, was more easily defended; and though often attacked, it has never been taken since first occupied by the English.

Jan. 17th.—GULF OF CAMBAY.—Yesterday and to-day we've been tossing about this wild sea in a small boat; this evening came to anchor to wait the change of tide, in the middle of the gulf, with a heavy sea and this crazy rickety open boat. The fools anchoring her at first broadside to the sea; and such a jolly scene of confusion as we presented would have been most amusing to an uninterested spectator, but in more senses than one it was miserable to me; for I was holding on with both hands, to keep from being rolled on to the floor, or pitched out of the boat, while bottles of wine, beer, and sauces, with preserved meats and soups, were dancing "Pop goes the weasel," or some lively jig under foot. The crockery ware jingled and crashed, until a total demolition of my entire stock was threatened. After half an hour of this delightful variety, I succeeded in getting the men to change the position of the boat for a slightly better one, where we tossed about like a cork.

Jan. 18*th.*—Gogo.—Ran across the Gulf and got in at ten this morning. Four officers, supposing ours was the mail boat, came down. Discovering their mistake, they invited me to spend the day with them at the Bungalow. They were Bombay army officers on leave. Sickness was the plea, though they seemed to enjoy a fair amount of health, and discussed breakfast and beer with remarkable gusto; and went shooting every day for a gentle "constitutional." Extending their invitation to dinner, I accepted and we "clubbed prog."

Jan. 19*th.*—Paulytanna.—Started last night in a small ox cart, with matting cover, open at both ends, no springs, and a layer of hay on which my quilt, coat, and self were spread; another cart contained my traps and servant. This morning passed near four antelopes, and soon after five more. Unfortunately I had left my rifle at Bombay, as the servant said there was no game here. Near the road a funny little temple, and at nine came in. The bungalow "had departed this life," but the Rajah found me quarters in the second story of a new building, ascended by a ladder; his elephant was my opposite neighbor. Saw several people carrying bows and arrows: bows of reed, with a thin shaving of reed for bow-string, the arrows with long lance-like heads.

I had ordered a palanquin, but none coming, went out to look for it, and found it, or what they termed one. A frame, two feet square, with cloth seat, hung by two ropes from two long poles; here I was seated, with my feet lifted as high as my head, on a band, and thus trotted along. Our road lay through a long avenue of pumelo trees. Passed by numerous tanks (artificial reservoirs), in reaching the mountain, a lofty isolated hill, crested with temples. Their first progress was to get me caught in a rock, so I rolled out, and they seized two other men, and on up we went, passing great numbers of returning devotees of both sexes, the women balanced on two poles, like myself; along the ascent were many temples and tanks, somewhat pleasing. At last,



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PAULYTANNA.

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after a most tedious time, in which my dignity was gratified at the expense of my comfort, we reached the top, where is a most extensive view. On entering the fortress-like walls, wandered over not less than five acres, completely crowded with temples, no other term will express it; for every step, right or left, advance or recede, you step into another temple. All of dark sandstone, elaborately sculptured, with domes or towers, and presenting a scene as curious as picturesque. The interiors were generally alike,—five idols, a centre, and four side ones,—never more than two on the same level, but descending in pairs (one on each side). Along some parts of the walls, were long aisles, with rows of these altars and deities. The hundreds of passages and steps, ascending and descending, of these various temples, form a labyrinth. There are quantities of small tanks—frequent ablutions being one of the virtues of the Hindoos. In every court,—clouds of paroquets, doves, and peacocks, luxuriating after their fashion,—while a dozen lazy fellows were lying on the pavement basking in the sun, while they played a game with dice and men on a square bit of cloth. These temples were erected by the Jahns, a sect of, or division from the Buddhists, and this is one of their head-quarters.

January 20th, GOGO.—Starting at six last evening, got in at ten. In walking this morning, an antelope passed not a hundred yards off. To-day one of the officers, a "dabster" in Soyer's art, has been trying his hand at teaching his native cook to make a patè of lobster—a Boston article sent out hermetically sealed, like the roast beef, soups, etc., from Piccadilly. We have had quite a dinner party ourselves, including the artiste of the patè, a Captain J———, and a Major somebody else. At the "wind up," Captain N———, who is to be my *compagnon de voyage* in the bunda (passenger or mail) boat to Surat to-night.

January 21st, SURAT.—Sailed last evening, with two more houses (with servants always) at my command, offered by my

late officer acquaintances at Gogo. My companion, a good fellow, in the Guzerat Irregular Cavalry, now on his way to Cairo to meet his "ladye-love," who comes out from England to marry him (they have an odd rule in the service, originating before the days of steamers, Suez route, and rapid transit). A man may go off on a two years' leave, but nowhere west of the "Cape" (of Good Hope), as he cannot go beyond without losing his "appointment," which is like a man's profession, business, or office. The lady has been out once before as far as Cairo, but unluckily for both parties his leave of absence was unexpectedly cut short by an order for "immediate duty," carrying him far into the interior. Got in this morning.

January 22nd, SURAT BAR.—This morning Judge F. out shooting. I drove out to see the tombs again, and sketch them. Afterwards the tombs of the Mullahs. They are the head of a certain sect of Mussulmen, whose head-quarters are here. He exercises absolute sway over them, and is immensely rich. The tombs are in mausoleums, a large court, very handsome in device. They are built of brick or stone, stuccoed; on each coffin were placed fresh flowers. Off at one, and four miles below Surat, inside the Bar, got aground, where we have been all day. The river scenery is flat. On the table lies Uncle Tom's Cabin. I am told it has a run, not only over Europe where it is translated into two languages, but all over India.

January 24th, BOMBAY.—Night before last got off; a pleasant sail, and at midnight in Bombay harbor. All last night, Parsees, Mussulmen, and Hindoos, were disembarking themselves and effects with tremendous rout. This morning to Capt. W.'s.

January 25th.—This morning Captain W. had a (to me most welcome) note, from Col. B—— (a friend of his, and detached by Government to mount the cavalry, as one of the best judges of horses in India), with an Arab horse for me to try. So after

breakfast, adjourned to the race-course, where he performed to my satisfaction, and now I am the owner of a beautiful Arab—"a dapple grey." Thus much on my trip, and shall soon be through my equipment at the bazaars, and off.

January 26, 27.—Trying the horse, and shopping. Captain and Mrs. W. are at a state dinner at the Governor's. Horses and carriages are a luxury in most places, but here, from the heat of the climate, they become a positive necessity, both for locomotion and health. With carriages, usually two, and always one servant besides the coachman, they ride behind on the box, or run ahead to clear the way, or in going down hill to act as a "brake." The extent of the affected helplessness of the people, added to the stringency of caste which confines certain work to certain castes, is perfectly absurd. In this house, with only a handsome income from the office, there are about twenty men and two women servants, and the family—a man, his wife and child. Every family does the same. As a bachelor, I could not live with less than nine or ten. In a large house, the butler must have his one or two assistants, often more; the cook, his; at the door is a porter, backed by from two to half-a-dozen others, called peons. A hamal to make beds, sweep, and clean lamps; another to bring water; one to wash, called a doby; a tailor, usually a Portuguese (from Goa), like the cook; then in the stable the coachman and five grooms, for five horses, for every horse must have his groom; and if you do not buy the grass or hay, an extra man for each horse to cut it for him. Fortunately the wages are very low, and they find themselves. A lady told me to-day two very good jokes to illustrate the way servants and tradespeople manage here. Her husband happened to receive a higher appointment a few years since, with large pay. At once everything increased in price, to her great astonishment; on applying to the butler, who makes all the purchases, he coolly replied—"Massa have much higher pay, now servants ought to have same." The other was that two officers and their fami-

lies were staying at her house, one a major, the other a captain. One day a Borah (the people who carry round things, like country pedlars,) called and sold some things to the major's wife, afterwards to the captain's wife, in another room; comparing notes, the major's wife found she had been paying much higher prices. The man returning in a few days, they accused him of it, and he replied "that Madame Saib" (lady) meaning the major's wife, "had more money, her husband had good pay, while the other lady's husband was only a captain, and had poor pay." These are fair samples of the way the tradespeople and servants arrange matters, so that poorly paid officials can thus, in many respects, live as well as the more highly paid ones, through this *kind* consideration shown them. The butlers meet once a week and regulate the prices at which they are to let their masters have things, and pocket the balance. If you keep a dog, you must have an extra man to take care of him. An acquaintance told me that he had seen at Calcutta (where they are more lazy, helpless, or elegant, whichever you choose,) a gentleman dressing with *five* servants assisting.

In making out my complement for rapid travelling (twenty-five miles a day, when they must all ride), my retinue consisted of a butler, or head servant, cook, and gorawalla or groom. My butler suggests the propriety of getting an assistant for the cook; but I respectfully decline, feeling quite sure my appetite while travelling wont require much pampering, and that the potage and pièce de resistance will have such justice done them there will be no occasion for many entremets, and when I stop I must trust to good luck and my host's cuisine. The Parsees abound in this part of India; Surat and Bombay were their first landing-places when they were driven out of Persia. Although they are the Jews of India, they are often liberal in charities. Sir Jamesgee Jejeebhoy has been specially so, and established a medical college. It was for his liberality, that the queen knighted him. One of the sights here is the Arab stables, where are hundreds of fine horses, brought down from Bushire on the

Persian Gulf. They are almost the only horses used here, and certainly the only good ones. They bring from a hundred and fifty to fifteen hundred dollars, according to size, quality, and speed; they are generally small, usually not over fourteen and a half hands, and certainly not of the superior ones, but they are strong and close-ribbed. Government pays two hundred and fifty dollars for every "cavalry mount," and only fourteen and a half hands at that.

The police here are admirable. The Sepoy soldiers are fine-looking, and with the affected swagger of the English (or as they are called here to distinguish them from the natives, European) soldiers. You can hardly tell them apart when seen at a short distance, and walking from you. The Lancers beat the Infantry with their beautiful light blue dress and jaunty air. I must say good-night, the mosquitos are rather too troublesome. A few nights since I counted two hundred and forty-three on my mosquito curtains, and for the first few days after my arrival my face looked as if I was just recovering from the varioloid. At Bombay there are several missionaries, among them Mr. Allen, who has resided in the place for twenty years, and a most estimable person. There is also an American missionary press here. Thanks to our Boston ice ships, we indulge in "creams" and ice water almost as reasonably as at home, besides Yankee clocks, or "Sam Slicks" as they are generally termed, rocking-chairs, a luxury exclusively American in its origin, preserved lobsters, and clams in hermetically sealed cans.

January 29th.—BUNDA BOAT.—With such a date without explanation, you will be considerably puzzled to find me by the map. Last night, or rather about three this morning, I finished my last letter to you; you know I come rightly by my love for the "small hours." At sunrise, bidding Captain W—— and family good-bye, with many thanks for their kindness and attention, which have so much contributed to my pleasure here, and in the trip to Surat, besides all that is in store for me from the

many letters he has given me to friends and acquaintances all over India. Some of them of highest positions, "Residents," "Members of Supreme Council," and the Governors of Madras and Ceylon, besides many his friends here have given me. Started by water for Bassein and Tannah. The "dapple grey" went on by land some hours before. Shakespeare speaks of a "tide in the affairs of men that leads on to fortune, etc." I had wind and tide, yet both deserted me, and I am at anchor, journalizing "solus" in my cabin. A pretty yacht lies at anchor near me; nothing breaks the stillness of the scene except a few boats, gliding with the tide down to Bombay, and the cheerful songs of the oarsmen.

January 30th, BUNDA BOAT.—Off again at two last night; at four, plumped into the stone bridge connecting Tannah with the main land. We lay there until the tide had lost some of its force, and then on to Bassein, the old Portuguese settlement, quite missing my evening reveillé of "All's well;" my midnight one of the "thump, thump" of the doolies, and at daylight that of the race-horses on the "course." Got here at eight. It has a picturesque look; the old walls washed by the waves, and from the interior a forest of fruit and other trees, vieing with the three old church towers in height. Reaching the shore was hailed by a custom-house officer to know who we were. "Ireland Saib," the response of butler, or "Butler Saib" as the crew dignify him. Now Ireland Saib means Mr. Ireland, but in their stupidity of character carried into the language, they put the Mr. last. I was soon borne ashore on the backs of two of the natives, who, catching me by the calves of my legs, gave me the difficult task of balancing the rest of my body as best I could on their shoulders, while I was very apprehensive of falling backwards into the water. The gates were studded with sharp spikes to prevent elephants from knocking them in, as in these countries they are substituted for powder and ball for that purpose. Inside a dense forest, and ruins of houses; some few of

the seven or eight old churches had cloisters,—in one quite perfect. An English Vandal is erecting a sugar refinery in one of the finest churches, over the graves of the old Fathers, who, if they should happen to wake would cross themselves and mutter a hasty "ave," fancying the "Evil One" had come to claim his own. Saw a number of old tombs, one 1607. In the midst of the churches, a Hindoo temple erected by the Niwaub of Poona, after he had starved the Portuguese into surrendering. Beyond these, the tomb of the wife of an Indian officer, buried far away from her family and her home. From the sap of the palm, the natives make quantities of an intoxicating drink called "bhang." A hole is made in the tree near the branches, and the sap passes along a leaf gutter into an earthen pot just below. Some trees yield four and five gallons. It is amusing to watch the men climbing these trees with all their arrangements; a knife in their belt, a double hook on the back, one end secured to the girdle or belt, the other securing the earthen pot; then with a short cord which they put around the tree, they start, catching the cord in one of the regular and circular projections of the tree, left every year as each set of leaves die off. They pull themselves up about two feet at a time, using these projections to rest their feet on. My informant here, the Vandal Englishman of the church, says the government derives an income of £30,000 from it. He is the sole resident of this city, if I may except the huge cobras, which are fearfully numerous. Much sugar-cane of a very superior quality is grown here; but the natives do not understand how to prepare it, and therefore lose much of the saccharine. Then to Tannah, twenty miles distant. The sail beautiful. The views a combination of the Hudson near Catskill, "Overslaugh," and Mohawk. There were numerous distant ranges of rugged mountains and other wild scenery, from which an occasional Hindoo temple appeared.

January 31*st*, TRAVELLERS' BUNGALOW, TANNAH.—This is a military station near the water, and has an old fort situated on the

island of Salsette. Got in at four this morning, and was soon established in these snug quarters, which are erected by the government for the convenience of its travelling employés and their families, as there are very few hotels in any part of India, and those generally very poor; government providing a "sweeper" or low caste man who brings water, cleans the place, etc., while your own servants must do the cooking and you provide the bed. Government charges a rupee (fifty cents) for twenty-four hours, and half a rupee for a less time. The money is paid to the servant, and you enter your name and amount paid. These often form convenient registers of the movements of one's friends.

Just returned from the Rock Temples, of Salsette, a ride of eight miles through an Indian path, splendid for tigers and cobras; luckily saw neither. I especially dread the latter, as they are quite as venomous as the rattlesnake, and are so pertinacious in their desire for the comforts of domestic life, they are often found in your parlors, bedrooms, and beds. The low open houses afford them admirable opportunities of gratifying their tastes. No Indian (a word always used in India to mean an English resident, whether civil, military, or shopkeeper, those belonging to the home regiments being termed Queen's officers or men) or other white person in India ever goes to bed without glancing at it first, and a night light, in case he should get up, that he may see that he does not step on a snake; always giving their boots and clothes a shake before putting them on. The cobras are cowardly, except when attacked, and then they support themselves on about one-third of their length, the rest being poised in the air, so that the largest ones, seven and nine feet long, make quite a respectable appearance with five and six feet poised in this manner. I am trying to journalize, but awful hot work; the doors and windows are wide open, and I in the thinnest summer clothes, or what is left of them, with the coat, vest, cravat, and boots laid aside, and sleeves rolled up, in the vain hopes of being cool. The temples are excavations in the

exterior side of a semi-circular ledge of rock. First a number of small ones, without size or beauty, with a few figures in relievo; then some larger ones with colossal figures, and one with thirty-one columns on a side, and stone arches springing from the tops of the columns. At the altar end of some temples are dome-looking affairs in stone, as if the dome of some miniature Mahommedan temple had been transported here. An old fellow who had established his quarters here was walking around with trident like a terrestrial Neptune. In a small tank in the rock, saw a snake asleep, his body twined around a stick to keep his head above the water. I struck at him, and the old Hindoo gave a half-and-half howl of sorrow and anger—I suppose dubbed me a "John Bull," like my English friends, and thought like them I despised their cobra gods.

February 1st.—PATTNAH BUNGALOW.—Oh, the luxury of Indian servants, if you are obliged to have a lot of them. In the middle of last night, I rose to get a glass of water, and walked to the door for a breath of fresh air and a peep at the full moon, which was shining brilliantly; for be it known you rarely fasten any doors or windows in India—either there is no danger of being robbed, or else useless to try and guard against it, and then pay for immunity. The chief of the band of robbers sticks his spear in your compound (courtyard), and that shows the gang that you are under tribute; and as their chief holds himself responsible for your safety, you are secure. At my bungalow door there lay my butler on his mat across the entrance. My step woke him; his first words were, "Have a cup of tea, Massa? can get it ready in very few minutes." Imagine a servant in any civilized country in the world asking such a question at such an hour! Why, he'd meditate suicide first. This morning on my march before sunrise. Just out of the town met two "smart-looking" officers in their "shell jackets," taking a ride with a lady. The air was delightful, and the mist rising from the river. The birds were just commencing their morning

carol. The only other sounds that broke the stillness were the dull tread of my horse, or now and then the creak of my waggon wheels, and occasionally a shrill neigh from my Arab, as if, in his loneliness, "whistling to keep his courage up,"—and well he may, with two thousand and odd miles before him. The scene was beautiful; a dozen different ranges of rugged mountains, with jagged peaks, like castles in the distance, with an occasional peep at the river, and a straggling boat, with its picturesque sail, trying in vain to find a puff of air. Near us mingled fields and forests, with groves of tamarinds, mangoes, and stately palms, with numerous other denizens of these lands, with names and appearance strange to my Yankee ears and eyes.

In an hour got to the ferry, and crossed to the mainland. On the way saw a pair of noble oxen in charge of a sepoy (native soldier). The cattle here have a peculiar hump on the shoulder; when salted it is delicious. Continued on to a military station in charge of three antediluvian sepoys. As the hour-glass ran out, the one on guard rang the hour on a *stone gong*, while his successor doffed his Hindostanee robes, and metamorphosed himself into a jaunty-looking nonchalant sepoy. Near by, stood a hospital, on the other side, officers' houses. I "borrowed the shade" of a species of veranda that ran around the house for my ablutions and breakfast.

At four, on our march again. To-day felt for the first time what is termed the "hot winds"—the air like a furnace. Ah! ye who are shivering over hot coal fires, how I'd like to exchange some of this heat for your cold. I'd be liberal in my rates. While breakfasting, was surprised by the apparition of an English "dog-cart" (now, you who are unsophisticated, don't fancy some canine contrivance for meditated cruelty to animals, but a box on two wheels to carry dogs to the hunting ground,—a raised seat in front for the gentleman to preside over the "ribbons," and a seat behind for servant),—with two turbaned Hindoos on the box, trotting merrily along, with "Bombay and Agra Mail" on the side.

At eight arrived. Every bungalow has one or two bathing-



Sketched by the Author. See page 151.

THE PATRIARCHAL EMBRACE. TRIMBUC.

rooms, not with "hot and cold baths always ready," but chatties—earthen pots of water, which you throw over you with a cup, and the sloping plaster floor conducts it to a hole in the corner; here you can splash as long as you please. I never really enjoyed the luxury of bathing until I reached this hot climate.

February 2d.—To-day off an hour and a half before sunrise. Breakfasted at a bungalow which I reached in about five hours. Road very dusty. Passed an immense drove of bullocks carrying grain in sacks on their backs to Bombay—I counted fifteen hundred, and missed many. My Arab, not fancying their huge family carts, reared, backed, plunged, and kicked, to the considerable risk of getting a horn in his side or my legs. Passed another drove of bullocks, nearly as numerous, going in the opposite direction. They belong to a special race of people, whose business has been, for generations, to wander about in this style, living in their carts, and supplying villages and camps with cattle and grain. They are peaceable, though they carry long swords, heavy spears, guns, bows and arrows. The Duke of Wellington, conciliating them, found them very useful in his campaigns.

At this station an encampment of troops. Some of the officers at the bungalow—we were soon acquainted, breakfasting and dining together. This afternoon had a gallop of ten miles to overtake my luggage. Passed a large quantity of cotton going to Bombay. They put it up in coarse nets of rope. To cheat in weight they foolishly put stones and dirt in the centre. Saw numbers of banyan trees; the suckers drooping from the branches taking root, completely surround the parent trees with an incipient forest. There are trees like a leafless walnut, with crimson flowers; I only saw one within my reach, and that my horse made me break.

February 3d.—Yesterday got into the ghauts (hills), and started

to-day at half-past four, got to the bungalow with my gora-walla (groom), who always follows on foot, and had a nap of two hours and a half before the two carts and servants got in. Quite a luxury when one can't retire until ten, and then up again at half-past three; for suspicious the servant sometimes neglected my horse, I had watched the grooming, when, I expect, horse and man wished me farther, for he had his skin nearly rubbed off. They have a queer "dodge" here—they manipulate and rub a horse with hands, back, and elbows, after the manner of a Turkish bath, first tying his head and fastening on heel ropes—a long rope secured at one end to a peg in the ground, the other to two short ropes each fastened to a hind leg at the fetlock. This style of grooming is considered very beneficial, though not agreeable to the animal, if one may judge by the way he rolls his eyes. From the breakfast bungalow on to this by a beautiful ghaut.

February 4th, Nassack.—Started at half-past three, on a bad road and new bridge; passed tents of engineers engaged in road-making and saw the foundation of a "settlement" in western lingo. The natives always live in villages, and in laying out one make a number of raised places like flower beds and build on them. By the wilfulness or stupidity of my butler we were brought here instead of to Trimbuc, a holy Hindoo place, the "western Juggernaut," and butler is a Mussulman, or as near one as they ever are in this country, with as much caste as a Hindoo. So I've ordered a bullock cart to be here at two in the morning to take "Ireland Sahib" and "Butler Sahib" to Trimbuc. Met here a gentleman in a cart drawn by Coolies (low caste natives), from Calcutta, via Delhi and Benares, to Bombay; been on the road since the first of November. He had met Bayard Taylor travelling night and day in a post-cart. He ought to find correspondence profitable as it costs about twenty-five dollars a day here, and yet his descriptions wonderfully accurate with such speed.

Trimbuc, *February 9th.*—A horrid night, came in at eight, the



Sketched by the Author

See page 158.

GREAT KYLAS TEMPLE—ELLORA.

only lodging the *privilege of a shed*, and even water denied me: but I raised such a "row" I got some. While breakfast was preparing, I wandered into one of the temples, and was just arranging for a sketch, when I was startled from my reveries by a furious uproar, and found I was polluting the sanctity of the place, and had only just been discovered. But I had time to see the temple, if I could not sketch it. The sculpture was fine and elaborate. After breakfast I left with a guide for the "Mountain of Pilgrimage." In passing out I saw a curious figure with one long leg resting on the body of a monkey: it looked for all the world like a man with the upper part of his body enveloped in a "fool's-cap." They were dashing water on this figure, and covering it with flowers. Saw a tank surrounded on three sides by an arcade with beautifully carved columns supporting arches; this, I suppose, was particularly holy, for they raised an outcry as I approached it. Then a bazaar where red peppers and bracelets of brass, iron, and glass, seemed the prevailing merchandise.

The greater part of the ascent of the mountain is by granite steps. I counted seven hundred, and there were at least two hundred more. At the top, a small lodge with a female idol, before which they prostrated themselves. Its visible attractions a quantity of red paint, white eyes, and a ring in her nose. After the prostrations, they called for water, which an old Brahmin poured over them, and they paid a fee for the process. Then they betook themselves to feeding a "gang of monkeys," hopping, sliding, scrambling, and tumbling down an almost perpendicular rock three hundred feet high. On landing they began stuffing and fighting. The very young ones looked funny: they fasten themselves to their mothers with their fore paws to her neck, and part of their body between her fore legs, and their hind legs holding on to her sides,—you scarcely notice them at first. I was amused at the greeting of two patriarch monkeys, walking up as gravely as human beings, embracing each other's neck with a hug and then off to feed. I displayed my magnificent but undeveloped artistic genius to the natives, whom I ought certainly to admire

as my sketches elicit very much more admiration from them than they ever will from any one else. To-day has been a great fête here.

February 6th, NASSACK.—Last night off at six, and at ten was waked by a lurch of the cart—"a spill"—and a blow on my head. I was perfectly enveloped in the ruins, with head down and heels up, and everything on top of me. I called for help, but could hear nothing but fearful groans, so I picked myself up the best way I could, and when the butler and driver found I was not hurt, they discovered it had been all a mistake about their own injuries. As soon as I got to sleep, my driver went to sleep, and we jogged on or not as the humor seized the bullocks. I had a letter from Capt. W. for the officer of this district, but he not being at home I called to see his deputy, "pro tem."—Dr. K., a very nice person, who presented me to his wife and asked me to return in the afternoon and dine.

They told me that the tree I spoke of with the red flowers was the Pungra. This afternoon rode round the town; there are many handsome temples here, and one is beautiful. Crossed the river on an odd bridge, with wide openings between the large flat stones; and I stupidly leaped the gaps on this smooth stone; luckily, my horse landed me safe every time, or I should have been in a bad fix, and left to drown by the natives, except I might be taken out to avoid polluting the water. Nassack, next to Trimbuc, is the most sacred place in this part of the country; and it is only within the last eight years, that they have allowed beef to be killed here.

Feb. 7th, NADOOD.—My stupid servants brought me twenty miles out of my way to-day, and so I wandered on until ten this evening, before finding any place. Here is a half-way village and sort of temple precinct. The people were not disposed to let my servants in the gate, but I rode up and told them to open it, and seeing a wide veranda filled with people, the most commodious place here, told my servants to bring an "action of eject-

ment," not by legal, but necessitous and muscular process if necessary, while I, in an imaginary robe of judicial ermine, with the horse and "pig-skin"—for "woolsack"—saw that justice was done to one party, if not to the other. And now, while "Butler Sahib" and cook are getting dinner, I am in my bed, surrounded by "musquito bars," and an admiring crowd of niggers (as they term the natives here), journalizing. To-day saw them making sugar, crushing the stalk or cane between two upright rollers, when the juice is boiled to a thick paste and allowed to harden, arriving at the consistence of wet brown sugar, when it is called "gowgray."

This evening forded the Godavery *four* times; it is now very low, but deep in summer. Passed to-day great numbers of wild fig trees, reddened by a small fruit looking like cherries, which is eaten by the natives; also quantities of ripe prickly pears.

Feb. 8*th*.—I am finishing this under a dirty little shed. I find that last night I was sleeping in an old temple side by side, "cheek by jowl," with old Brahma and his two associates, they keeping watch, as if we had been the best of friends all our lives.

Through a rich, level country. Collected a lot of grain, wild flowers, and their seeds, some in full bloom for my herbarium,—others with seeds ripe. So as my men are a long ways ahead, I must close this and follow. My little grey stands gazing and wondering at what I am doing, while his gora-walla lies at his feet, far away in the "land of dreams." The little birds are flitting about, sometimes so close they graze my head. This morning went by a beautiful temple; having no religious prejudices, I sat down on a neighboring god to sketch: but soon found such an infinitude of detail, I gave it up.

Feb. 9*th*, BÀJAPORE.—This morning I gave my letter to the postmaster here, to post for Bombay, and as probably the first letter he had ever sent, insisted most strenuously he must direct it; so I consented, on condition he put it on the back of the letter, and you will have a specimen of Mahratta.

My lodgings last night were at Ropergaum, a former palace of the Rajah's, now a government bungalow; a famous place, with courts and galleries, the walls and ceilings prettily colored.

In my journey to-day, passed two pretty chapels or temples; stopped to look at one where an old fellow was ringing a bell, manipulating and mumbling in real Catholic style; but, on hearing the tread of my horse, the "Old Adam" was too strong: so he gratified his curiosity, and gave Brahma's or Siva's (I don't know whether he was praying to the good, or propitiating the bad deity) ears a respite while he stared at me. After this counted forty-one antelopes, seven of them black bucks, crossing the road only about two hundred yards ahead of me. By bad luck my rifle was at the bottom of the cart. I am now lodged in a Hindoo temple, and some thirty vagabonds with swords congregating around me every few minutes, using as a pretext to come nearer, a desire to say their prayers to Brahma, when they come in and ring a bell.

Feb. 10*th*, ALLORA or ERALA.—Got here at nine last evening; the only objects of interest during the day, twenty antelopes. This morning, stopped to breakfast in a large temple, but the devotees raising an objection, and not being proud, I took possession of a small one. Saw a religious procession, and a squeaky pipe (like a bagpipe), making *such* sweet music, I don't think any but a "Sandie" could have told the difference. Found no bungalow, and not liking the heavens for a canopy, I suggested the propriety of about *fifty* people giving up a piazza they were all living under, and letting me have it. As my request, uttered in a loud tone that they might all hear in case any were deaf, showed no alternative, they "sloped" and I "squatted." The proceeding was cool, but you know I have rather an antipathy to strangers—my vis-à-vis was the tomb of some great man, over whom they appear to be having "a wake," by the great "Tom-tom drum" and chorus, as they madly march around the tomb, shouting Dome, Dome (the name of the man); so you can imagine my felicity

under this infernal din, not thirty feet from me. I am in quiet possession, "barring" this "music of the spheres," and a few lizards who are peeping into my carpet-bag.

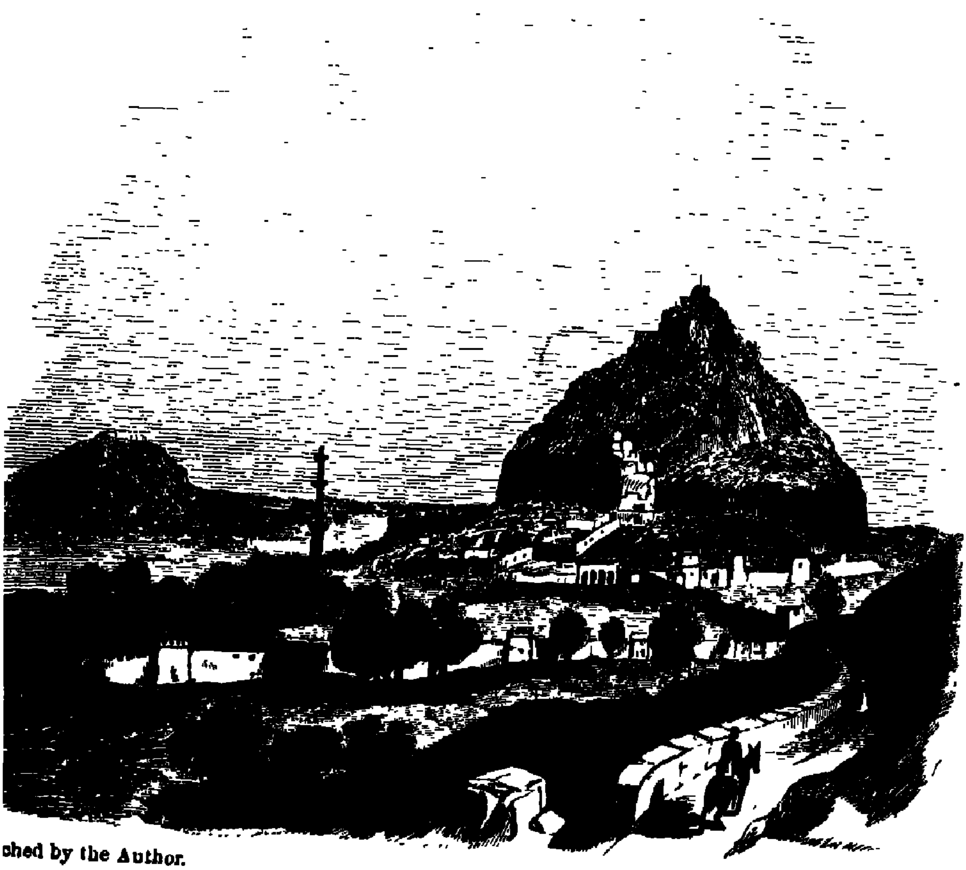
Feb. 11*th*, Ellora.—They gave old Dome another "wake" this morning. After breakfast to the "caves," passing a beautiful temple I sketched, and a fine tank, a hundred and fifty feet square, and thirty feet down to the water. Then the "caves," commencing in inverse order with the Brahmin and working up to the Bhuddist. The caves are high up a lofty hill-side, and excavated from the ledge of rock. They are scattered along a distance of a mile and a half, about thirty-four in number. Those of the early Bhuddists are simple, consisting merely of verandas and cells called "viharas." Next are the Chaitya. Several are fine, and much larger than those I saw at Salsette. One has a spacious court, seventy feet square, and a fine colonnade on the sides. Inside of this, handsome columns that support a music gallery, with a fine nave, surrounded on three sides by triple columns supporting the side walls, from which spring fine arches that extend round the temple; at the extremity of this temple, a kind of dome, in front of which Bhudda sits on a throne with an attendant on either side, and flying figures over his head; this is called the "Biswarkama."

Then comes the finest thing I've ever seen in the way of a temple, called the "Kylas." This is not only an excavated temple, but the whole face of the rock has been removed, except what was necessary to work up into, or sculpture out into, a magnificent temple; for every part is just where nature put it, like a piece of statuary. This has a court, forty feet wide on every side, and the rock near two hundred feet perpendicular height, at the deepest excavation down to the court yard. The court is about a hundred and fifty feet wide by two hundred deep. It is surrounded by cells or "viharas." The temple, a succession of chapels and verandas, with finely sculptured columns. All around the exterior most elaborate alto-relievos. Two elephants

stand in the court yard; besides in various parts, sculpture of the most revolting description, as one of the engines brought into the contest between the Brahmins and Bhuddists, was sensuality, and pandering to the passions, as the Brahmins did. This temple was finished by the Brahmins, just after the contest was over. There are a number of these beautiful temples. Also several temples of the Jahn, who are seceders from the Bhuddists. These temples are fine, and all have cross-legged figures called "Thiethankers."

February 12*th*, ROZAT.—This morning getting my usual benefit of serenading, which I have night and morning, I set off again to the caves, sketching; and this afternoon followed my people to Rozat, which is about a mile distant on the summit of the mountain, where I found my bedstead and curtains, with table, etc., arranged under a tree, instead of one of the many Mussulmanic tombs, which are like small houses for size. The bungalow belonged to the officers in the Nizam's service (the European contingent). So I explored a tomb, and was returning to have my things removed to it, when the present occupant of the bungalow, Dr. B———, came up; finding I was a traveller, with true Indian hospitality he at once asked me to be his guest, and told my servant to take my things to the bungalow, and to tell his people to put them in one of the rooms, and get dinner for me. Learning I was an American, he shook me warmly by the hand, saying he had known so many agreeable countrymen of mine at Canton, in the last war with China, and regretted he had not known I was below, as he had been "detailed" to examine all the old ruins of the country, and was, consequently, "well up" in cave temple matters, and could have given me much information. So he gave me a lecture, and in the bungalow books on the subject, as the next day he had to return to Aurungabad.

February 13*th*, ROZAT.—This morning Dr. B. (my friend of



ched by the Author.

VIEW OF DOWLATABAD FORTRESS, DECCAN.

See page 159.

last evening) started for Aurungabad, leaving me in possession of the bungalow, with a promise to be his guest when I go to Aurungabad, and he is to send me an order I wished for Dowlatabad fortress. To-day at the caves again, sketching. Aurungzebe, the last of the Moguls, is buried here, beneath a handsome, though modest tomb, at his special desire, to show the world the end of all greatness, pomp, and power, instead of a more magnificent one, like those of his predecessors. He died at Ahmednuggar, in 1706, in his 89th year, and 50th of his long and eventful reign, during which he made war against his father, deposing and imprisoning him, putting to death his three brothers and all their sons, and eventually some of his own. At all times he was most unscrupulous in the means to maintain his power. The luxury of his camp was carried to an unheard of extent. Everything that could contribute to luxury in Delhi was carried with him on his campaigns, and with all this, his own habits were so simple, they were actually carried to austerity. He was a bigot, and most unpopular with the Hindoos, from tearing down some of their temples, and using the materials to build mosques, particularly at Benares. He re-imposed the capitation tax on the Hindoos, and forbid the public celebration of their festivals; nor would he employ any Hindoos for offices of trust.

February 14*th*, AURUNGABAD.—Off here on the arrival of my order for Dowlatabad ("The Hill of God") which I received this morning. Got there at twelve. While I sent in my order, found I had most unconsciously excited the ire of the people by seating myself on the altar of a household god, while I ate an orange, and was wondering what they were making such a "fuss" about. After lunch, I rode through three separate walls (*two* of them *double*) in the space of half a mile; at last reached the foot of this wonderful "hill fortress," which I wound up by a tunnel cut in the rock, crossing a famous fosse, forty feet wide, filled with water, and surrounding the fort on three sides. Rising from this, a perpendicular rocky wall of from forty to sixty feet in

height, then on three hundred feet of upward winding. If well fortified, provisioned, and defended, it would be as impregnable as Gibraltar. It is now deserted with the exception of a nominal governor. In the days of native warfare it must have exhausted their military science with its formidable fortification. It presents a singular appearance, descending the mountain to the plain coming from Rozat. A square, isolated hill, with the former sloping sides removed, and now showing only a scarped rock of forty to sixty feet on all sides, and the whole rising to a point in the centre. It is about three hundred feet high. On the eastern side of the fortress, start five walls, one being three or four miles in circuit. The other four are inner, and double. The town is of very ancient date, having been in existence at the time of Alexander, though now it has only a few miserable houses. Thence, on over a continuation of the plain (I was traversing a few days since) to Aurungabad, containing a few trees, and so effective as a screen, that they entirely obscure the view of the city. On my arrival at the bungalow, whither I found my people had preceded me, I was met by Dr. B., who came running across from his tent as I dismounted, with the last newspaper, and an invitation to me from the division here, for the mess and farewell dinner to their General, who was about leaving the country, and going home to *see his mother*, to live, after a continued residence in the country of over forty years. By the time I had toileted, they blew the bugle, so we walked over to the mess-room, where we found the officers with their wives, daughters, or sisters, all assembled or arriving. After dinner, by way of a "digester" I suppose, we had dancing, waltzing, and polking, when, for want of better performers, I assisted "on the light fantastic toe," for the first time I fancy in three years. Then singing, altogether a very pleasant affair. About forty were present. I have invitations to dinner for every day while I am here.

February 15th, AURUNGABAD.—This morning Dr. B. and I rode to the tomb of the wife of Aurungzebe, one of the last of

the Mogul emperors. It is a very beautiful work in white marble. Breakfasted at the "mess," and this afternoon took a ride, and then a dinner party at the house of the son-in-law of the General, whom I met here. Dr. O., my host of this evening, invited me to accompany him in about ten days, on a "pig-sticking expedition" (as they term wild boar hunting in this country, which is done on horseback, the hunter armed with a short stout spear); but the time was too far ahead, so I had to decline, much against my inclination.

February 16th.—Same amusements to-day as yesterday—club, breakfast, riding. This evening a dinner party at Captain H.'s.

February 17th.—Moved this morning from the bungalow to Dr. B.'s house, which he has just taken, having, while absent for the past six months temple-and-ruin-exploring, made his tent his home. After breakfast I called to see an officer who was very anxious to show me some choice guns and pistols, of which he has a fine collection. My German "telegraph rifle" and "Colt's revolver" were new and interesting to him. We then had some pistol practice with gun cotton. The adjutant of the regiment, a Lieutenant F——, came in—he is a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell, on which he greatly prides himself. Evening dined at the mess.

February 18th.—A breakfast party to-day; and then Dr. B. showed me drawings of some "winged lions" he had discovered in a cave. He is now preparing them to send to the Asiatic Society as curiosities, being the first found in India. This evening I shall start by palanquin for the Caves of Ajunta, seventy miles off. Two sets of bearers went on last night, and I suppose are on the ground now.

February 19th, AJUNTA.—Started last night at nine, and

travelling all night, came in at five P.M. The motion was a constant jar, and not at all comfortable, especially to my head. Nothing to be seen or heard on the road, except the unmelodious chant of my bearers, who counted thirteen for each stage of twenty-four miles, marching at the rate of four an hour. The palanquin is an oblong box, about four feet high, three and a half wide, ɪnd seven long; a cushion on the cane bottom, a pillow, and ɔlaces for books, provision, etc., as may be needful for the jour-ɪey. I was rather puzzled how to get in the first time my ervant brought me one. But not liking to betray my igno-ance, I looked grave, laid my hand in the centre of the cushion, ɪnd with a hitch and a jerk, tumbled myself in, as if I was 'up to snuff," and that was my ordinary way of getting in a ɔalanquin.

Ajunta is surrounded by a wall, as is every town I've yet een in India—all constructed for defence, but, like most of the ɪthers, a wreck of former prosperity. Captain G., to whom I ɪad a letter, was out shooting—his wife in England; so the ser-'ant provided me with quarters, and I composed myself to sleep n the veranda. About dark, Captain G. returned, and I was voke up by hearing some one knocking about and blowing up he servants, (as he afterwards told me for not making me more omfortable). He appeared glad to see me, and proved a very ood fellow. He had been picketing bullocks, to bait a tiger een in the neighborhood.

February 20th, AJUNTA.—Before daylight on a pony with ɪree servants for the caves, while Captain G. and a lot of others 'ent off to look for traces of the tiger—but did not find any. 'he caves are situated in the hollow semicircle of a mountain, alf way up its side. They are sixteen in number, all Bhuddist; ɪd were formerly richly painted, this, however, has mostly dis-ppeared—thanks to man and time—the relics of them, Captain G. ɪ copying. He had one large copy nearly finished, when some atives, in the absence of the guard, cut it out of the frame,

fancying, from its strength, it would "make up well" i clothes. They were afterwards discovered, and consigned to Nizam's jail, where they will probably spend the rest of th lives, unless released by the English. The canvas they destroy for fear of detection. Captain G. showed me some exquis pencil copies. There are four Chaitya caves, one beautiful, a the walls with fine panels of sculpture. In one part a coloss figure reclining, though the positions of some figures are very luc crous; some holding up their hands quite schoolboy-like, othe napping or reclining—many in a sort of unjointed, crosslegge position. Bhudda was sitting composedly on his throne in fro of the dome-like affair that always adorns the rear of these ten ples. The fine fronts and screens that ornament the one Ellora, are here wanting; but the façade is finely sculpture Many of the earlier temples had small cells for the priests— sort of monastic arrangement. The exterior effect of these ten ples is much finer than that at Ellora. I only got two sma sketches; supposing Captain G. was to join me, I had not th assurance to produce my meagre efforts before the first artist c India. On returning I found my host "getting up a mail" fo England, and his apothecary (government has one at ever station to do small practice) going out for a chance-shot at th tiger. The elephant leaves him in a tree, the men surround th jungle—(in this case a thick patch of low brush), and thro stones in to frighten the tiger while the elephant beats the plac This elephant had been a very fine one, but getting hurt by tiger once, now "turns tail." An acquaintance told me he wa on him some days since, when he ran into the woods, nearl killing the mahout (his postillion!), that he heard the mahout bones crack, and saved himself by jumping off. I am no three hundred and thirty miles east of Bombay, the farthest shall go in this Presidency.

February 21*st*, TOKA.—Yesterday, after dinner I started on m return and reached Aurungabad at ten. Breakfasted, and with

[illegible] to my host Dr. B——, off again at twelve after my people, who started last night. Arrived here at midnight with twelve tedious hours in the saddle, and, with luck, shall say [illegible] at three in the morning.

February 22d, EMANPOORE.—A hot, tedious ride of ten hours to-day. Added some seeds and grain to my collection for you and father. All day over the plains; at sunset reached the ghauts and a spring. I hardly know which enjoyed it most, the "bonnie grey" or I. I have never suffered so much from heat or thirst in my life as to-day. At the bungalow, a family, luckily a snug vacant corner left, which I took.

February 23d, AHMEDNUGGUR.—Starting early, arrived at nine this morning. A nice place and military station. Four American missionaries are here; three with their families, the fourth a lady—Miss Farrow. It is said that some years ago, when she first came, she had "a proposal" from the "Resident,"—a person most respected, good family, high in office, and wealthy; but she preferred her duty to wealth and rank. I called on one of the missionaries, who introduced me to the others, and invited me to return and spend the evening with them. I did, and found there was a "prayer meeting." Of the number present, one was an English officer, apparently a regular attendant. The missionaries told me their labors here had met with much success, having one hundred and fifteen converts besides a large school! They seemed delighted to see a compatriot, and said they had never known of but one other who had been here. A mile from the town stands a massive old fort with wide and deep fosse, the walls with circular buttresses and towers like "Black Angiers."

February 24th, SEROON.—Starting early stopped at eleven, when I divided seven hours between eating, sleeping, and writing letters. This morning as I was leaving Ahmednuggur, was passed by a regiment of artillery from Poonah. In march-

ing, they start early enough to accomplish their twelve miles (a march) by sunrise. Got here at eleven this evening, a charming ride. A jackal and fox crossed the road. Passed several encampments of waggons with corn for Bombay. This evening I had occasion to practise medicine on my gora-walla. I expect with my extensive practice, I shall become quite skilful, and on my return be looked upon as one of the luminaries of the profession. Fortunately my practice has been on my servants and not myself, or I might betray a want of confidence in my own skill. The man was a Hindoo, and my butler said would not take the medicine out of any of my things; so I told him to bring something of his own. He brought his only dish, a copper basin about fifteen inches in diameter, and eight or nine deep. Then he must have some water to mix it; he could not touch any brought for me, so, sick as he was, he must go to the river, nearly a mile off, and then would have to pass through the camp and be arrested for wandering about at that hour of the night, I gave the bungalow Sepoy some coppers to accompany him and the bullock men, for the poor superstitious fellows were all in the "same box," and would have been obliged to fast till to-morrow, or otherwise they would not have been able to get water to cook their frugal meal. They returned, and I mixed and administered the dose of salts—the first I fancy ever given from so copious a vessel.

February 25th, LOONEE BUNGALOW.—In leaving at day-break saw the Irregular Cavalry manœuvring. To-day I dried some guava seeds for my collection. The fruit is of a rich lemon color, shaped like a vergalieu pear; the odor disagreeable, but flavor tolerably pleasant. The mangrove trees are all in bloom; the leaf a bright green, shaped like the lemon, but narrower; the tree large and handsome, not unlike a fine black walnut. The flower is white and small; grows in clusters, and only pretty from the number. Saw at Ahmednuggur a beautiful large lilac flower, on what appeared to be a fruit tree, but could not learn its name.

The country I have lately passed through is almost as destitute of trees as Spain. Shortly I expect to do my travelling in the night, and rest daytimes—the way they always manage here in the warm weather. I shall dislike it most, from being obliged to keep with my people, and thus go slower and be longer in the saddle. Bullocks are almost the only animals used here for burdens, native conveyance or travel;—occasionally a countryman on his miserable pony passes. The bullocks are badly yoked to the carts; if with boxes or racks, stupidly balanced on their backs. They are small, strong built, active animals, with the hind quarters drooping like a greyhound. The tongues of the carts are formed of two pieces; starting from either side of the axle-tree and converging to a point, thus making a wide seat, where the driver sits—for they never walk, and here part of the load is placed.

The bullocks are guided by a rope that runs through their nose, assisted by a pull of the tail in the opposite direction! The speed, increased by the whip, though usually with a punch in the ribs from the fingers, as they sit so close to the animal. They are yoked wide apart, with a short bar or bolt on either side of the neck from the yoke, and the two ends are connected by a rope passing under their necks. The bolts also serve to push against instead of a bow when they have a heavy load. The horns of the cattle take the most curious turns, and twist upwards, downwards, and all sorts of ways. Those of the domestic buffalo usually turn backward. I've seen horns three feet long. The ploughs are huge formidable things, the beam like the trunk of a tree. The only grains they cultivate are wheat, a sort of millet such as I sent from Egypt, rice, and a small grain they call gram, hard and pea-shaped. Horses are fed with it. It is usually ground, and considered less heating and more strengthening than oats. Owing to the ridiculous castes, the people are all obliged to cook their own food, and near a large encampment the air, at morning and evening, is loaded with a smoky mist. In my little establishment, there are *fifteen* meals a day cooked;



Sketched by the Author.

See page

PARSEE AND SHOP, POONAH

viz. my three, butler a Mussulman, his two, the cook a Portuguesè, the mussal a general attendant, of another caste, the gorawalla (who keeps with the horse wherever he goes, a sort of individual who is supposed never to tire; for instance, he is expected to take care of his horse three times a day, and the grooming, no sinecure business, besides walking from twenty to thirty-two miles per diem) he is another caste Hindoo; then the two bullock drivers, they often belong to different castes. Luckily they all feed themselves, and I've nothing to do with the matter. The Portuguese are usually the cooks of this part of India, and in every establishment you see one of those cadaverous, half starved, long-haired objects. From the scarcity of wood, cattle excrement is used for fire, and I constantly see women and children walking miles collecting it with their baskets on their heads, for they never pretend to carry anything in their hands that can possibly rest on their heads.

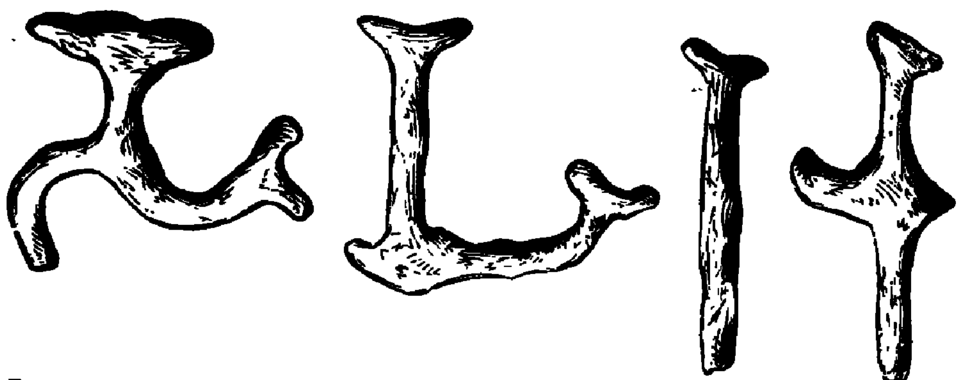
February 26th, POONAH.—The band was playing when I came in, as when I arrived at Ahmednuggur. Coming in ahead of my people I saw, in the midst of half naked, sunburnt, and turbaned Hindoos and Mussulmen, a Highlander, bare legged, plumed, and plaided, on guard (a most funny looking object in this red hot climate). I asked him where the bungalow was; he pointed to the road and said, "I think ahead; I recollect seeing a board there with 'turn to the right' on it." Another man pointed it out fifty yards from where I stood, unfortunately for "Sandie's" bright directions.

February 26th, POONAH.—The officer acquaintance I expected to find here, is ordered elsewhere, so I've wandered through the town. There are three European and three or four native regiments stationed here, this being the head-quarters of the Bombay army. I've seen and collected many flowers for my herbarium, some shaped similar to the oleander, but white.

Feb. 27th.—To church on horseback—the usual way here for gentlemen. This afternoon most of the regiments were under arms.

February 28th, KARLEE CAVES.—Just before starting last night, my servant said a gentleman in the next room wished to see me. An American physician from China here for his health. He came in for permission to accompany me. So off we started in our "seagrams,"—very long cabs on two wheels drawn by oxen. Reached here at daylight, and off a mile and a half for the bungalow. Found an artist copying the sculpture for government. While I was arranging myself for a sketch, the Doctor sat looking at the cave with his elbows on his knees and chin in hand; at last turning to me said, "What do you think it would cost to get up such a thing in America?" The temple shows the remains of a court and fine façade, somewhat similar to the great Chaitya caves at Salsette and Ajunta, though the columns of this have very fine capitals, and the nave the largest of any of this style of temples. There are wooden arches, and in the rear a plain dome. On some of the columns are very ancient inscriptions. I took an impression of several with thick dampened paper, besides sketches of the temple. Among the evening visitors to the temple are tigers, so that the servants are obliged to have gates; also boa constrictors and monkeys by day and night. The Doctor and I parted here, he for Bombay and I back to Poonah to continue my rambles through India.

March 1st, SOMEWHERE!—With the heavens for a canopy, reached Poonah by daylight; sent off my people, with a new head to my cuisine. For several days past, I have been subjected to the skill, science, and results of the contending aspirants for that office. Now have one whose smiling face alone is almost a recommendation after the late ghostly incumbent of the office. At four I started, traversing the length of the native town, which is very extensive, with a population of 100,000. It contains some odd temples. The "Peishwar" of the Mahrattas lived here: he was the prime minister. The Rajahs for several generations were *confined* at Sattara! and country governed by the Peishwar. Passed the celebrated hill fortress of "Segur" (Lion's Den) about



From impression by the Author.

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KARLEE CAVE CHARACTER.

three miles from the town on a high hill. Looks more like a French chateau than a formidable fortress. At nine saw a glimmering light under a tree, found all my people here, my bed made, and table laid, instead of going on to the bungalow as directed. "I reckon" there was a small "breeze."

March 2nd, WYE.—Started my men off long before three A.M. Stopped an hour for breakfast; this evening up a steep, slippery mountain, so dangerous to ascend on horseback, I was obliged to dismount, for the first time in all my wanderings, and then, with two men leading the horse, he could just keep his feet. And the baggage tattoes (ponies) helped up by three men to each. At one A.M. they came to a stream, and plumping my bedstead down, used their lungs vociferously to wake up somebody, and find out where we were. I suggested we should cross and go on; an hour more brought us to the town, and a mile through it and then over the holy Chrishna, to the bungalow. In passing through the town, it seemed as if a telegraph was at work. Just as we turned into the streets, heard the distant challenges at their opposite ends, for in every town and village there are watchmen at night—relic of former barbarity, when midnight forays were in vogue. Arriving at this place, had to turn gorawalla myself, make a halter and footropes from my bed cord, and a blanket of my bed cover. After I had done the needful in that way, and fed my horse, the gorawalla who had got lost, crawled along soon followed by the rest of the retinue, and at *four o'clock in the morning*, I had dinner! Having given my people such a good lesson, by twenty-five hours of steady travel, I "reckon" they will not stop half way at a bungalow again.

March 3d, MAHABLESHWAR.—My people off again in good season, notwithstanding their hard work yesterday. I stopped to sketch some fine temples. Reached this after dark. Made a circuit of the "settlement" to find a bungalow; not being successful, retraced my steps after the people, whom I met jogging

along as leisurely "as if they had the night before them," butler at their head "hookah" in hand, a gurgling kind of pipe made of a cocoa-nut shell, from its choking noise at every breath my perfect abhorrence; but I might as well think of "Butler Sahib's" turning Christian as of abridging his smoking privileges; it would meet with the same success. Then had another turn around the place; at last found an empty bungalow with open door; so I stood guard with my people around, while butler looked up the Sepoy who had it in charge. While thus occupied, up came two palanquins with torch bearers and a host of hamals (palanquin bearers) and in a few minutes more I found the bungalow was private, and the new comers the lessees, so "made tracks." At last got quarters in a "quasi" place with royal name, the "Victoria Hotel," the "Boniface" a Portuguese of very bull-dog look. I have had a good dinner, and now will judge by his acts and not looks.

March 4th.—This morning have been gunsmithing with my rifle and gun which are "under the weather." Nine months of the year everything is "shrunk to a shadow" from the heat—the other three with a corresponding swell from the constant rain. This afternoon rode to "Elphinstone Point," the terminus of a wedge-shaped ravine of great grandeur; the view superb. You look down an almost perpendicular descent of many hundreds of feet into a dark green valley where five large rivers rise, all flowing in different directions. One, the Chrishna, crossing India and emptying into the Indian Ocean. These rivers you can trace for miles in their meandering course through the valleys; beyond is range upon range of mountains, and on a very clear day the ocean; now a mist is rising. These hills form the great sanitarium and fashionable resort of this presidency during the hot season of March, April, and May: after that follows the rain; the fall prodigious; during the three months it is 360 *inches!* In England, have only 26 inches in the year. From this to the source of the Chrishna, which flows into a tem-

ple tank from the sacred (stone) cow's mouth. It was dark when I reached the spot, but I could not fail finding it, and marched into the temple with my guide. The custodian attempted to stop me, but "I was bound" to get a drink of the water with a shooting cup that had been dipped in every water of note since leaving Paris in 1851. As I did not wish to understand the opposition I answered in English. He, *to make me understand better*, yelled in Hindostanee, and I replying in English, slowly advancing and he backing, while in our animated discussion of *pros* and *cons*, one or both stood a good chance of going to paradise, or the other place, by a tumble into the tank. We at last reached the spot, when in his disgust at my dulness of comprehension of Hindostanee and his brilliant arguments, let me have my own way, and a drink. To-day have pressed several other kinds of flowers, besides getting many seeds.

March 5th, SATARA.—Off by daybreak, winding down a beautiful road for six miles. Passed an invalid officer on his way up; poor fellow, he looked as if he had but one more journey before him. Saw many beautiful scarlet flowers four inches in diameter with deep cups. The trees, destitute of leaves, bear a kind of cotton used by the natives. Stopped at a bungalow and breakfasted. On either side of the road, mango sprouts, which the natives were watering; set out by order of government and in a few years will be a superb avenue of sixteen miles in length, the road putting to the blush most of those even in England. Saw many teams of five and six yoke of oxen attached to one plough; the yoke *ten feet in length*, the plough a tremendously heavy forked limb; one end forming the beam, another the point, coulter, and mould-board—the third the handle. *On the yokes* of the third and fifth teams, were nearly naked boys, who were quite composedly wallopping the oxen, while a third stood on the *beam of the plough*, extending the same kindness to the teams within his reach. The ground was hard baked. Still they ploughed from six to eight inches deep; and though so

rude the instrument, and without a particle of iron, they did the work very well, though tediously slow—about half an acre a day. I did not get here till eight o'clock, much to my annoyance; delayed by my people, besides misinformed as to the distance. When I did arrive, found there was a small dinner party, and sent in my card; the resident came out to receive me, and put me in charge of a servant, for my room and to toilet. Luckily I had put up an evening suit, and given it to my gora-walla to bring, so I soon made my appearance at the table, where I was introduced to the guests, and had a pleasant evening. Mr. O——, the "resident," expecting me by another route the day before, had sent out an escort of Siwars (irregular cavalry) to meet me.

March 6th.—As we were taking a daylight walk in the garden, the servant brought a note saying service commenced at *seven!* so I hurried home, and he into his palanquin and I in the saddle, cet off. The church is a pretty, neat building, like all I've seen in India. This afternoon Mr. O. proposed taking me to see the late Rajah's palace, as it would be the only opportunity he would have of taking me, since his duties compelled his return to-morrow "to the district" (some subordinate place within his residency), and he had only come in to meet me. As his horses were in "the district" he sent to the "Ranee's" (widow of the late Rajah), who has "lots," to borrow one. She sent us a most brilliant yellow phaeton. The palace is large, and for a native establishment, very handsome. One, a mirror room with glasses on the four sides and ceiling (more refined than the King of Denmark, who, in his vulgar taste, has the floor with glass also). In another, shone the famous "wag-nac" (tiger's claw), a terrible weapon for "a rough and tumble:" a piece of iron with a hole on the back for the middle finger, in front three sharp steel claws three inches long; this is shut in the inside of the hand. Siwargee was a rebellious general; and the general of the Mogul Emperor, who was sent against him, being successful, Siwargee

proposed a treaty in which the two rival generals, each accompanied by a servant, and all unarmed, were to meet. At the opening of the meeting they embraced, when Siwargee inserted the "wag-nac" in his adversary's side, and held him until he could "finish" him. Destroying him, he went on until he established the famous Mahratta Empire, which has given the English so much trouble in India at various times. His successors, not having his energy, the "Peishwars" (prime ministers) shut them up for several generations, and governed the country themselves, until the English got possession, when they reinstated the Rajah. On his death without heirs, five years ago, it reverted to the East India Company, and (this part Satara) forms one of the residencies, with the comfortable income of $30,000 a year, the third appointment in this Presidency. Also saw "Siwargee's" famous sword, the summer gardens, &c.; then Marlee, an immensely sacred place, where a small river empties into the Chrishna (the junctions of rivers in India are always sacred), and temples erected there. Saw several trees with great numbers of flying foxes (a sort of vampire bat), who hang from the branches by their feet, *quite regardless* of apoplexy. Also lots of monkeys. Several monuments where bodies had been burned—the English have stopped that of "Sutteeism" (the widow burning herself), under a very severe penalty against all concerned. There is almost always a dead body burning here.

March 7th.—This morning Mr. O. was off by daylight to the "district," where he is trying some high native officials for bribery. I rode out to see the irregular cavalry exercise. They are considered the most efficient cavalry in India; the others have a bad habit of running away in an action, and leaving the infantry to do the fighting; they are paid twelve dollars and a half a month, with which they buy their own horses, feed them, besides clothing and dressing themselves, using the native saddle, with mixed European and native dress, with native arms. I visited the American missionaries here, who were amazed to see an

American traveller. Then the hill fortress back of the town, an almost inaccessible rock, where they confined the Rajahs. Here a fish pond with myriads of fish that come to be fed. Counted five or six other hill forts; the country swarms with them. On my return found a soldier waiting with a note from Mr. O., with orders to all the heads of villages on my route for days ahead, to furnish what I wished, beside commands for an escort of siwars to accompany as a guard, and a request to know if there was anything more he could do for me.

March 8th.—This morning went to visit the missionaries; saw Mr. Wood; the other, Mr. Everett, had gone to Mahableshwar. They have been here four years, and met with great success; they have a school of a hundred and twenty scholars. They have frequent disputations in the town, which are well attended; many of the native population are taking an interest in the subject and erecting a church. They also said there was a great excitement among the native population of Bombay in religious matters, and much anxiety to obtain information from the missionaries. As far as I have seen and learnt, the largest portion of the missionaries in this country and the east generally, are Americans. These last are from the "Green Mountains." To-day have bought a tent, and changed my gorawalla; the servants get terribly home-sick, and after a few days' travel want to return, and give as an excuse they are sick. I got an additional servant, who is to carry the torch by night, and march an average of twenty-four miles, and put up the tent—all for the enormous wages of three dollars a month.

March 9th, Poosay Scolee.—My first journey by night. Started at eleven, and "right sorry" to leave my comfortable lodgings. The first moving object I saw, was a snake crossing the road in great haste. My train consists of two bullock carts, drivers, and five servants, with mounted siwars. Some gentlemen had killed a large tiger during the day; butler, hearing of it

from the siwars, rushed to me in great alarm, to know if I had my revolver with me. Kept with my people until daylight, and pushed on to the bungalow, where I resigned my horse to the gorawalla, and went to bed. I had been obliged to walk half the night to keep awake. About two, my people arrived with a doleful list of catastrophes in crockery and wine.

March 10th, KOONAPOORE.—Had sundry starts last night, and one run-away by a pair of spirited little bullocks about three feet high. We at last got off by threats of applying my whip to the owners, and a few cuts at the refractory bullock men. As the roads are very bad, it is the custom for every village to furnish four guides and a torch-bearer, besides a yoke of oxen; so you may imagine it was no trifle at midnight, to raise up four fellows every four or five miles, and start them off in a hurry—especially as they had such an elaborate toilet to make. I set the siwars to work and they did the thing most effectually, with a *free distribution* of the foot-ropes of their horses on all who refused to be pressed into the service. It was hard, *but what is a poor traveller to do?*—they wont make roads! I came on ahead with gorawalla and siwar, coming in here about eleven. Fortunately I had given the gorawalla a pillow to bring, and the siwar had a blanket; so I composed myself on the floor, and slept till six, when the head man of the village arrived, and offered to send a charpoi (native bedstead) and some provisions, which I gladly accepted as I had no news of my people. He was an appointee of Mr. O.'s, and was one of those I had a letter to. Among other things told me he was brought up in a court (really a brother professional!) and now had charge of two hundred villages, in a district twenty miles square! The people in this country all live in villages or towns. The dinner consisted of some boiled eggs, *peppery* crackers, butter on a palm leaf, and some buffalo's milk; the tea a failure, his supply being exhausted to my infinite regret. I had much difficulty in obtaining some water, and then not until I had shown my drinking cup, and

assured them I should not put their things to my mouth. The bats are having a jolly time here, judging from the style they are flying over my head.

March 11*th*, JUTT.—Luckily I got the supplies last evening, for my people did not arrive until two hours past midnight, and I found a fast of twenty-four hours fully long enough. Came in this morning about ten miles. My host of last evening made me pay dear for my *magnificent* "entertainment for man and beast." This morning he made me a visit, and sent for his *two watches* to set by mine. Last night, the first intelligence of the arrival of my people was, "Massa have cup tea—all ready," and rousing up, and looking round, there it was—the table spread, and in another place my bed ready to lie down again at two o'clock in the morning. The faithful creature, though he had fasted nearly thirty-six hours, and I was asleep, had never stopped to get his own dinner, but at once went to work to get my tea and make me comfortable.

Our accustomed "row" about distance to be done; the people (villagers) desiring to go twelve, and I twenty-four miles a day, for they are so wedded to customs, a thousand years old, they would almost as soon die as change, and the English have, singularly, fallen into most of their usages. Military marches have been from time immemorial about twelve miles a day, and so, with a military precedent, they insist upon keeping that rate still.

Soon after starting, Mahomet, "alias" butler, came to me with a most sorrowful face, and complained—"these nasty people have lost my hubble-bubble" (the gurgling pipe I abhor so much). I fancy in my joy at getting rid of the nuisance, I did not look as sympathetic as I might have done. Been napping on the bed for two hours waiting for the people to make their appearance.

I have adopted the plan of having my bed carried by two Coolies who keep up with my horse, and thus I have a place to

sleep until the retinue arrive. The charge for the two men, i three cents for every two miles, providing me at each of thes stages with new men—cheap luxury! At last my butler ha arrived. I asked him where the people were, he replied, "the coming, only little great ways, come more."

All the evening my bullock men have been salaaming "But ler Sahib" with profound respect, to get him to intercede fo short journeys, which I spoilt by the order to *start*. Hereafte my retinue is to be increased by the addition of a "Peon" o. officer to find what I want on the road.

March 12th.—Last night passed the tent of some officers; and this morning we all got lost and not finding any trees as shelter for the tent, took up with a shed, where I have had an audience of twenty or thirty "ragamuffins" all day.

March 13th, TAKOTA.—Saw some fine temples this morning at the junction of a small stream with the Chrishna. I have been reposing under one end of a shed. At the other a Sepoy is enjoying the same luxury.

March 14th, BEEJAPORE.—Arrived at seven this morning; the approach is ornamented by Mahommedan tombs and temples, some very handsome. The city presents a striking appearance on approaching; a mile before reaching it, a beautiful mosque, and tomb of Ibrahim Adil Shah II., built as a mausoleum for himself, wife, and children, where I stopped for a glimpse. The city has a lofty wall and moat. Entering by one of its seven gates, I wandered on for half a mile, through scattered ruins, only relieved occasionally by some stately tomb; then the double walls of the citadel. Some men were fishing with nets in the broad deep moat. Saw some tents, and two gentlemen riding.

The men took me to the Great Mosque, but modesty would not allow me to be "the observed of all observers" to every hypocritic vagabond, who chose to indulge in a prayerful fit to

gratify his curiosity in gazing at me. *So I declined, when they took me to a snug little mosque, attached to the great tomb of* Mohammed Shah. This magnificent tomb has a dome about one hundred and twenty feet diameter, being the second or third in the world. While waiting for my people, clambered up and had a fine view of the country and the city, where reigned a most brilliant dynasty for two hundred years, until destroyed by Aurungzebe, the Mogul Emperor. It has now but a few mud huts for the living; but its monuments of the dead surpass those of every city in India, except Delhi and Agra; fortifications, palaces, tombs, mosques, with hundreds of wells, bowlies, and tanks. The dome has a fine echo, though it is injured by a crack. My sepoys and other servants, just at the moment I was trying the echo, were suddenly seized with most painful asthmatic affections, and gave such a volley of coughs and wheezes, I've hardly got the echo out of my head yet. The tomb was erected by one of the last kings, about two hundred years ago, and took forty-two years in building. It is square, with octagonal towers at the corners, and each with seven stories of small windows, and the whole surmounted by a dome. It is situated on an immensely large terrace. The tomb has unbroken sides, except the three slightly projecting arches in the front and sides. The base around the interior of the tomb is of basalt; the walls plain, and the whole surmounted by a dome too large for the building, and rivalling St. Paul's in London for size; the interior is an unbroken space, save the platform in the centre, where lay the remains of Mohammed Shah, his wife, and his favorite dancing girl!

As my servants were arriving and civilizing my tomb domicil, I set off to the Post-office at the other side of the city, where I found one package that in its wanderings after my erratic steps had acquired about as much writing on the outside in re-directions as inside in news. I had just returned when the postman came after me with another he had mislaid, which was most welcome, containing nine letters of introduction to all parts of India, from

a friend at Bombay. As I finished my letters, I was called out to look at the tent that had been put up, and just as I was returning in a very slight deshabille, up galloped the two officers I had met coming in. My rig, or rather unrig, was bad enough to receive company in, but my stock of furniture worse yet, for reducing the kit to poverty limits, my chairs, divans, and sofas were represented by a poor camp stool, which one took while the other and I divided the bed, which being light for travelling, creaked and groaned under his goodly proportions till I thought we would both be down. They asked me to put on my things and go and dine with them, but I declined, and am to breakfast at their tomb to-morrow.

This evening, in the midst of my letter-writing, while seated in the back part of this huge open tomb, which is thickly supported by huge columns—a disconsolate widower has hedged himself and his grief off in one corner—I heard two of the most unearthly squeals, apparently from the very spot where my servants lay asleep, though not twenty-five feet from where I sat. My people sprung up half frightened out of their wits. I shouted and clattered my cane—the hyena "sloped." He had made a mistake—my inconsolable neighbor keeps a small dog. The hyenas prowl around houses and with this squeal attract the dogs, who are nabbed instanter.

March 15th.—Off this morning before daylight. As I wished my horse to rest, I had taken a miserable tattoo, with back like the sharp edge of a rail, for guide a "Moonshee," a sort of translator, copyist, and generally useful native scholar. Our first stop was at the Meetrie-Mahal, a small square building with veranda and portico carved in beautiful and elaborate work; I've not seen anything thus far in the East so beautiful. The material is a species of clay-stone, susceptible of very high polish. The tradition is, it was built by a "sweeper" (the lowest caste). One of the early kings being fatally sick, consulted an astrologer, who told him that on a certain morning he must go out very early, and

give to the first person he met a large sum of money, meaning to be the recipient himself. But the king rising earlier than usual sallied out, and happened to meet the sweeper of the palace, so accordingly gave him the money, and he built the beautiful structure we have just seen.

At the fortifications saw the great gun cast by a Turk, at the order of Aurungzebe, to commemorate his victory over these Beejapore sovereigns. It is fifteen feet long and five in diameter at the muzzle. It is made of a peculiar kind of brass composition. The muzzle represents some monster making a mouthful of *two* elephants, who are quietly standing side by side in his mouth. The bore is so large, that when I sat in it, the upper part of the mouth came to my chin, and by computation they say it would require a ball of 2500 pounds. It was discharged when first finished, but the jar overthrew so many houses, and caused such an alarm, a repetition was forbidden. In 1823 the Rajah of Sattara had it fired off with eighty pounds of powder; they have one other gun among the curiosities 30 feet long, and made of bars of iron bound by rings welded togther.

Went to the tank, built by one of the queens; it is a hundred and fifty feet square and thirty deep. It is of grey basalt. Climbed to the summit of a tower eighty feet high, with a winding stairs on the outside—erected by one of the kings to perpetuate his name.

Then the Taj-Bowree, another large tank or reservoir, built by a wealthy noble; this is about 300 feet square and fifty-feet deep, also of grey basalt and quite handsome with columns and arches. Saw on the way to the citadel, a lofty tower formerly seven stories high, where the queens and ladies of the court retired evenings for the breeze and to pray; it is in one corner of a quadrangle surrounded by little cells. There is a painting almost obliterated in the tower, of Mohammed Shah sitting by the side of his favorite dancing girl, who seems to have been a very important personage; adjoining this, and still on the south side, is the Sath-kandi or kitchen, a very large building. Judging from the

space allowed for the culinary art, its results must have been a very favorite source of gratification. On to the adolat-khanah where the king received petitions; this joins the ruins of the Sonah-Mahal or "Golden Palace," now burnt. All of these were built by Ali Adil Shah II. Then the Avada-Mahal, or Harem, large, and three stories high, with a splendid lofty arched entrance. Most of the interior is supported by narrow arches arranged to be closed if desired; adjoining this the Doby-Mahal, which I do not understand, as Doby means washerman, whereas this is the counterpart of the harem, and eastern potentates generally have a separate building for themselves, as reception hall and for business. I think it must have been the King's Palace. There is a large tank or basin near by, which may have suggested its name. The gardens are a jungle. On to a curious little mosque, formerly a Hindoo temple, with a multitude of irregularly arranged columns, the ceiling low, and a second story in one part. It is called the Agrahar, and pertained to the Hindoo College near it. Then the Mecca-Musjid, built by Ali Adil Shah I.

Thence to the citadel gate, near which is an old ruin with curious sculpture like the caves at Ellora, and some black basalt columns with Kandareese inscriptions, one of the columns curiously carved.

To the palace of the Asaim Sharif, so called from holding some relics of Mahomet, of course they are very sacred, and only shown once a year. There is nothing of note about the building save the upper rooms, one of them covered with morning glories—the other with partially defaced figures. The faces were the only interesting parts, and some of them were well executed.

Continued to the unfinished tomb of Ali Adil Shah II., of grey basalt, on a terrace two hundred feet square, and fifteen high, on each side a row of seven lofty arches about twenty-eight feet high, by twenty-two broad. These arches are three feet deep; in the centre of the building on a raised platform, repose the remains of Ali Adil Shah and some of his family. The ruins present a fine appearance; this building was commenced in a moment of vanity, with the intention of its being so enormous

... shadow on the tomb of Mahommed Shah, which is ... mile or more distant.

Terminated my morning's work by breakfasting with Hunt and Turner, who, like myself, were occupying a tomb. I then rode to the tomb of Mahomed Shah, for H. to try his concertina. The effect was delightful. *One of them proposed* trying a gun in the dome; so hailed my people from one of the seventh story windows to bring up the *rifle—for a gentle experiment!* The noise, fired from where we were on top of the building and base of the dome, was like a cannon. They then proposed firing it near the wall, and one of them went on the opposite side and placed his ear close to the wall, the shock was so great that he was nearly stunned. Retiring to my tomb, I did the honors of the mosque with a "tiffin" (lunch).

To the citadel, after which, they went home to copy some of my sketches, and I to the Great Mosque. The Jumma Musjed, or Great Mosque, is, as its name implies, the Mosque of the place; an arcade encloses the three sides of the quadrangle in front. The portico is supported by fine columns, from every one of which rises a domed ceiling. In the rear, in place of a pulpit or altar, is a recess beautifully ornamented with relievos and inscriptions, or passages from the Koran in Persian. These are in gold, on a ground of black, blue, and red, rich, though not gaudy—Arabic taste arranges the colors so well. There are several other fine tombs, but pleasing only from the exterior.

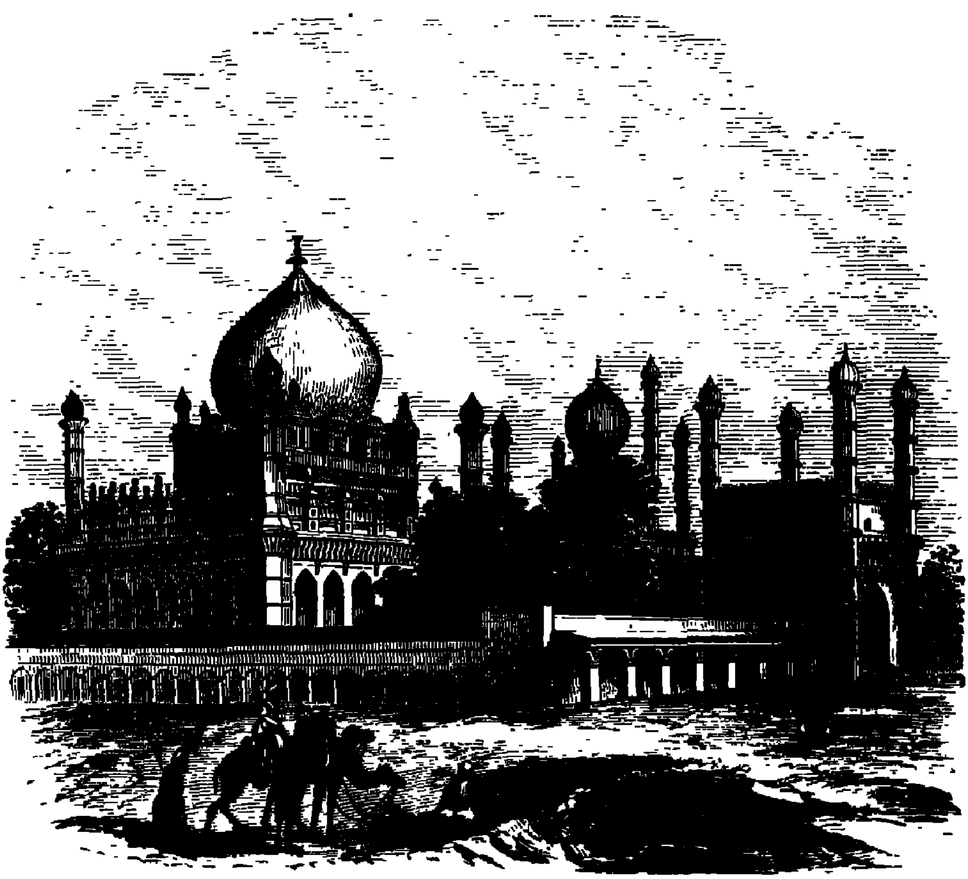
March 16th.—Made a daylight sketch of Mahommed Shah's tomb, after lots of trouble from the people about it, "bothering" me for orders and certificates, for they are as pertinacious as obsequious and tedious. At last, off to the Ibraham Rosa or Mausoleum of Ibrahim Adil Shah, outside of the gate. It is a very beautiful building, like a mosque in appearance. The interior is plain, with only the tombs of himself, wife, and those of three or four of his brothers and children. Around the exterior of the building is a portico, and the walls covered with



Sketched by the Author.

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MAUSOLEUM OF MOHAMMED SHAH, BEEJAPORE



Sketched by the Author

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TOMB OF IBRAIM ADIL SHAH, BEEJAPORE

ll work, except where relieved by passages from the Koran, \rabic characters of gilt on a colored ground—the effect :edingly rich. The mosque on the opposite end of the ter- , is much like the Java Musjed; returning home stopped to :h the Ibraham Rosa, where Hunt and Turner told me an sing account the siwars gave them of me the day I arrived, n they inquired who I was, they said, "Oh! Sahib is an ncer Sahib, and busy drawing all the cities, he looks at 1 one day and draws them the next—and so quick; (then ng a very supercilious look around, said) why he would everything in this place in two or three hours!" They being chers themselves, had a good laugh at the wonderful per- 1ances attributed to me.

eejapore is certainly one of the most extraordinary places ever visited, and one of the most so, that probably ever ex- l. Springing from nothing, in two hundred years rose, under magic influence of eight successive Mahommed sovereigns, to a ıt of magnificence probably not surpassed in India, and then uddenly sinking into obscurity after its conquest by Aurung- :, which put an end to this short-lived, though most bril- t dynasty. There are said still to be in existence, 700 wells ı steps, and 300 without. *Wells in the East are one of the cations of wealth and importance.* 700 mosques of stone and of chunam (plaster), the walls eight miles in circumference. :f Adil Shah commenced his reign, A.D. 1500; Ismael Adil h, 1507; Ibraham Adil Shah, 1534; Ali Adil Shah, 1557; him Adil Shah II., 1579; Mahommed Shah, 1626; Ali l Shah II., 1660; Secunda Adil Shah, 1685. To-day dis- ed my siwars to return to Satara.

'arch 17th, HINDOO TEMPLE.—Found this cool and inviting, put up" in it. In the midst of a nap, a wedding party came › do "pooja," or some other ceremony, eat cakes, etc.; the m came to my bed to give me two rolls, each with chunam a betel-nut wrapped in a tobacco leaf, which they, both

men and women, chew. It is disgusting, makes a red saliva, the chewers as they expectorate the red saliva, have the appı ance of bleeding at the lungs. As no one here knows about januggur or Iwally, or even the names of the stations along road, I shall have to give up my search after these old to' and go on to Kulludghee, besides losing a day looking for tł

When I laid down to sleep, I sent my butler to the head ı of the village to get bullocks, and had just turned over another nap after the bridal party left, when my servant c: back with the report I could not have any; just then I sa crowd coming up, which the servant said was the head r himself, so thought I'd anticipate his impertinence; got stepped into my slippers and picking up the riding whip, w out and met him—he was surrounded by a gang who came to him bully me. I told him, I wished two pair of bullocks, ɛ had an order from Mr. O——, the resident, on all the villa for what I wished. He said he was not going to give me a and did not care for Mr. O——, he had nothing to do with h So then I told him I must and would have them, and if bullocks were not here in half an hour I'd lay my whip over back—emphasising my threat to show I was in earnest, with alternation of my fist, in proximity to his eyes, and the end my heavy hunting whip punching his ribs; then kicked sepoy for not bringing them, and turning on my heel, went bɛ to bed again, leaving him and his crew to enjoy the intervi and the loss of anticipated fun in their respective ways. In teen minutes the bullocks were before the temple.

Now my "stupids" must make a fuss, they can't ride a b lock or tattoo without a saddle and stirrups, and I'm sure I do know what all else their troubles are. I expect they will wɛ my horse and saddle next. There was an old fellow in here pray to-day, who in "doing up" Bramah, or the others of tl charming trio, stretched himself five times on the floor.

March 18*th*, KOLA.—Just before we got here, fourteen ar

lopes passed within half rifle shot, unfortunately in the row last night my rifle was put in the carts. I am in a sort of government office, proclamations and notices in Kandarese hang around the room, while bed-bugs promenade it, much to my horror and discomfort. But the sun is so hot I can't tent, except under a tree; however, after this I shall always find bungalows.

The police officials have been very civil—to pay for it I've had to give four certificates vouching for the attention, besides money. One man rolled and wagged his head like a "dancing jack" while his was being read.

March 19, KULLUDGHEE.—Started my people off last evening at sunset while I napped till twelve, when I started with the Coolies, and the bed, and torch-bearer. In an hour came to a rapid branch of the Chrishna which we forded, how, I can't say, for we seemed to be wading down stream a distance of a mile and a half; there was a rapid current, a rocky bed, and water from a foot to two and a half deep, which made it confoundedly awkward for all, particularly me on horseback, for though the guide and four men who carried the bed and bedstead got along very well, they went slow, feeling their way; the torch-bearer kept between, to give them and me an equal benefit; but my Arab, who is a fast walker, disliked both the smoke and slow locomotion, and as he pitched and plunged among the rocks I expected every moment he would either upset the bed-bearers, or go into a hole and give me "a dip." Luckily we all got over safely. I did not dare think how my baggage got across, for with the thought came visions of wet carpet bags, with ruined sketches, drawing-books, and herbarium.

Sunday, March 20.—A chaplain is only allowed here for six months, so I've been in the bungalow all day. To-day been luxuriating in some of the Boston hermetically sealed "fixins," long clam soup and tomato catsup.

March 21, PUNCHAGAUM.—Nothing of interest on the road or here.

March 22, EMANPOOR.—Two or three wild boars crossed the road last night a short distance ahead of me. I thought they were bears at first. In this country, where there is such a variety of game, it is not safe to ride too near, unless you know what it is. A friend of mine in that way rode nearly up to a tigress and her cubs a few months ago, mistaking them for wolves, and did not discover his error until within a hundred yards and then without a gun. Here found half-a-dozen horses, boar-spears, and servants. At sundown up galloped three officers for a "pig-sticking" frolic.

March 23.—Found there were several people in the bungalow, a lot of carts and traps; made the peon find me a room, so snug, could just about get in with a bed and carpet-bag. After I had done the principal part of the day's work, breakfast and a nap, butler reported the two gentlemen sent their "salaams (in English, compliments or any other civil expression), to me and wished me to join them in the piazza to dine; then thinking, perhaps, he had not expressed the civility or invitation strong enough, added, "and Madame Sahib sends her salaam too!" Not liking to trust him with a verbal message after his late brilliant sample, I "sugared up" (anglicé, arranged my toilet), and getting on a coat, paid the gentlemen a visit and thanking them for the invitation, begged to be excused from the dinner as my wardrobe was not in a presentable condition for ladies' eyes, and dressing was no joke when I would have had to unpack a trunk for "toggery," besides re-packing again immediately for my midnight journey. One was a married man, a Mr. Gillespie,* the other a youngster cadet, who was very near blowing us all up by touching off some loose powder on a table that had an open

* About a year afterwards killed by a tiger while shooting.

canister standing in the middle of it. Luckily his friend saw the movement in time to snatch it up and run out, while the foolish boy had his hands and face well blistered, and eyebrows and lashes burnt off. My Arab, thanks to his stupid groom, is not well—so I've got to take to the bullock-cart this evening.

March 24, BELGAUM.—Got in at half-past one last night, and began the day good by going to church, it being Lent. A congregation of about four persons. Then as the song says, "sent for a surgeon (veterinary) the first in his vocation, who came and made a long oration, and ended his jaw by amputation," not precisely, but by suggesting a burning iron and medicines. I cited Youatt and proposed bleeding; so he consented, praised the horse, as every body does—and left. This afternoon a walk around the town, which has a high wall, deep moat, and circular buttresses; found pretty flowers, and their seeds in which you will feel more interest. On my way home passed a bungalow—a pretty flaxen-haired little child ran almost up to me exclaiming "Pa, pa," when it discovered the mistake the poor little thing ran back again, displaying its chagrin in wry faces. From a high hill had a good view of Belgaum. It is pleasantly situated with undulating country and a belt of distant hills. It is the head-quarters of division, in this part of the presidency.

March 25.—This day a year, according to church chronology, I was wandering about Jerusalem. I wonder where my wandering whim will lead me this time next year—much nearer home I hope. Commenced this morning before sunrise in a regular fog, the first I've seen in India; walked down to the fort and all through and around it. It is not strictly speaking a fort, but the shell of a walled town, occupied by officers, bungalows, church, and small quarters for a few soldiers, from a mile and a half to two miles in circuit—the interior is laid out in pretty gardens, now filled with flowers. The bungalows are not pretty, but picturesque, with their many attachments, for each room is almost a small house by itself.

Then came home and bought a pony, as my horse must have a espite of a few days. Now another new gorawalla—fellows who are the bother of one's life—this is my *fourth* in about two nonths.

To church on my new purchase. On the way home he "bolted" own a steep hill for the stable, to the considerable risk of his eck, and mine too. Found my table covered with flowers and eds. I had sent my butler, who knows almost every person f note, and without note, in this presidency, to get me every ind of flower he could find, and I think he must have obeyed e order literally; among the flowers one I've been trying a ng time to find—a very beautiful flowering tree for a garden edge; heretofore the seeds had all been green. My butler is a wel in some things, notwithstanding his stupidity in others. e is always looking out for something good for me to eat, which begs, borrows, or buys, as may happen. To-day met a fellow itler with some fine Bombay mangoes (the best in India), he as carrying homeward for his master, and he begged four nice ies for me, two of which I've paid my respects to. The stones e lying at my side drying to be packed away with the other uit stones, and seeds. The other two mangoes have the same ospective division before them. I wish I could give them to ou instead, together with a heap of flowers in my window to be rown away. The mango fruit is flattish and oval looking, like small over-ripe watermelon, but not much larger than a good-zed pear. The inside is yellow and exceedingly luscious, but e fruit is not equal to the praise bestowed upon it. It has a rge oval flattish stone.

Butler is trying to decide about a second gorawalla I must ve for my other horse. One is a particularly good groom, but inks occasionally. The other is not quite so good, but sober; th take their wives. Madras women as well as men, are fond a "dhrop." In this place, there are four regiments, one or o European, belonging to the Company's service.

March 26*th*, PATNA BUNGALOW.—At twelve I started, passing through the native town, not a person except the guards to be seen. For two days past, there has been a furious jubilee here. Went by a tree covered with garlands—doubtless, one of the head-quarters of the festivities. Four years ago, the Hindoo and Mahommedan processions met, and the military had to be called out to suppress the riot. Last night met two gentlemen going in. At daylight, saw a hill fort, a short distance from the road. Added to my collection four kinds of seeds, and some pretty delicate leaves I've not seen before.

March 27*th*, BATSEE BUNGALOW.—Crossed last night Rham Ghaut, the crossable part of a range of high hills. It is the great resort of Belgaum officers and families during the warm months. On the way up we came on three large wild boars and fifteen young ones. The rifle, as usual, was safe in the cart. At the top of the ghaut passed several bungalows—the view was lovely even by moonlight. The broken ranges of rugged hills were covered with heavy jungle, and all enveloped in the thick mist as it rose from the valley. The ascent was sufficiently bad, but the descent infinitely worse. For several hundred yards, the road is precipitous, with sudden turns. Saw an officer's cart upset, and "kit" distributed about the road—but didn't dare think of mine; shortly after his two horses, with the gorawallas, and the other cart; the attendants all fast asleep, quite regardless of what had become of the other cart—true Indian apathy.

Had to-day the benefit of another Hindoo fête. They seem to come quite as often as in Russia, where they use up four days out of the seven. At the head of the procession which visited me, were half-a-dozen maniacal looking persons, with long flying hair—dancing, and flourishing naked swords.

March 28*th*, HASSANENDI.—After dinner last night, I gave orders to start at seven. Waking up at twelve, I found my people not gone and asking butler why, he said, "I no can do anything—those

ity bullock men say 'no go.'" I took my hunting whip, and ent where they were sitting, smoking, and chattering with their ends; and giving them a very demonstrative *hint* that I meant y orders to be obeyed, carts and men were very soon on the arch. Shortly after starting, we crossed the lines into the Porguese territory of Goa. We were stopped, and had to unload erything in the carts, the guard having made such a "rout" er allowing us to pass, owing to some officious underling. So had to return, and four officials were roused from their umbers to know whether we could pass or not, and at last we re consigned to the tender mercies of a Hindoo "writer," who s (for me) unfortunately too honest for a bribe, or to be overne with civility.

Found a marked difference in the roads and country the mont we crossed the lines. Though midnight I added some ds to my collection. To-day, for want of accommodation or a at, I have been melting in the tent in a cocoa-nut grove, where e been alternating between sketching, studying, napping, rifle actice, and swimming.

This afternoon, several heavy showers, and it was quite refreshg to see a little rain once more.

March 29th, GOA.—Waking about midnight, I walked out see if the boat had arrived; it was a lovely night, with full oon. Part of my people were asleep under a tree, with a tification of traps around, ready for embarkation. I routed y cook to know if the boat had arrived. He paid a visit to butler, who was reposing under the shade of a neighboring ed. He returned with the intelligible report, "Butler, sahib, sleep; say no go; water can't come; boat be here some ne p'haps." So I tried to be resigned, and retired to bed ain. Was woke at two with the good news the boat was in; ten minutes the tent was down, the things and we were all on ard and off. The sail was through a narrow creek, with wild nery. Got here at daylight, where I was soon stowed in one

of the travellers' quarters, the other being occupied by four English officers.

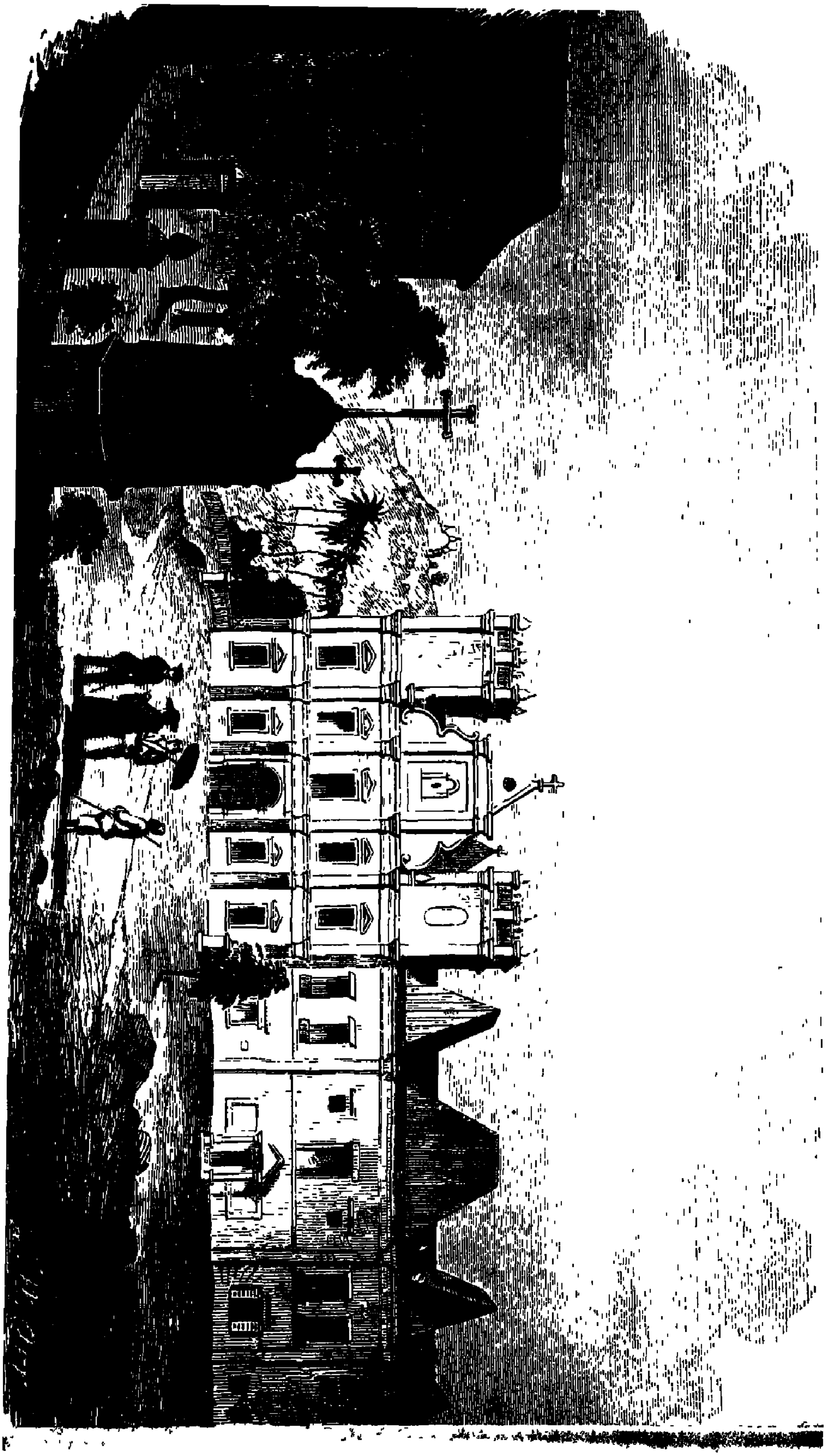
The place is pleasantly situated, though awfully and hopelessly dirty. In the river opposite, lays a Portuguese corvette, which they have been two years repairing, and at last is to start for home. Light canoes are skimming the river, paddled by a single native in the stern. After breakfast, I had a visit from a Portuguese appointed by the government to wait on travellers. He brought me two letters from Bombay. Among his interesting remarks, was: "United States fine country; beginning to improve quite fast. You under English government once, why not come so 'gain? First-rate government."

This afternoon, I went to the top of the Flagstaff Hill in the centre of the town, from whence is a most beautiful view of the entrance to the harbor, its two forts, the river, the town with its numerous churches, with distant villages and horizon bounded by blue hills. The territory has a population of 400,000, with 4,000 soldiers. One regiment is European, the rest are native, with considerable Portuguese blood, all of whom have the chance to be promoted to any rank in the service, which is not the case in the East India Company's service, where the highest native officer is inferior to the lieutenant. The soldiers here, are a very slouchy set, like their masters; quite unlike the easy soldierly bearing of an English sepoy, who, but for his face, would be taken for an English soldier, who, of all I've seen in Europe, have the most soldierly bearing.

The revenue is about $500,000, which is very small for so rich a country, and with such advantages, if improved. In front of my house, are anchored several catamarans, which are only dug out with high siding and no bearings, with two long covered poles, and a heavy pointed log attached, which floats in the water. I've my own doubts about their speed when compared with our fast boats! Really the smell of salt water is most invigorating. There is an insurrection on the frontier, and several wounded and dying sepoys were brought in yesterday.

March 30th.—By sunrise was off in a munchil to hunt up my banker who lives out of town. The apparatus was a legless couch with an awning or framework attached to the pole that sustained the munchil, which pulls down on either side you wish it. What a luxury it would be to have one of these at home, if you could only have four stout fellows to carry you about all day for half a dollar. I met the "gent" on the way—"the spirit had moved him" to come in that morning. He was a high caste Hindoo, half naked, and slipshod, with a crimson velvet skull-cap, after the fashion of his class in this locality. He was shuffling along on foot—his palanquin following. Getting the money, I started in a large boat with ten oars and awning, called a bunda boat, for old Goa. This place is by distinction called Pungee, or New Goa. The day was fine, and the row charming. Went by numerous little villages, each with its large church—for their spiritual welfare is well attended to—and I presume, as a matter of course, they liberally reciprocate the favor by sharing their worldly goods with their *kind* spiritual benefactors. There was once a college here. We passed the great wall built by Alfonzo Albuquerque, who came out to subjugate India, and in 1515 took Goa, and made it the capital, to prevent the inroads of the Mahrattas. We saw the once magnificent ruins of the St. Augustine monastery—perhaps even more grand in its ruins, for thus a part is left for imagination to supply, though this is scarcely required—for it must have been larger than any I've seen even in Europe. It once had three hundred monks. There are several other monastic ruins, and at one time there were *seven hundred* monks here. A rather formidable ecclesiastical establishment!

Visited several of the large churches, and the cathedral. On the pavement over the vaults I read the names of many of its early bishops and priests, mostly dating from 1625 to 1700. From the cathedral we went on by the ruins of the *Inquisition!* for this too, it appears, was necessary, for desperate cases require forcible remedies, *in some religions!*



e went on by the nunnery, rambling among the ruins of the ugustine monastery. But most of the entrances have been ed up, and much of the stone from the other parts has been ed to New Goa for building purposes. I made sketches, got seeds, and started for home; taking another sketch as we ed down the river. I was disappointed in the ruins; they ntirely ecclesiastical, but the sail and scenery were lovely— atter I fancy scarce equalled, for a water view in India. As were rowing down near the shore we saw the Governor's ly pass; among them was a pretty daughter. There is an old ge built in 1626 now in fine preservation.

utler "laid himself out" this evening for a grand dinner, as was no baggage to be packed, or eight o'clock departure, les having had the entire cuisine to himself, as I had the al, and the cook had gone to see his family. But I won't excite envy by a recital of all the "good things." Suffice to say, les four vegetables, I had for dessert *six* kinds of *fruit*, as if pposed the sail had given me the capacity and ability of men. Of the vegetables, one was a white sweet potato, not chly flavored as the yellow kind. The fruits were plantains, apples, mango, guava, jack fruit, and cashoo. I only won- 'Butler Sahib" did not provide a few melons and cocoa-nuts. he market does not furnish all, he had resorted to some of ultitudinous friends to beg or borrow. The jack fruit is h eaten by the natives. It grows in a large sack from one o feet long, by six to twelve inches in diameter, and with an inch thickness of skin which is rough, closely studded small points. Inside is the fruit, packed in segments like range, several hundred being in each sack; butler showed quarter of one which he and another butler had bought: nk it will last me and the servants nearly a week, they are so t and luscious; the tree is large, and used for canoes and fur- e. In each segment of the fruit is a large bean-shaped stone. sack looks like a wet sponge, and grows on small twigs from runk and branches, and not on the ends of the branches.

The cashoo is a beautiful fruit, shaped like a bell pear, of a rich golden color, with "a dash" of red on one side. Outside on the large end, where the blossom usually is, grows the stone. The tree is as large as a good sized apple-tree, with large leaf. The fruit is juicy and pulpy. I do not like it very much. The sap and juice are made into a liquor, the leaves used medicinally. The other fruits on table, I've before described. The cocoa-nut is extensively grown here for oil and fruit; liquor is distilled from its sap. Being the only good oil in India, it is used by every one. The lamps are generally glass vessels of oil with floating tapers, a style peculiar to India. Just as I was sitting down this evening to write, in came butler with his "day book," with, "Massa, please make my 'count," the usual preface, as I have to attend to it, or he forgets his hieroglyphics, for in India all purchases and payments are made through his hands, he of course charging his commission, which is an understood thing, called "dustera." Usually both sides have to contribute to this. Whenever I fancy I've a few moments to myself, this vision and sound greet me; when I saw the long list, I began to think if I should stay here a few weeks longer, there would be a famine. I have about as many entries to make for "Butler Sahib," as a merchant in a fair business; but with this difference—the profits to him, and loss to me. I had just finished "Butler Sahib," when the Portuguese agent made his appearance, and like all stupid people didn't know how to go when he had finished his business. So he sat and bored me.

March 31, SALSETTE.—I'm sure you would laugh if you could "look in" upon me and the establishment, at the present moment, and see our avocations. We are all in and about an old shed, the centre of attraction to the loungers of the village. I writing up my journal; my "crow quill," a feather from a fresh killed chicken. Not being able to get at my portfolio, I had to take a lantern and hunt for a feather from some late "sudden death," as chickens are called in India from the summary manner that in

half an hour's time they are metamorphosed from a cackling fowl to a well flavored "quill" on the bungalow "mahogany" before a half-starved traveller. I had to dry the quill before the fire, to commence operations. The horses are almost at my elbow, winking and blinking, sighing and pawing under their shampooing operations, which they hate as much as any boy ever did to get his face and hands washed. Cook and mussal are busy getting dinner, while butler waddles about, guggling his "hubble-bubble," and cackling like an old woman, alternately at his subordinates and the bullock men, and in his agony of despair comes and asks "If Massa won't please speak to them nasty men, he no do nothing, he say he want his dinner, he go this time yesterday morning, you kill, you cut his throat, he no go 'fore, what you do? Vulta?" (What can I do?) So I have to go out, be very fierce, and threaten to annihilate them; whereupon they promise to start, and by way of commencement go and get their supper at nine o'clock at night, instead of going off with my baggage.

It's difficult to say which is the worst here, the people or the government. You can't compel a person to do anything, and are swindled awfully by every one. They make me pay four times as much as ever before, and then won't do what I want. This morning the government agent came in, and after a great parade about the fuss the Governor and aids had made, because I did not call on them, (which I expected to have done to-day, not having had time before,) told me the boatman said I must leave immediately instead of this afternoon as I had expected to do. Luckily I had sent my horses by land at daylight, and been up to the "Flagstaff Hill," and got my last sketch. So I only missed seeing the Governor, which I did not care a straw about, a petty official like him being nothing to gain or lose by not seeing. So despatched a breakfast of fried oysters, etc., and off out of the bay and round a headland at sea, on which stands the palace of the bishop. We were hailed, and I had to come in and show our permit to leave the country—a miserable farce in the most insig-

icant province on this vast continent, and the only one in iich it is done. Then up a small river arriving here at six s evening.

April 1.—Started at two this morning. At four passed ough a large town, quite European in appearance, with uses and churches. An hour after changed our carts for olies, as there were no roads beyond. *These Coolies* happened be women—and such a time!—arranging for seventeen of them all ages and sizes to carry my "traps." At last the price s fixed, just half as high again as it should be. Then off they rted for breakfast. It seems an universal custom in the st for the people to go and eat after making a bargain and 'ore starting. Perhaps it is because they become so exhausted talking. At last we were all fairly on the road, and through wild a looking country as one can well find even in India. The ly object that interested me was a brown "cobra capella,"—the st I've seen. Reaching a village, the end of their stage, they, regular woman style, "put their foot down"—they would not further and were preciously impertinent. I could not get y others, so tried their sympathies, but "no go." I looked firm d said they should, and I'd pay them extra; they all shoul-'ed their loads, then stood blubbering and squalling, and we d quite a commotion, seventeen women "going it like blazes." e officials came up and said they would find me men, though y had before refused. I must spend the night here.

April 2nd.—After half the night spent in quarrelling about n, got off at seven this morning, and travelled till three, cross-; a river by swimming my horse. After waiting two hours on opposite side, half starved, and half sick from bad water last ;ht, had a deputation of Coolies from butler, who said I must back to the Custom-house, which my stupid guide had made miss, and what was worse, had to walk in a hot sun four les—two there, and same back, with long riding boots, and

half sick, feeling ready to drop every step. I found an old Portuguese colonel, awfully civil, begging a thousand pardons for making me come back, and glanced very magnificently at my order to pass luggage and self. Then invited me to take some refreshments prepared for me, among them a sausage most as long and as thick as my arm, preserves, wine, etc. But I was too unwell to eat anything, so got a cup of tea which set me up. Then sent my people off, despatching a messenger ahead with a Mahratta and Portuguese order to the various officials to assist me, besides a guard to prevent my three men from deserting. The colonel was going to send me in his palanquin, but a rascally old padre had borrowed it. I waited an hour in vain for him to return, then footed it back escorted by a guard.

April 3d, SADASHAGHUR.—Off at four, reached this, and meeting a "half caste" (a person with father white, mother native), inquired where the Government bungalow was, and who were in the place. "Only the lieutenant on the hill, I and the drummer." My train coming up, started up hill, as they said there was an empty bungalow at the disposal of travellers if permission asked. Found my informant had got me into a blunder, as the house was private property, belonging to a Lieutenant S——, who, with true Indian hospitality, gave me rooms, and ordered his servants to prepare breakfast. I was right glad to get into comfortable quarters again. Seen nothing to-day to interest save an awful big "cobra capella," *eight* feet long, and nearly as thick as my arm; he was crossing the road from a "paddy" (rice) field over into another. He was not more than forty feet from me, going along with head a foot up; but he was so intent looking at me, he did not see a native approaching who was only about twenty-five feet from him, nor did the native see the snake, as *he* was so intent looking at me. My boy with the rifle was behind, or I would have shot the snake, the Coolies came up shortly, and we all went and looked for him—luckily did not find him, for he was so large some of us would likely have been bitten and

killed. He was nearly black—the most venomous kind. This is a lovely spot, on a promontory, with superb view of the island, bay, and distant hills, a few yards distant a hill fort; we are within its walls.

April 4th, ARKOLAR.—Started at four this morning; am now in the Madras presidency, and find frequent bungalows and servants to get meals. To-day I have been marching by the sea shore.

April 5.—Off at midnight. Early this morning, I crossed quite a bay at a village called Tudaree. We and the horses all went over in a kind of horse boat, a square box on two canoes; as we went near the breakers, and the boat rolled heavily, I thought both horses would either upset the boat or get into the water themselves, which is not altogether free from sharks in these warm latitudes. I suppose the grey has fearful visions of his trip from the Persian Gulf to Bombay—like the "middle passage" of negroes, as regards the comfortable transport.

April 6, HONAHWAR.—Started at midnight for this place, which they said would be a short ride; but I found it five or six hours. Passing though a village last night, I saw some people dancing. As I rode up, found about twenty-five natives hard at work, "on the light fantastic toe," at some kind of "jig" or "shuffle;" they were decked out in the ordinary long white gowns, *pantalettes*, and red sashes, with their turbans filled with artificial flowers, "doing" a most intricate dance. The torch-bearers, by way of compliment, stationed themselves at my side, nearly suffocating me with smoke, besides the uncomfortable heat, so I begged to be excused from the honor. After breakfast sent for the cutwal (native official), to know about the routes and distance to Gussuppa Falls. He said he did not know, but had "a book down at the office that would tell all about it." So back he came with a Tamal Bible.* But as that did not lead to any

* One of the many dialects in Southern India, which are so numerous.

of the Indian routes which I wished to take, inquired what officials were in the place. He began with the collector, who was away then, the Judge Sahib. I stopped him there, and getting myself up respectably, called and sent in my card. I found a very nice old gentleman of sixty-two or three, who at once entered into all my plans; said he would lend me his "munchil" (a light palanquin), till I could have one made, and sent Coolies on the road ahead, and advised me to sell most of my things, horses, etc.; if not, to send the horses by land to Seringapatam or Bangalore—a march of about 350 miles, and I go down the coast in his yacht to Calicut. Said I must excuse his not asking me to stay at his house, for it was already full, but sleep at the dawk bungalow (government bungalow), "but I shall expect you to come and spend the days here, taking your meals with us," besides routes on which he could "book" me on all his relatives and friends. Isn't that an avalanche of good luck? After dinner I had a nice sail in a small yacht.

April 7.—Breakfasted with Judge L——. There is a gentleman staying with him, a famous "chicarri" (hunter), who came out some years ago as a cadet, and when he first joined the army he was so bullied by his comrades and superior officers, that in a fit of disgust he sold out, and not daring to go home, went into the jungle and lived like a native for ten years; not seeing during this period a white person, or any one who spoke English, he almost forgot the language. He was finally discovered and put in business somewhere on the coast.

This is a beautiful spot, but horribly snaky, if any one part of India can be more so than another. Besides centipedes and scorpions found in every place, all venomous, and only differing

It is customary for the servants to speak English, otherwise you would not know in which one of half-a-dozen dialects a servant would address you. Whereas, in the other presidencies, none will have a servant who is known to speak English, as it is generally presumptive evidence he is a rascal. The missionary presses in India, print the Bible in most of these languages.

in grade of venom. Coming home last night from the Judge's, the servant carrying a lantern by the Judge's advice, that I might avoid them if in the path, just before I reached the bungalow door there lay a large one a few feet in front, which the servant soon killed. This morning a large one, fifteen or sixteen feet long, was found caught in the bars of the Judge's chicken yard; he had got through, swallowed an old hen, and was stuck in getting back. I am most careful to have my musquito bars well tucked in. But one gets used to these little drawbacks as they do to the earthquakes in the West Indies.

The coast is indented with small harbors the entire distance from Goa. Soil very fertile, and abundance of shooting from tigers down; among the varied game is a kind of wild bull, very dangerous when wounded. Within three days past I've collected twenty-three kinds of seeds for you. Every nook and corner of bags and trunks has something in that line stowed away.

April 8, GUSSUPPA.—Letter after letter—the ink hardly dry on one before another commenced. An editor's labors of writing, sick or well, are nothing to a poor traveller's, for he adds tired to the other catalogue of complaints; besides receiving the "siller," whereas the traveller is always disbursing it. Sold one horse, and dispatched the other across the country to Seringapatam, with two servants to *lead* him. Such is the strictness of the police here, that if a man were seen riding his master's, or any nice horse, he would be taken up, unless he could show a written authority to do so. I gave my servant a note addressed generally to all officials on the road, to give him any assistance he might require, stating "he is to *lead* my horse to Seringapatam."

I am now off with my cook for "Gussuppa Falls," the "Niagara" of India. The sail up the river was cool and pleasant. Reached the termination of it at two in the morning, took to the munchil, an awful up hill journey, frequently holding on with both hands to keep from sliding out. Once we did get "stuck." The



Sketched by the Author.

SOUTHERN INDIA

See page 2(1.

Coolies* are to stay until I return for "batta," an extra compensation of three cents each, which has put them all in good humor.

At present the fall of water is comparatively small, in the rainy season a foaming river. The current of air came up the semicircular ravine—into which the water falls a perpendicular height of 915 feet—with so much force that it returns the water in a beautiful column of spray, glittering in the sun's rays like billions of diamonds, and rising fifty or sixty feet above where it started. From sunrise to sunset rainbows rest on the clouds of spray. To-day's journal I expect you will doubly prize, from the cruelty I was obliged to indulge in, of a feather from a chicken's wing for a pen. More seeds to-day, so you see I don't let this magnificent waterfall divert my attention from "Flora." In a stream near the fall saw some curious fish, one with a large oval body and long thin tail, red spots behind its eyes, and a spotted body, the body transparent and entrails coiled up like a watch-spring, also the heart and lungs in operation. Made several sketches. The fall is not generally known, people travel so little here, it's expensive and troublesome. One has to take such a retinue with such a quantity of etceteras; and then the slow method, twelve miles a day. I do double that, but then I go light, and am comparatively in haste.

April 10, HONAHWAR.—A charming sail down the river, the scenery is unusually fine. With the clear sky and morning or evening mists the tints are superb.

The foliage embracing every variety that is oriental, of fruit, ornamental and useful. At the Bungalow found a servant with a note from the Judge for breakfast and dinner, also two gentlemen in the same way as myself, sleeping here, and at other times enjoying the Judge's hospitality. He is going home shortly. He

* Coolies mean the common laborers, who have no regular business besides working as porters or at any hard labor.

has been here forty years, and been Judge thirty. He is now quite the patriarch of the station, looked up to and esteemed by all who know him. After breakfast to church, a gift to the station from him. In the absence of the chaplain he and the Doctor perform service. The congregation consisted of our breakfast party and a few military subordinates. In the enthusiasm of butler to sell off my travelling kit he almost got down to my wardrobe. All the afternoon it has been thundering violently and lightening, so I had a note from the Judge not to go, but come up and tea with him. Being under orders I obeyed.

AT SEA, *April* 11, 12, 13.—Pleasant sail, constantly in sight of land, passed a few harbors and generally flat shore. Yesterday passed the towns of Mangalore and Cannanore. Last night was magnificently grand, incessant sharp flashes of lightning, and the water so phosphorescent that with the agitation from the heavy surges and the breaking of their foaming crests as they rolled towards the shore, the sea looked like a raging mass of "living fire." Brilliant flashes of lightning momentarily on every side, and only eclipsed by the astounding bursts that every half minute changed the black gloomy sky to a canopy of flame that would have almost dimmed a mid-day sun. But grand as the sight was I should have admired it more from the land, than in my little yacht with a prospective gale and rocky lee-shore. The craft, small as she was, a perfect life-preserver in her way and a curiosity too, crammed in every nook and corner with a kind of pith, *ten* times as buoyant as cork, and the lockers formed of light canoes ready to be lashed together and thrown overboard in case of necessity. Luckily all passed off quietly, and we reached Calicut harbor or roadstead at eleven, not going ashore. I date at sea.

My old butler being indisposed to go any further from home, said he was very sick, so I got another, a perfect "magnifico," who says his prayers about six times a day, from fear or rascality, I do not know which motive; so I shall keep a strict watch on

him. When especially devotional they usually have some villainy ahead. I did not know but he would rub the skin off his face and feet by his frequent ablutions, or else wear a hole in his forehead by his multitudinons genuflexions and bumpings.

April 14, CALICUT.—Came ashore at daybreak. Put up at the travellers' bungalow. After breakfast called, and presented my letter from Judge L—— to his son-in-law, Judge W——, who proposed I should stay with him and prolong my visit, but my arrangements would not admit of it, so I declined. He gave me all the information as to my route he could, and a note to the collector, Mr. C——,* who was the officer to expedite me. I called, found him a very pleasant person, and one of the very few who had ever travelled in India. He spoke enthusiastically of our missionaries in both northern and southern India, many of whom he knew, among them a Mr. Lowery, who had succeeded in gaining great influence over Runjet Singh the then ruler of the Punjaub, who allowed him to establish missionary stations, and on his departure insisted upon his accepting a large present for himself, which he could only get off from by accepting it for the missionary society. As it is a great festival the Cutwal cannot start before to-morrow. Mr. C—— gave me an invitation to stay with him, but I declined, as I could not move, but I accepted an invitation to dinner. I spent a most pleasant evening and was surprised to find them so "well up" about America and American books, Stephens, Prescott, etc. Usually English people ignore all knowledge of our country. In India we are generally very well understood.

In this part of the country, instead of a turban, the people wear a curious hat like a fig drum, with a round, flat palm-leaf "roof" about two feet in diameter. The women have less show of decency than any I've met with in India; they are perfectly

* A cousin, I afterwards learned, of some of my most particular friends and acquaintances in India and England. He was savagely and unprovokedly murdered about two years since by some fanatic half-crazy natives.

nude above their hips. I am surprised the authorities don't enforce Portuguese regulations in the towns or villages. In Goa every man seen without a long gown or trowsers is arrested, imprisoned several days, and fined, so that as the boats approach the shore you see the fellows hurrying on their trowsers. The external show of decency made by the Spaniards, and Portuguese, is quite amusing when they are so known to be notoriously the most licentious people in Europe—and yet scarcely admitting the least particle of nudity in a statue that would pass quite unnoticed among the strictest of us.

April 15, CALICUT.—Obliged to lose a day here, I made the most of it to get "set up" again by tailors and tinkers. They have a custom in India that when one goes out to dine, he always takes his servant to wait upon him at table. Yesterday, when I dined at the collector's, my servant was perfectly resplendent, "got up quite regardless of expense." A flaming red turban as large as a band-box, brilliant scarlet and yellow silk pantalettes appearing below his flowing, white gown and crimson sash—with a molasses candy looking cane.

This place is one of the regular starting points on this side for the Neilgherries, a lofty range of hills and the great sanitarium of this part of India. The elevated position and climate being the best this side of the Himalayas, or short of "the Continent." There is nothing of any interest in the place. It is composed of a large number of native huts on the sea shore—only a miserable shadow of former greatness. It had once the largest commerce of any city on the Malabar coast. Here Vasco de Gama, the first Portuguese navigator in these seas, landed about the latter part of 1497. His wonderful account of the country caused another expedition to be sent, which was entrusted to the command of Alvarez Cabral, consisting of a large fleet and land force. Nor was the church forgotten—for eight Franciscan friars accompanied the expedition, which was instructed "to carry fire and sword into every nation that would not listen to their preaching."

Cabral obtained permission to establish a factory here; but after a short time, difficulties arising between his people and the Mahommedans who quarrelled in every place, the factory was destroyed, and the Portuguese put to death, to revenge a capture by them of some Mahommedan vessels. About that time the Pope conferred on the King of Portugal dominion of all the eastern countries which his fleets might discover. The King assumed the right under that authority, to take possession of all territories he could, by peace if possible, if not, by conquest, and convert them to the Romish faith. The King then sent a third General (Albuquerque) with a fleet and army. The Sultan of Egypt finding his lucrative commerce with India stopped by these wars, and his ships plundered, sent a large fleet to revenge the injuries his subjects and others of his faith had suffered. Then ensued a general war of reprisal along the coast of India and Arabia, between the Portuguese and all Mussulmen, during which Calicut was burnt several times. The chief points of severe conflict were Diu in Gujerat, and Goa, which was conquered by Albuquerque in 1510, and made the Portuguese capital in India. This was at one time subjected to a siege—the most remarkable of any in the annals of European warfare in India—in which the native allied forces from the Malabar coast and Mahratta kingdom, amounting to more than 100,000, besieged it in vain for two years, and were then obliged to retire after great loss. The Portuguese at one time possessed almost the entire western coast of India, besides much on the coast of Africa and Arabia. Albuquerque greatly enlarged the Portuguese power in India, and his government has always been considered as the most successful and brilliant period of their reign in this country.

About 1576 the Dutch engaged in the Eastern trade, which soon involved them in a war with the Portuguese, in which the former quickly gained the ascendancy. The English, finding the Dutch and Portuguese gaining so much advantage by their trade with India, formed an association in 1600, and obtained an

act of incorporation under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading to the East Indies."

This association, under various charters and titles, the stock owned by people of all ranks and professions, and both sexes, has continued to exist until the present year. Now, owing to political capitalists, trucklers to party, and meddlers who meddle on the principle of meddling alone, they have excited partisan spirit at home; while others were floating backwards and forwards from England to India, collecting choice morçeaux of cruelty, oppression, and misgovernment, (as some few I could name), who, going to India for such purposes, associated with none but disappointed Englishmen, or dregs of Parsees, and others. Learning the imaginary discontents of natives, more deeply dyed in political deceit and fraud than even they could be with all the delectable schooling their "errand of mercy" required—a people with whom deceit, fraud, and every base quality in a superlative degree, and a total absence of any quality we should consider estimable, which are not only absent but unknown—not even a word or idea in their language to express them—were considered the highest virtues. They were anxious to have any change that would rid them of a government that was benefiting their country, improving and enriching it in every way by railroads and other roads, rendering their rivers navigable, introducing machinery, canals, the telegraph, and commerce. Affording them safety for property, a systematic taxation, courts of justice—and *justice* in these courts—in fact a system of civilization conducted with such an energetic, steady course of progress that no one could imagine it as a possibility with so small a capital to work with, and much more to realize it, unless they actually saw it, and then their amazement would increase as they saw the difficulties to be contended with at every step—difficulties from extent of country and almost innumerable population—difficulties of prejudice from the entire novelty of the system to what they were unaccustomed where money, power, or fraud alone were the stepping-stones to influence or success, and difficulties of re-

ligion, and caste, embracing ignorance, superstition, and fanaticism!

Such were the people from whom these meddlers and political disorganizers got their *valuable* information, and moved the political machine that has eventually worked the East India Company's Charter into a nullity, and the "Home Government" into the actual control.

This Company, by almost incredible energy, with very little assistance from "home," like England's other child in America, but with its own right hand of might and energy, gradually drove out successively, Dutch, Portuguese except at Goa, and French except at their few little spots held like the Portuguese, by sufferance, and adding to their few small settlements or factories on the coast, province upon province, as the rulers and people of each successive province compelled them to annex them to prevent their constant inroads and wars, (for with the natives in India there is no middle course, you must belong to them or they to you, forbearance is *always* considered the result of weakness or cowardice), until the vast territory of India, together with part of Burmah, various islands and places in the Indian Ocean, belonged to what was once a small company of trading merchants, now a mighty empire; with until lately, a well officered and disciplined army of over 300,000 native soldiers, but with less than 5,000 English officers. Troops that furnished the *first instance on record* of crossing bayonets (and successfully! crossing them when alone and unsupported by English troops), with the French, and defeating them—made Bernadotte a prisoner (then a sergeant), afterwards King of Sweden. So efficient were the police that officers' wives were constantly travelling alone, in every part of India, in their journeys between the seaports and their husbands' stations, and in their trips to and from England. Travel was safer in every respect, and a lady more secure from insult, besides an object of respect and attention, than in any country in the world. The country has, besides developing English energy, been a school for many

of her best officers. The Duke of Wellington, and many others of brilliant name, first "won their spurs" fighting the Company's battles. It also furnished a lucrative source of employment to thousands of the youth of England in the army or civil employment.

April 16, ANUNDOOR BUNGALOW.—This is the biennial anniversary of my departure from home. Twelve o'clock to-night will make out the two years—to an hour I presume. Last year on this day of the month, I was on top of Mount Tabor, the Mount of the Transfiguration. It was stormy then, and same now, as if to remind me of the terrible gale I sailed in from home. Started at five yesterday afternoon. Had a delightful row of twenty miles, which, owing to shoals and turns, took ten hours. The boat was well adapted for rowing. It had a nice cabin, and eight stout oarsmen, besides two paddlers in the stern. The scenery of the wildest description, with a dense jungle of underbrush, forest trees, and graceful palms. Occasionally a stone cabin peered through the brush, now and then a large blazing fire producing a singular effect. The only living objects to be seen on or near the river, an occasional native in his light canoe or the scattered rice boats, long narrow canoes covered over tightly with reed and thatch, looking like a long snake gliding over the surface. Our crew rowed merrily, singing hour after hour without flagging, most methodistical tunes—the two rear boatmen with stentorian lungs leading off with a sentence, which the six forward ones repeated. As the last note died away with the farthest one, they all repeated in chorus, the two stern ones leading. It was very agreeable and musical. It was so animating I almost fancied myself at a "camp meeting." I've not heard anything in the way of boat-music like it, since the Halec-Halec Yallah Hae of the Egyptian boatmen going into Thebes or Cairo of an evening. On landing found my Coolies and munchil. They loaded up and we started off. For a distance they followed the course of the river, but the rapid current disconcerted them;

they got into deep water which, though not over *three* feet, wa quite enough when so rapid, with a head load or munchil to ur steady their steps; and I trembled for my baggage. My hands wer busy each side as I lay in the munchil, measuring the *distanc between it and the water*—at last it reached *about three inches*, and began to feel uncomfortable, when in the midst of it my bearer stopped to have a word war with the baggage Coolies, who wer plunging about on the other side of the stream. Just then I saw my cook barely keeping headway. My bearers started off an soon reached shoal water, which relieved me from the calcula tions and probabilities of managing to escape out of thi affair, if dropped in the stream with an envelope of curtain an pole.

Crossed the river this morning again, at Erola, where wer a large number of rice canoes, and people boiling sugar cane then on through a wild country to this place, gathering som seeds by the way. One of my four bearers slipped in crossing mud hole, which upset the other, and let me " down by the head, any way but pleasantly. Here I must rest all day, and part o the night, as the bearers say a jungle is to be crossed, which frequented by elephants, that are very troublesome. But as don't believe the story, we've compromised on a start at two i the morning, wind and weather permitting. At present, it thundering and looks stormy; so I shall hope for the best.

April 17, SISSIPARAH BUNGALOW.—At four this mornin started—the last twelve miles a steep climb, with sharp turn and I could often feel the bottom of the munchil striking again the stones. The scenery as we wound up the Ghauts was magnif cent. The views from these hills are considered among th grandest in India. Three quarters of the way up, Mr. W——— passed me, though he left a night later; he had relays of horses o the road, the one he was then riding being a remarbably fine Peg pony, about eleven hands high, with immense breadth of che and back. Since Pegu has become an English province, immen

mbers of these ponies are imported for "hacks" and "hill work," which with their great strength they are admirably adapted. Shortly after reaching the bungalow, Major H———, an cer in one of the Queen's regiments, arrived. We were soon uainted, and discussed most socially over "the mahogany" joint contents of our hampers, and etceteras. In the course conversation, I found my people had dubbed me "Engineer len," for they are as bad as Irish servants at getting my name rectly. I've tried in vain to make my fellows believe I am in the service, and drop the title. But as it increases their portance, and engineers are influential men, they are sure to ich it to me whenever they can, and my sketching tends to firm their story.

April 18, AVELANCH BUNGALOW.—The cool air of last evening s most refreshing after the hot weather I've been enduring down the plains, though the change was so great I thought I should eze. This morning I collected six or seven new kinds of seeds m pretty flowering plants and trees. Saw many other plants bloom, but too early for seeds. To-day over hills and through all valleys but gradually ascending, and am now about 7,000 t above the sea. This afternoon, the last hour before we got in, re was quite an exciting race between our respective bearers, elve bearers to each of these light munchils, each party shouting. ———'s munchil had caught up with me, and such a race— ir grunting chorus in a defiant tone, as they trotted along at full miles an hour over rocks and broken roads, with as dismal a vl, as a first rate "Irish wake" could have accomplished with "mountain dew" accompaniment. When we reached this, nd another officer in possession of half the bungalow, or her his servants were, with table laid, expecting him.

April 19, OOTACAMUND.—I rose before daylight this morning finish my letter for the mail. I heard the butler and cook vering as they got me my breakfast. My two companions of

last evening were sound asleep. "Jonathan" is usually awake before the "rest of creation." My new acquaintance was a Captain G———, a very pleasant fellow. He is here ibex shooting. We spent last evening over a blazing fire—rather a change from two nights before, when I could not keep cool with as few clothes as decency would admit of. My Coolies being afraid of the cold kept me waiting an hour and a half for the sun to get fairly up. A charming morning. The road led over and through a succession of hills and valleys for fifteen miles, with scarce an acre of level land—one of the peculiarities of this range of hills. Very little is cultivated, and almost as little pastured, though it would feed hundreds of cattle.

Ootacamund presents the same uneven appearance. Every hill and valley is studded with white bungalows. I was met by the landlord a short distance from the hotel—a very soldierly respectable looking person—supposing him to be the "Boniface." On asking if he was, with a flourishing bow and complaisant smile, he replied, "I have the honor to be so," and accordingly furnished me with a very nice room in the bachelors' quarters. Soon Major H——— brought up the rear with the luggage. We happen to be the only occupants of this part of the establishment. The ladies' part is a very fine building, formerly the residence of my friend Judge L———. Both portions of the hotel are delightfully situated, with nice grounds and flower garden. The Major, who has been here before, proposed a walk this afternoon, and to be my cicerone. Being, like myself, a good walker, before we returned we had wandered over hill and dale, view-hunting until we nearly made a circuit of the place. We passed Judge W——— on the road.

April 20th.—At sunrise took a long walk for a fine view. Early and late the air is delightfully cool. In the middle of the day it is hot, and there is the same liability to "coup de soleil" as on the plain. Not being able to get any vehicle I walked to Judge W———s, and sent in to Mrs. B——— my card and letter

.er father Judge L——. This afternoon I saw all the ty and fashion" of the place riding or driving.

7 21st.—We got horses at last and had a long ride, the piloting as far as he knew the country, and our wits sup- the rest. This place is a labyrinth of roads. And so mbled over hills and through all sorts of by-paths; one ok us unexpectedly into the court-yard of a friend of the , who he thought was living several miles distant. Ano- ought us into our hotel yard, which, as it was near break- s hitting two marks rather closely. After breakfast I n a son of Judge L——. He was in the midst of carpen- l masons, a recent gale having nearly blown his house He is a coffee-planter. Like most other persons he abuses sent government of Madras. They are not willing to do g themselves, or allow joint-stock companies to be formed poses of business. Mr. L—— says coffee-planting is ofitable and not expensive. Plants well managed, will, in ears, bring a profit of treble the original outlay. While in coffee must sell well to produce twelve per cent.

l 22d.—I took a long scramble over the hills for a sketch, er breakfast a pilfering tour through my host's garden, so is a "conscience account" to be settled, I'll refer it to you. ied with pockets laden with flowers, seeds, and slips. I despatched most of my things by carts, under charge cook, to Bangalore, a seven days' journey. My butler owed with my things to meet him half way down the

23, SEGOOR.—I was in the saddle before daybreak this ; not a soul moving but the Major's servant, with whom y "salaam" for his master. Half way to the bungalow I k my cook and his carts. He had been caught in the l obliged to change all my baggage, their bullocks refusing

to go, and when the brutes are indisposed to do so, they kneel and stick their noses in the dirt. Everything had got soaked, and I had a grand time drying my wardrobe. Opposite the bungalow there is a beautiful cascade, which I sketched. The view descending the Ghaut is very fine, extending over the plains of Mysore. At the bottom of the Ghaut I found my transit coach, as they dignify this two-wheeled apparatus drawn by bullocks.

April 24, MYSORE BUNGALOW.—A few minutes after I started yesterday, it commenced to rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, of which I had the full benefit, peal after peal reverberated along the mountains, as my coach, or cart (whichever you prefer) was crawling along over horrid rough roads. By midnight I had passed the worst part of the way—a jungle of teak and iron wood. The former has an immense leaf, that of the latter is not much larger than a dollar. Finding a bungalow, I stopped and took dinner at this fashionable hour—one must conform to fashion wherever he goes. Two hours after I passed another bungalow, and near it two gentlemen were enjoying the storm in a hut. Then composed myself to sleep. At daybreak I was woke by my servant to see a distant pagoda with gilt ornaments on the tower. It was quite an unusual thing for a Mussulman to notice a Hindoo temple, and much more so, for him to think it worth attracting another person's attention to.

At nine I reached Mysore and passed through the town. The principal street was strongly perfumed with the odor of tuberoses which they were arranging for some festival. Going out of the other side of the city, in a few minutes we were at the bungalow. Found all but two miserable little rooms occupied. Making myself as comfortable in them as circumstances would admit, I sent my letter of introduction from Major H———, to Major C———, who commands the Rajah's troops.

This afternoon, strolled through the town, which has been well fortified for a native city. Hyder Ali removed part of the fortifications to Seringapatam, to strengthen that place, but since Tip-

poo Sultan's death the Rajah has resided here. The Palace is a formidable looking structure for size, built of brick, chunam and wood, without the least pretension to beauty. There are several Hindoo temples in the town, with gilded ornaments on the tops of the towers. Among the live curiosities are two bears in a cage. This evening I received a note from Major C——— promising to call in the morning, and saying it would be impossible to see the palace—a difficulty I apprehended,—as it is always a troublesome affair to attain in these countries.

April 25th.—My servant had just got my room in order this morning, when he announced that the gentleman had come; I told him to ask him in, when whom should he bring in but a fellow-lodger in the bungalow—a clergyman, who was as much surprised at being brought in, as I was at seeing him. However, we were soon in pleasant conversation. Shortly after came Major C——, a tall, thin man, whom I found very agreeable. He regretted he had not been able to get me into the palace, and, though thinking it impossible yesterday, had called this morning, when the request was refused. He gave me all the information to be had about the place and Seringapatam. There is little to say about this city, it having always been of minor importance until of late years—Seringapatam having formerly been the capital and citadel—even the French regiments never came here, though the fortifications were constructed by their engineers.

Major C——— invited me to the "Hill," where he is residing during the hot weather; but I declined. This afternoon I scratched away at some half-finished sketches, wrote up my journal, and then took a "constitutional" on the ramparts. A ragged sepoy came up, and making a most angular salutation, tried to communicate something; at the same time an old grey-bearded Mussulman approached and with a profound salaam, put a series of interrogatories—"Gentleman—officer—come see?—make roads?—where going?"—evidently my official rank had reached him. I satisfied him on some points, but did not disturb

the official impressions. I then made a scrawling sketch of some pagoda towers, and part of the fortifications, as a souvenir—for in reality there is nothing worth sketching here.

Near the town is a fine large tank or pool, in which I saw some elephants enjoying a bath. Such tanks are frequently to be met with in this part of the country, which is very flat, with light soil. They are usually small streams dammed up to make reservoirs for irrigating the land. There are a few bungalows of the English officers, and the Rajah's palace, near the fort. The greater part of the town forms a suburb to the fort. This was, and is the Hindoo town. The history of Hyder Ali's dynasty and family is short—and I will give it to you as told me by Major Codrington. Hyder Ali was a Mussulman by birth, and a petty officer in a sort of police at Mangalore, Calicut, or one of the small towns on the west coast. Being clever and bold, he gradually rose in position, until he got influence enough for a rebellion, when he dethroned the Hindoo monarch, and installed himself in his place, taking with him his religious creed. He made Seringapatam his capital. It is strong by nature, and vastly more so by art—for he came to the throne at the time of the French and English contests in India, and had the assistance of the French engineers. With the death of Tippoo Sultan, at the storming of Seringapatam terminated the independence of the kingdom. The present Rajah (his grandson I believe) is a mere dependent of the English. They allow him to keep about a thousand soldiers, who guard the palace. Major C——— gave me a full account of the force. There are "life guards," artillery, hussars, and half-a-dozen other branches of the service. On the Rajah's birth-day, they get up a mock fight, and have a grand affair. There are always some balls brought to Major C——— afterwards with complaints of the soldiers having fired them.

April 26th, SERINGAPATAM.—Last night rose at two, and by three was off for this place. While waiting for the people to pack up my things, an officer came up in his transit carriage, and

taking me, either by supposition or information, for a brother officer, commenced "shop talk" (army conversation). Being tired of exposing imposed plumes, I talked away about regimental stations, court-martials, "chicar" (large game, tiger, etc.), and all the other stereotyped topics of an Indian officer, leaving him doubtless, under the impression that I was a "right jolly fellow," and ignorant of my name and rank further than the butler had posted him up.

At five, reached this place, and was soon installed in the palace of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan. It is a very large two-story building, with a multitude of carved columns on bases, of polished black basalt. The wooden caps were once green and red, polished and gilded; but now, with the partition wall in many places (a modern invention), are thickly coated with whitewash. In front is a fine balcony, from which I saw, in an enclosure directly opposite the palace, *eighty-four* pyramids of cannon balls—twelve-pounders I thought. From a rough calculation, there were near 7,000 balls.

Getting a munchil (this time a cane bedstead with a pole and awning), marched off with a guide to the spot where the English troops entered at the storming of Seringapatam. It was an immensely strong place, with an exterior protection of a rocky, rapid river (the Cavery), a deep moat, and a tremendously thick high wall, well arranged with screens for cannon, and occasional batteries. Behind the wall is a deep moat filled with water, another moat, and fortifications requiring stout hearts for storming—and the English had them.

Here the Duke of Wellington first saw severe service. He was here at first defeated in a night attack, though the next night he was successful. After the capture he was appointed to the command of the place. From here I went to the house where the Duke was said to have resided. But about this, the munchil men differed—quite an untoward occurrence, and spoiling the romance. A good guide, with tolerable knowledge of circumstances, a glowing imagination, and a good share of cre-



See pa

Sketched by the Author

HYDER ALI'S TOMB AT SERINGAPATAM.

ility yourself, add most ostensibly to the pleasures of sight-
eing. Facts will be facts, and close inspection often dispels the
ıchantment and romance that distance has thrown around it,
ıtil your guide commences his eloquent account or history of
e matter, and warming with his theme, almost brings before
ur eyes the combat at the walls, or whatever else the subject
ay be.

I then went to Lang-Bang, where stands the mausoleum
ected by Tippoo Sultan over his father's remains. Here repose
yder Ali, his wife, and son Tippoo Sultan. Turbulent, fierce,
ıd relentless as they were, now "life's fitful fever" o'er, they
st tranquilly under the noble dome and canopied tomb hung
ith garlands of tuberoses—the most emblematic flower for the
ıtive tastes. Opposite is the mosque, to which the bigots
fused me admittance. I told the "guardiano" I had been inside
' more and handsomer mosques than he had ever seen. As
y speech was delivered by the guide, a Hindoo I judged from
e guardiano's, face there was an addition to it. Neither the
osque nor tomb are as handsome or as large as those at Beeja-
ore, or the tomb as fine as the one at Aurungabad. The tomb
as the only thing to sketch, as it was historically interesting.
ı I went up to the top room of the gateway of the garden, and
ere, crosslegged in the window, sat and sketched it.

The tomb and the mosque are situated on a large terrace. I
xt went to the summer garden of Tippoo and his father. It
a curious building, somewhat in Saracenic style. On the
terior walls is an almost invisible painting, representing the
feat of Colonel Bailie by Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan. It
a very curious affair, but so injured by time and exposure it
nearly obliterated. Went on to the gateway where Tippoo
ıs killed in trying to escape during the siege. Thence to the
all of Audience, where he was sitting in the full confidence of
e impregnability of his stronghold, when a cannon ball struck
column about twenty feet from the spot. Thence I went to the
p of the minaret of a mosque, where I had a fine view. The

fortifications were immensely strong, the result of experienced French engineer officers, of whom there was a large number in the army, and even after the former visitation of the British to the walls, there had been for six years previous to the last attack, six thousand men at work strengthening them. Now to the bungalow and off for Bangalore, for the climate is too sickly for a stranger to think of sleeping here.

April 27th, BANGALORE.—I had a pleasant journey on to this place, though nothing of particular interest was to be seen on the way. The country is undulating, the soil very light, compared with that on the western coast of India, or the interior of the Bombay Presidency. At midnight stopped at a famous large bungalow for dinner.

This morning, coming in, saw a number of tombs; and the fort of Bangalore, which was stormed, after a severe battle had been fought under it during the Carnatic wars. It is now only a monument to the officers who fell. At the bungalow I satisfied a ravenous appetite. This much accomplished, I took a carriage and called to present my letter of introduction from Judge L——— to Captain M———. I found him at home, and was much puzzled at his taciturn manner, so different from the frank, friendly air described by Judge L———. But that soon vanished as the cause came out. After a few minutes of dry conversation, he said he had been trying to see how he could accommodate me in his bungalow, but found he would not be able to make me comfortable, as he already had one friend staying with him, and was hourly expecting another with his wife, and his house was small. So he suggested the hotel as the most comfortable arrangement he could propose. I soon relieved him from any embarrassment by remarking that, I thought he had already engaged to accommodate more friends, than ought to be required of any bachelor.

One o'clock sounded from the "mess house" of his regiment, a short distance off, so he proposed we should go over and take

"tiffin." I was there introduced to many of his fellow-officers, though most of his regiment, (the artillery) are in Rangoon (Burmah.) We then had a game of billiards and returned to his house. He apologized for not asking me to dine, as he was engaged for a dinner party at his colonel's, and most of the other members of the "mess" were to join dinner parties, or other messes. But he engaged me for the next day, and to drive out with him that afternoon. I had a pleasant drive with him and heard the band, of which there is one from some one of the regiments, playing every evening. There is a circle of two or three hundred feet in diameter, in which the band plays, and around which the carriages drive, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the station meet there in carriages, cabs, dog carts, or the saddle, for a pleasant hour to hear the music and see each other. I then drove home.

April 28.—At twelve I drove to Captain M———'s, and whiled away most of the day at his house, reading papers, or talking with him and other officers there, or at the mess house. This afternoon drove with some of the officers, and this evening dined at the mess. It was my first regimental dinner—quite a pleasing novelty—a dinner company composed entirely of officers, all in undress—no one being allowed to come in citizen's dress. The dinner service was very handsome, it belonged to the regiment, as is always the case in the English or Company's service, where all the officers are obliged to dine together at a mess, and married officers once or twice a week, and thus by successive purchases and gifts, after a few years, it becomes very large and elegant. Capt. M——— invited me to go and see his regiment, (the light artillery) exercise the next morning. He had got the Colonel to order them out, or what was left of the regiment in India, as he thought I should be pleased to see them. As my horse had not yet arrived, he offered to give me "a mount," and have him on the ground for me.

April 29.—As everything military is done at an early hour in India on account of the heat, I was off shortly after four for the plain. As I passed the hussar lines, they were mounting for drill, and the artillery was waiting the arrival of the officers. In a few minutes they came up, and Captain M———'s servant followed, leading a beautiful little chestnut Arab—one of his racing horses. We all galloped off to the plain; and after two hours' manœuvring, in which they performed admirably, and I was much interested, they were dismissed, and greatly to my delight too, for the little Arab I rode, was just out of training for racing, and though, when walking, very quiet, the moment I put him on a gallop, as I was obliged to do occasionally to more closely observe the manœuvres, and sometimes to avoid the unexpected evolutions of the regiment, the galloping of the regiment set him wild, and he was soon off at full speed, and almost every instant with his head between his legs, and heels in the air as if a good run with such antics was the funniest thing in the world. In this opinion we did not at all agree; for he being much below the ordinary height of a saddle horse, and my length of leg rather greater than the standard, added to a nicely kept saddle, as smooth as if polished, and well ironed drilling trousers, I was in momentary danger of being "spilt," and run over by the gun carriages or horses; for, though in good practice, I was sadly at a loss to manage such a superfluity of legs on the diminutive body of this fantastic brute.

As we rode back, M——— asked me to be introduced to the colonel, a pleasant person, with whom I had some fifteen minutes' conversation, when he bid us good morning. Then the other officers and I continued on with M——— to his house to breakfast; we were soon joined by some of the officers of the 15th Hussars, who dropped in as they said, to try M———'s "brew of tea," hearing it was the best in the cantonment. After breakfast, we all went out to look at, and give our opinion on some Arabs, a young Londoner with more money than brains, and more assurance than both, with the pleasing sobriquet

"Little Cheek" from his unblushing assurance, had selected to take his choice from; he much amused us by his praise of their fine points. "Just look at their legs! did you ever see more perfect round legs?" We all collapsed. We had a right jolly time until nine, when we all started for our homes, and M——— to his office, being Assistant Adjutant-General of this division.

My horse and two servants have arrived. This afternoon being showery, the band was not out, and as M———'s cab horses will get lame like others, he is reduced to the saddle, and I use a palanquin coach. I took a drive after the shower, and then went to the "mess," it being company night. One night in the week is company night with every regiment in India. Then, almost every officer has a guest. On other nights he may or may not. This evening there were two of the hussar officers here, that I had met in the morning, besides several infantry officers, with all of whom I became acquainted and had a very nice evening.

M——— and I are to dine at the hussar mess to-morrow evening. M——— being the senior officer of his regiment here, presides, and being a capital good fellow, is the life of the table, reminding me much of Major W——— of our own army, both being about equally great favorites with all who know them. He told me, this evening, to come down to breakfast to-morrow, and send my horse, as his house is such a rendezvous, it would be a good place to show him off.

April 30th.—Down to M———'s this morning, and sure enough there was a party—of six—when I arrived. Breakfast being disposed of, my horse was brought up to the door, and thoroughly examined, very generally admired as usual for looks and high breeding; and being for sale, was freely canvassed, all was in his favor, except his unfortunate back, which, from the saddle and bad grooming, was sore. M——— sent for the farrier of his regiment, and to have the horse convenient, has put him in his own stable.

Indian officers and civilians,* as a body, are a most hospitable, good-hearted people. The following is an instance of disinterestedness. M——— told me this morning, as his friend and his wife wished to spend a month in the place, and as he could not find a house for them, and his own was too small for them to be comfortable in, he had arranged with another officer of his regiment, *to give up his house, and come and stay with him for the month.* Fancy the good-nature of a man who would give up all the comfortable arrangements of his own bachelor snuggery, and put up with a single room for a month to accommodate another man's friend! M——— has only just been relieved of an acquaintance who has been making him a *visit* for a *whole year!*

I wish you could see his beautiful garden! Unfortunately the majority of his flowering plants won't grow from slips; thus my predatory propensities will not be brought to bear on his premises, or those of the other people here, who have such quantities of beautiful flowering plants and trees. I don't know how I can help you, unless you can send me Herr Alexander's or some other conjuror's magic wand,—I should think they must be sufficiently potent by this time, for two years ago I saw some of them in Paris bring two dozen bottles of wine out of a hat, and bird cage with singing birds from a backgammon board; and if they had the assistance of an evil spirit to help them then, certainly the wand by this time has increased to a two or three

* In India the service is divided into civil and military, and until lately, all appointments were made by interest, every Director having several in his family, which he used or gave his friends. The civil service is the best pay, and they rank highest in India, though out of it, the army does. But army officers, often by influence, distinction, or great cleverness, get civil appointments, and thus receive the pay from both services, and without doing duty with their regiments, they continue to be promoted, and often reach the highest positions in time, as Sir Henry Lawrence, General Outram, and others. In speaking of civilians, I always mean those appointés or employés of the government; all other English people in India are only shopkeepers, with the exception of a few merchants in the cities, or indigo and coffee planters scattered about the country.

devil "power;" and who knows what I might effect for you out here with such a powerful agency.

This morning I got myself up quite *en regle* to call on the General of Division here, General Sewell (an old Peninsular officer, who wears the Peninsular medal with fourteen clasps, for distinguished services), and the Brigadier of the station, as M——— says it is etiquette for me to call on all the principal officials here and in every station; and nothing could be said against it, for having been presented to their queen, my position was settled with every Englishman. Unfortunately the General was out, and the Brigadier was engaged.

Returning home, saw *fourteen large hawks* sitting on the roof of a bungalow, and about fifty yards distant the same number of pigeons on a stable, apparently quite indifferent to their neighbors. The hawks and crows are the greatest possible friends. I hear them cawing and screaming all day long, frequently on the tops of the houses and stables with yards of poultry quite unconcerned.

This afternoon drove to the band; after seeing the ladies and my officer friends, I took M——— in, and drove to the hussar mess. The greater part of the regiment being here, they spread a very large table. They are the 15th, one of the Queen's crack regiments. The silver dinner service was very handsome, every new officer, including the colonels, being expected to make a present of a piece of silver.

In India they continue the custom of taking wine with each other, and I believe I took wine with two-thirds of the officers at table. The colonel, or senior officer present, always presides at one end, and the other officers take their turn for a week at the opposite end. My host, Lieutenant S———, was enjoying his week there. The mess-house, like those at all the stations, is very fine, and partially supported by government, which allows every mess a certain annual sum towards defraying its expenses. Three or four of my acquaintances here have most familiar faces, very much resembling some intimate friends

at home: the only difference, the moustache. They are all scions of nobility. I don't know how they would like to be compared with their democratic cousins across the Atlantic, though I think they are all too good fellows to be more than amused at it, as I always find English *gentlemen* well disposed towards us; besides, we are "the people," princes, and sovereigns—so that I am "peer to any lord in Scotland here," without availing myself of my Norman baron ancestor who fought at Hastings, and all the succeeding adjuncts of illustrious name, including the one only nobleman who has the hereditary right to stand covered before royalty, that my old clerical relative who called on me in London, gave such a dissertation about.

The English bring their love of sport to this hot climate, and I will give you a few instances of the trouble they take for a little shooting. A few days ago several were making a calculation of the miles they had rode for game (snipe), and the number they had shot; S——— had killed most; and ridden to and from the ground (which they reach by relays of horses, going sixty to one hundred miles on a stretch), *seven hundred* miles, and shot three hundred brace; and another of my hussar acquaintances had rode *six hundred* miles, and shot two hundred and fifty brace; and another had rode *five hundred* miles to kill one hundred and fifty brace. At another time, to get some elephant shooting, during a three days' leave, S——— rode *one hundred and twenty* miles out, and the same back. Spent a capital evening.

May 1st, Sunday.—This morning to St. Mark's (familiar name)—the infantry church; this evening to the cavalry church, and dined at the mess.

May 2d.—Two nags were brought to the door this morning, with a message from the livery stablekeeper for me to take the one I liked. This was easier said than done. One had horrid wicked looking eyes, and generally so weak, I was afraid my ride might terminate in pedestrianism! The other had one blind eye, and almost equally weak legs—I decided on the

latter—and such a brute! However, I got to the race course; saw the horses training, and hussars drilling. One of them was a captain, a relative of General K——— of our army. He said he was in Canada during the troubles in 1838, and knew many of our army officers.

This afternoon drove to the band, and this evening dined, by invitation of K——— at the hussar mess; I had a very pleasant time, and being guest-night, met a great number of visitors. In the course of the evening I had my nervous system tremendously discomposed. One of the officers rose, and proposed the health of an officer who had just returned from England. The instant after, another rose and commenced a speech, premising with how much pleasure it afforded them to show any attention in their power to strangers, and especially on this occasion, which was a very rare one (turning to me), etc., and concluded with proposing the health of the President of the United States, which was drunk standing, and with cheers. My nervous system worked up to a fever point of excitement in "prodigious" short time, as the whole thing was so unexpected, having dined here so quietly the last time, and now the idea of making a speech at a moment's notice, before thirty or forty strangers, the leading grey-heads of the station, besides the brigadier, colonels, majors, etc., although I had been taking wine with most of them. Yet, being in for it, I rose, and in a short speech, returned thanks for the compliments, and friendly feelings that had been expressed towards my country, and myself, etc., etc., and gave the Queen, which was drunk standing, of course. I sat down amidst cheers, right glad when it was through. Several speeches and toasts were given during the evening. One guest, an ensign in a native cavalry regiment, becoming excited on lemonade, whistled on his cigar case, looking the brigadier full in the face, much to the amusement of all the table except his host, who was a very nice gentlemanly fellow, and received momentary congratulations on the fine spirits of his guest.

May 3.—Our morning rendezvous—the course and M——' then home, and while in the midst of packing up my seeds th servant came up with the Brigadier's card (Colonel of the 44t Queen's), he made me a pleasant visit, and invited me to din with him on Friday at his house. Dined at home to-day.

May 4.—This morning, by invitation of K——, rode to th plain to see his regiment manœuvre; they made a splendi appearance. Getting home, re-labelling and packing away m seeds. Oh, patience! I've spent twelve good hours within thre days getting them in order, destroying worms and insects, occa sionally being obliged to throw away whole packages, for th entire insect world seemed at war with me; and yet with all thei destruction I have thus far put up *seventy-seven* kinds of seeds besides many more I have at the bottom of my carpet bags. find that one of the books with collections of flowers for m herbarium, was greatly injured when it got wet coming down fror the Neilgherries, and thus most of my collection of souvenirs fror Munich to this place was ruined—it was most annoying after a my trouble to collect and preserve them.

To-day, at the hussar racket court, where I got a very goo idea of the origin of the liver complaint, and various like agree abilities that give the Indian *employés*, civil and military, thei happy chances of "doing John Company" in sick leave, (th slang phrase used when a man gets sick leave, his pay still con tinuing and he enjoying himself elsewhere, "barring" this ai ment, when he d—ns that eternal blue sky). I frequently hear them laugh about the way they had "done John Company; and one man told me, with the greatest glee, he had been in th service fourteen years, and had "done the Company nine year and some months, and was then applying for another sick leave. The officers played racket all the morning exposed to the ho sun, always dangerous in India. Then we took a hearty "tiffin of Mullagatawny soup, cold meats, or hot chops, etc., with "hal

and-half" and sherry; and they continued the racket as soon as they had smoked their segars.

Drove out this afternoon to see the Fort of Bangalore, from which the natives have been expelled, and their houses occupied by bungalows and barracks. It was planned by a French engineer, has high walls and deep moat; with one entrance extraordinarily well defended, and the other with no natural or other defences. Then to the band, and home to dine—the mess-rooms being vacated by dinner parties.

May 5.—This morning I went to my usual rendezvous for breakfast, news, and gossip. Then home, scrawled away at some half-finished sketches, and packed away my seeds for the last time I hope—and effectually too—for I've put them in half-a-dozen covers, with half a pound of red pepper, tied them up in a bag and then an india-rubber sheet. Now if the insects get in I shall give up. I find I've just *eighty-eight* varieties of seeds—besides a number that have gone on to Calcutta with my other things. I took a famous long drive this afternoon, then to the band, and the artillery mess to dine.

May 6th.—Took my early drive by the monkey "tope" (grove), as it is called; I saw seven or eight hundred monkeys. The natives never disturb them, and the brutes wander about the road, perfectly indifferent to the carriages. Then to M———'s; sold my horse; went home and packed off a lot of things to Madras. I had a visit from two hussar officers, who had come to invite me to dine at the mess to-morrow evening. But I was obliged to decline, as I must start to-night. They then proposed to-night, which I had to decline also, as I was to dine at the brigadier's. One of the officers told me he had some friends in the Bengal Presidency, and would give me a letter to each, which was exceedingly kind, as I have never been introduced to either, and our only acquaintance was from their having seen me at their mess-table, the guest of their friends. The letters will

be very acceptable: they are to the Queen's regiments, I believe. I speak in the way they do here. The term Queen's being in contra-distinction to the Company's regiments of English, (termed European) or native regiments. The army of the Queen and Company being quite separate. The English government lend the Company about twenty thousand troops, of infantry and cavalry, who thus have occupation, and often see severe service. The English government pay to the East India Company the amount of money due these troops, according to the English pay; then the India government pays them according to their own pay, which is nearly treble; so that often, when the regiments are ordered to return to England, the officers and men exchange into the new regiment, that they may remain in the country and receive the high pay. These troops are divided between the three presidencies, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, the larger portion being in Bengal, which is double the size of either of the others, and includes all the north of India, except Scinde. There are in Bengal about ninety-five regiments, which, with engineers, sappers, and artillery, make about 120,000 men. Madras has seventy regiments, with about 80,000 men; and Bombay forty regiments, and 45,000 men. This is the present peace arrangement; besides which, there are about 60,000 of local corps, body-guards, militia, etc., officered from the line, who with the Queen's troops, form an army of nearly 330,000 strong. All but about sixteen of the Company's regiments are native troops, officered by Europeans. As long as they are led by European officers, they will fight well—but Sir Charles Napier remarked in his last battle fought in India, that the fall of an officer was a signal for the troops to falter. But that was one of the most severe battles ever fought in India. The pay of both civil and military service is capital: the civil much the largest. Why, a boy ensign, when he first arrives here from school, receives his $1500 per annum; when he becomes a lieutenant, he has a chance for a staff appointment, which may run it up to $6000. A colonel in the artillery or infantry, $8000: in the cavalry,

$9000; if on the staff, it is increased $8000 more. This is field or active service allowance. But there is very little difference between the peace and war rates. On retiring from the service for ill-health, or for long service, after five to thirty-five years, they receive from $250 to $3,500 per annum, while the civil service is still better off.

The jingling of the "tapal" (postman) reminds me that I have not spoken on this subject. The mails are for the most part carried by runners, except on a few principal routes, where post-carts are used. The mail is strapped on the man's back; in one hand he carries a staff or long cane, with two or three bells attached—to frighten away snakes and wild animals, I fancy; in his other hand a torch. They jingle the bells merrily as they speed their course by day or night, of about five miles an hour. Every six miles they are relieved. I often met them with their glimmering light and lively bells, as I made my midnight marches.

To-day busy packing up. This afternoon to the band, to bid my officer acquaintances good-bye. Met M———, who, as he promised this morning, gave me a package of letters to friends and relatives in the north of India—Meerut, Umballah, and Peshawur. Then to the Brigadier's, who, I knew prided himself on being the most punctual man on the station. He was alone and looking at the clock. I was a few minutes before the time, and I suppose quite won his heart by it. The others did not come in for some time; nearly all of them I knew. There were four hussar officers, and the colonel and major of the Queen's 94th. The colonel laughed at them for their military time. Then we all went in to dinner, when, to my surprise, I found I was the guest of the evening. I expect I shall get "stuck-up" before long. I had a delightful time. K———, and another officer, who had been in America, made a recital of their pleasures there half the topic of conversation when conversing with me. Then home, and in a few minutes I was off for a forty-eight hours' drive to Madras.

May 8th, (Sunday,) MADRAS.—Started Friday night, and all yesterday and to-day jolted on with nothing special to interest, stopping only to change bullocks or horses, and a short time morning and evening for breakfast and dinner. The country in some parts is well cultivated, and tolerably fertile, though mostly light soil and flat, except the Ghauts. Passed yesterday the barrier between the Mysore country and the Carnatic—that being the name for the part on the sea-side of the Ghauts. Yesterday morning we stopped at a bungalow, and as I got out tired and heated by jolting, and the sun, a gentleman in the adjoining room had pity on my forlorn condition, and sent me a cup of tea. To-day I passed near an old temple, in front two huge sitting figures, which seemed from their smiling faces to enjoy the sun far more than I did. Shortly after, I passed the fine fort of Belloon with a deep moat; a mile distant a mountain crested by a chain of forts.

This morning crossed the almost dry bed of a large river—the Palar. Here the horses were unhitched, and about a hundred men dragged the carriage over,—probably a distance of a mile. In the wet season many people are drowned, and carts swept away. It swells so rapidly they are often caught midway, and before they are able to get across, they are borne away by the force of the rapid torrent.

This afternoon passed half-a-dozen sportsmen in a tent. I reached this place at half-past nine, and found accommodation at a large family hotel. According to the custom here, they put bachelors by themselves, and thus they gave me a cottage or small bungalow in the garden, where luckily I am alone, for it's so hot I might be pugnacious—I don't think it can be much hotter down below—why, the air is so hot my breath almost hisses.

May 9th.—Thank fortune I'm alive, and barely too, though I had two men pulling a "punka" all night to keep me cool—such a purgatorial night—but I endured it with the fortitude of a martyr. This morning sent a letter of introduction to Dr. B——, the nearest of the three to whom I had letters.

W——, the Governor's Secretary, having gone to Egypt and Dr. H—— too far off, and what's worse yet, I've lost my two letters of introduction from Capt. W——, one to Sir Henry Pottinger the Governor of Madras, and the other to Sir George Wilson the Governor of Ceylon.

I was sitting half dressed, reposing after the fatigues of breakfast, when the servant returned with a note, and immediately followed by another with a card, (before I had time to read the note) and information that Dr. B—— was here. He was ushered in at one door, while I made a hasty exit by the other. After a minute's toilet I returned and found a gentleman in a military undress. He said he had been written to about me, three months before; that as the Governor had a state breakfast that morning, he had stopped for me, thinking I might like to go there. Dr. B—— is somewhat of a personage here, being one of the Governor's Body Guard, besides Political Resident at the court of the Rajah of the Carnatic, who resides here. We soon reached the Governor's, who lives four miles from this, which is about two miles from the town, but where all the employés, civil and military, of the government live. There were some fifty persons present and all at table; when we arrived we joined them and were soon busy with the knife and fork.

After breakfast my friend got possession of one of the Governor's aids, and apologizing for not sending my card last night, according to etiquette; said he would like to present an American gentleman travelling in India, and who had letters to him.

He reported to the Governor, who suddenly appeared marching towards me. I was introduced. He shook hands, when we walked up and down the hall, about a quarter of an hour, discussing American affairs, which he introduced; talking about the new President and his speech, which he thought indicated a more talented and prudent man than his party supposed when they selected him. Then about our expedition to Japan, and its object, which he thought was the protection of our interests, and not to force commerce as is generally supposed. He then questioned me.

about my travels, when we were suddenly interrupted. He bid me good morning, adding, he hoped to have the pleasure of seeing me again if I should return to Madras, and in my present journey wished me a pleasant time, health, and *good luck* (the last term having been often applied to him by his enemies, who speak of him as "that most fortunate man, Sir H. P.;" and *his* use of it rather surprised me, as the term annoys him). As what he said and did, was very courteous and polite, I give it at length.

The Government House is a fine large establishment. The Governor is about sixty-five, medium height, very strongly built, with bright black eyes. He is a Major-General in the Bombay service. This office was the reward of his diplomatic services in China, during the war. We then left, returning by the prison, which we visited, and the Lesser St. Thomas' Mount, where the apostle of that name is said to have suffered martyrdom. Some doubt the truth of the report, and so may you,—but I saw the veritable blood marks on the stone, and on another stone the impression of his knees where he knelt. Probably some martyr suffered death here about fifty years after the time of our Saviour, and St. Thomas has the credit of it. Thence to Major B———'s the brother of Dr. B———. Saw him and Mrs. B———, an exceedingly pleasing person. The brothers are both particularly clever. The Major not being well, was in dishabille, but he was in his private office, and sent out word that he was very anxious to see me, and begged I would excuse his costume, and come in and see him. I had a very pleasant half hour's conversation with him, and then came home, where the Dr. left me to arrange for a palanquin for a trip to the "Seven Pagodas" to-night.

Joining the Dr. at his own house, I was presented to Mrs. B———, who is very pretty. Then with a promise to return and dine, we drove to the fort. The Dr. went to his office, and I to look up my bankers, Messrs. A——— & Co. The head of the house here is a very pleasant man, a brother of the others; he had been induced

to give up the civil service after being seventeen years in it, and take the management of the house here, on a guarantee of no losses, and £12,000 *per annum*, for ten years! I don't know but I might be tempted too. I wish they would try me. He gave me a nice package of letters, and not the least important among them, Baring & Co.'s new letter of credit.

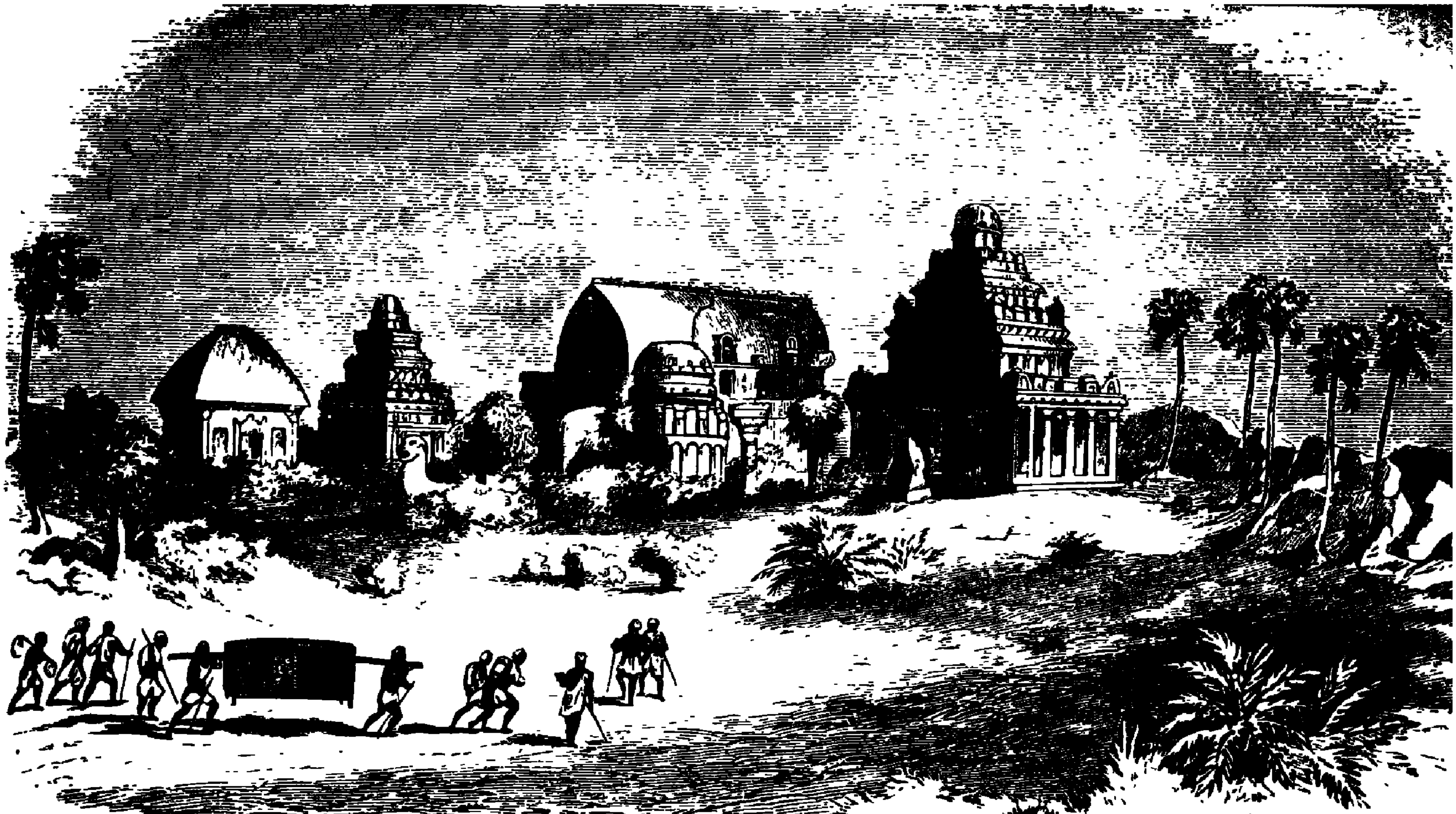
Mr. A——— invited me to stay at his house, as Dr. B——— had already done. But I declined as I had to Dr. B———, because I feared I should be too troublesome with such a retinue about me. Settling up after my last journey, and preparing for a voyage to Ceylon and China, with servants going and coming, selling my useless travelling apparatus (as it is better to sell it here, and get other at Calcutta, than carry it with me such a distance), besides, I shall sail in two or three days. After all sorts of kind invitations from Mr. A———, some accepted, and some necessarily declined, I returned to Dr. B———'s office, when we went sight-seeing round the fort. It is strong, and watered by an underground reservoir, the water being brought from a place some miles distant. The arsenal contains 60,000 stand of arms beautifully arranged, and I am informed the largest arsenal in the world! But I think I saw more in Tula, Russia, where they make 75,000 muskets a year. We then went to see the Chief Engineer of this Presidency, Colonel C———, one of the most distinguished men in his line in India. He is a tall, thin, amiable-looking man, with bright eyes, and fine forehead. We had a long talk, and I left delighted with him.

I came home and dined at Dr. B———'s, where he saved me from making an awful blunder. Dr. B——— asked me what kind of a voyage I had from Suez to Bombay, and by what ship? I said only tolerable, and the Akbar. "Oh! brother W———'s ship." [I had forgotten they were the same name, nor did I suspect such a horrid brute of a captain could possibly be a brother of these gentlemen. On board all English steamers, the captain reads the service Sunday. And this man reading it one Sunday, lost his place by a puff of wind blowing the leaf over, when he

nearly "ripped out" an oath—he got the first syllable out, barely stopping the rest;] so I added (which was really the fact) we had a long voyage and bad coal. As to the captain, we had seen but little of him (though that little was much more than we desired), as shortly after leaving Suez, he had seen the death of his mother in a paper, and thus was much of the time in his cabin. So I congratulated myself on the good get-off from making an annoying remark to my most kind and attentive host.

After dinner, Major B——— and his wife called and invited us to dine on Wednesday next. We then took a drive to see the Club House—the most complete establishment of the kind in the world, not excepting the best in London. Returned home, and in a few minutes I am to start for Mahavelaporum, thirty-seven miles down the coast, to see the Seven Pagodas. In the meantime, two rival sets of bearers are having a fight for the honor of carrying me, and while they are settling the point of honor, I will look over my letters, which, as yet, I've scarcely had time to glance at.

May 10*th*, MAHAVELAPORUM.—Started last night at ten, and had a very comfortable night's ride, with a sort of cradle rock, and chorus of my men in lieu of the "lullaby, baby." We got here at seven this morning, thus enabling me to finish my letters as I rode along. There not being a bungalow, I managed to get up a breakfast myself from the hamper the landlord had provided me with. I then set off for the pagodas. The first was a small affair, not more than thirty feet square, looking very new as I found all the others; but yet so old, they extend back of tradition, as I have been informed by those who have thoroughly investigated the subject. There are a few excavations—merely a sort of portico—also carvings and sculpture on the face of some rocks, figures in every sort of lying and lounging attitude, with elephants and tigers at the bottom. I then went on up some rocky hills, where there are a few more, and one temple perched on the top of a high hill at some distance—I did not visit it.



Sketched by the Author.

The second pagoda is on the verge of the surf (they are a very close, none more than from one to three hundred yarc from the sea), about a mile further south stand the other fiv These are in various styles, though in general, much the same and all here except the excavations spoken of, appear to hav been made by sculpturing huge granite boulders into temple for they have not been built—and there is no rock of that kin near here. The edges look as sharp and fresh as if only jus finished! One of the pagodas is split, probably by an eartl quake. I climbed to the top of the largest, about thirty fee high. Near these are the figures of an elephant, tiger, an dragon—all in stone, cut from small boulders. The one by th sea-shore, is made out of a species of trap. I took sketches of all, and then had a swim; which I now learn was very imprudent, as sharks are so numerous. The sea has evidently encroached much upon the land here. Then dined, and at dark off for Madras again, having had a very pleasant day, and a nice old guide who provided me with fresh cocoa-nuts for drink (the milk), about the only use they are half the time applied to. Saw some boys playing horse—it looked quite like the children at home. Some of the alto-relievos were very curious, and had they not been so elaborate, I would have drawn them. Among the figures were two monkeys, one phrenologically employed I suppose, from the earnest expression of his face and position of his hands on the other's cranium.

There are no means of ascertaining when the religion called Brahminism was introduced into India; but certainly in parts of the country it was as early as fourteen or fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. The books of their religion were called "Vedas," which the Hindoos believe were delivered from the mouth of Brahma, and put into their books about twelve or thirteen hundred years before Christ. They were written in the early Sanscrit, which differs much from the later Sanscrit. They have also religious and civil laws, called the "Institutes of Menu," and "The Purans." The former are somewhat like

the laws given by Moses; the latter in the form of dialogues between religious teachers, who were supposed to be divine personages in human form, or inspired sagas and their disciples. There are some eighteen of these books. The "Vedas" teach that there is but one Deity, whom the Hindoos call Brahma. The primary doctrine of the "Vedas" is the *unity of God.*

There are, however, various forms of Brahminism—monotheistic, polytheistic, and pantheistic. They have inferior deities; but their usual triad is Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Sheva the destroyer of the world.

The commonly received opinion is, that Brahma created the four primitive castes from his mouth, arms, thighs, and feet. He is described as of a bright yellow, with four faces and hands. Vishnu, as a dark or black man with four arms—he is supposed to have various incarnations. Sheva is described in various forms; in one with five faces, three eyes, and four hands.

The Hindoos are also very superstitious about spiritual beings, who are supposed to interfere with temporal affairs, producing many sicknesses and ailments. Of the temples, many are endowments, others are erected by members of families. In the western part of India, the revenues of villages are appropriated to keep the temples in repair, light them, and pay the expense of ceremonies.

The Bhuddists preceded the Brahmins, and consequently the earliest temples were sculptured by them. They were finally driven out of the country by the Brahmins, after a long and severe contest, when they took refuge in Ceylon, Burmah, and China.

The number of the sacred days of the Hindoos is very large, besides their lucky and unlucky days. They occasionally offer burnt sacrifices of domestic animals and fowls. Meditation is an important part of their worship; but seldom prayers in which an assembly unite. Usually each offers an extempore prayer by himself. Hymns of praise are seldom sung by any number of worshippers.

Ascetics and devotees are much encouraged among the Hindoos. They frequently went naked, besmeared with daubs of ashes, until it was lately forbidden by the government. It is often taken advantage of by infamous villains, who commit every crime with impunity under this sacred guise. The Hindoo idea of the future state is vague, with no punishment for the bad, but for the good, a certain condition of sensual happiness. They believe in the transmigration of souls. Sutteeism or self-burning of widows, is not commanded by the "Vedas," but strongly recommended, and encouraged by the natives, as widowhood is a disgrace.

May 11*th*, MADRAS.—About daylight I arrived at the bungalow. At half-past seven, off to breakfast with Mr. A———, who has a beautiful house near the sea-shore. At breakfast I met an officer just from Singapore. He said he had been on board of the Susquehannah, and admired her very much. From here to the ice-house, where I saw the agent. A vessel had just arrived from Boston with ice, and brought some apples; he gave me a few, which were a delicious treat—it was so long since I had tasted any. Then home, and on to the fort, stopping to report myself to Dr. B———, and then to my bankers, with whom I "tiffined." I afterwards called on an American who has charge of the missionary press. He very kindly showed me all through their establishment, and told me of the various kinds of character and languages in which they were obliged to print the numerous bibles and other books required for the extensive missionary labors in this part of India. The missionary press at Bombay doing that for Western India, or the Bombay presidency, and that for Northern India being done at still another American missionary press at Agra.

Americans may well feel a pride in the success of these establishments in India, which aid so largely in the propagation of the gospel. These presses have so entirely the confidence of the Government, that in addition to work for the missionary labors,

they have large contracts constantly on hand for the Government, and thus contribute to their own support.

Then went home, and this afternoon had a drive, and on to Major B——'s to dine, where I met Colonel C——, and Major S——, of the Artillery. He inquired how he could get American books direct, as he wished some, and particularly Major Mordecai's work on Artillery, which he said was considered in India to be the best practical work on the subject, (they ought to know, for their artillery is very good). They get quantities of such things in India from America.

The *Government* has just sent for an *American printing press, finding them better than the English! American, and no other* drillings are worn in India by every man, for coats and trowsers. "Yankee clocks," or "Sam Slicks" as they are termed here, ornament every parlor in India, however handsome the other furniture may be. In fact they use no others. After a very pleasant evening, went home. I find the steamer has arrived.

May 12th.—To the town or "Blacktown" as it is called. Here are all the counting-houses, and places of business. Then, going south over a wide esplanade or plain, you reach the fort of St. George, and about a mile further south, the residences of the employés of the Company and merchants, extending over a circuit of three or four miles. Some of the houses or bungalows are very large—often in the style of our own country houses, built of wood or stone stucco.

Madras was the first territory acquired by the East India Company in India. This they obtained in 1640 by a treaty with a native prince. The Company then erected a fort there, which they called St. George, which has ever since retained that name, and the town retained its own name also, though both have been captured and ceded back by the French. I called to-day on a noble old gentleman—Dr. Scudder, the patriarch missionary of India,* and the father of a whole family of mission-

* Since I saw him in the summer of 1853, he has died.

aries, all of that same self-devoting nature that he has shown for so many years.

The first Protestant mission in India, was established by the Danes in 1705, at Tranquebar on the Coromandel coast—then a Danish possession.

The London Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, made several efforts for the propagation of Christianity in India. But they were always opposed by the East India Company, as dangerous to the stability and permanence of its power in India.

The first Protestant mission in Bombay was commenced by the American Board of Foreign Missions. In 1812, five missionaries, Messrs. Hall, Judson, Newell, Nott, and Rice!—revered names!—sailed from the United States to Calcutta, to found a mission somewhere in the East Indies. The *Governor-General would not allow them to remain, but ordered them to leave the country forthwith!* They then left Calcutta, and Messrs. Hall and Nott proceeded to Bombay, where, owing to the friendly influence of Sir Evan Nepean, who favored their cause, they were eventually allowed to remain, and pursue their missionary work.

In 1813, some changes favorable to the introduction of Christianity into India were made, and the missionary societies soon commenced their missions in the Presidency of Bombay. At this time, *nearly one quarter* of all the missionaries in India are American, and pursuing their labors with the energy and enterprise which always characterize American undertakings. The English (both military and civil) often told me the American missionaries were the only *real* missionaries in India, who worked steadily and untiringly at their duties, and always called themselves missionaries, and worked *as* such; while the English ones called themselves clerks, curates, etc., as if ashamed of the purpose for which they came to the country! Many told me they gave their subscriptions for religious purposes to the American missionaries, in preference to their own.

I am informed by one of the best and oldest of the missionary authorities of India, that there are at this time in India 381

missionary churches for the natives alone, not including those of the stations for the English, which are under the charge of the chaplains. Some of these missionary churches have 200 or 300 members; others a few only, from being but recently founded. The whole number of communicants is 21,295, which is nearly an average of sixty-four to a church; while in New England, the most purely congregational of this country, though the churches are more numerous, none (except those in the large cities) have as many members, though many are more than a hundred years old! while a very large nnmber have not even sixty-four members, which speaks well for the labors of our self-sacrificing countrymen and women. I am now at home, about to pack up, and at six shall be off for Ceylon by the steamer.

At Sea, *May* 13*th*.—Started last night; we came off in a curious-looking boat—short, wide, and deep, pitching and plunging as they pulled her through the surf. While getting on board saw two or three "catamarans"—a kind of canoe used by the natives, formed of three bits of log fastened together; on each of them two nearly naked men, in small conical caps, propelling it with paddles while they kneel. They manage to make them go quite rapidly over, and through the waves. They carry notes to and from the ships to the shore, in the peak of their caps. Getting on board, found a crowd of passengers; and my cabin, which they told me was one of the best in the ship, was miserable, and had to be shared with two others.

Madras is usually very pleasant, but lately terribly hot. There are several statues of Lord Cornwallis (of the American Revolution), who was twice governor of India, and one of Sir Hector Munro. Along the sea-shore a stone wall keeps the high tide from overflowing the land. Near the landing-place stands a fine marine hospital, and nearer still to the European part of the town, the palace of the Rajah of the Carnatic, and in another part of the suburbs are two or three palaces of his wives. He is treated with great courtesy by the Government.

May 16*th*, POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.—Anchored here at six this morning; the passengers pleasant, but the ship horrid, and my cabin especially so—apparently a lounging-place for the ants, cockroaches, and rats; by night and by day they were promenading over me. The washing of the deck was continued to so late an hour in the morning, I was obliged to get a waiter to carry me on his back from the gangway to a seat. Last night was so stormy—and such a sea—one wave swept the length of the ship, ducking us all. I find I shall have to wait here some days for the China steamer, so I shall make a few excursions. As the Suez steamer leaves soon, I must close.

May 17, COLUMBO.—At five this morning started for this place. The entire ride was on the seaside, and over a beautiful road. The cocoanut tree, with the exception of the sugar, forms the principal products here. The nut produces oil; the sap of the tree a kind of rum called bhang, and the fibre is made into rope called cayar; admirable on rocky coasts, and the best after chain. The bark of the tree forms a covering for the native huts. The road crosses a great number of small streams. The scenery is very picturesque, though gentle, and not at all bold near the coast. There are very few European houses along the road. The natives are far before those of India in the refinements and comforts of life. The island is one of the headquarters of Bhuddism. I saw numerous priests (who, as I've said before, form a kind of monastic order), in their long yellow togas.

This is a pretty place, and the seat of government, besides being quite a seat of business; more so than Point de Galle, which is principally so from being convenient for the steamers to meet. One of my fellow passengers of the steamer came on with me, a Dr. J. ———, "a great gun" in his line at Calcutta. To-morrow he will start for Candy.

May 18.—This morning went sight-seeing about the place, and sketching; and then to my banker's, who introduced me to the reading-room,—it was quite a luxury. He also invited me to

dine with him this evening. He lives a short distance out (city, and as I stepped from the carriage on to the piazz jumped out of the window and catching me by the arm "Get in the window, I've just knocked over a cobra there" (j ing to the parlor entrance), and sure enough, and there st great black cobra capella, with hood spread, balancing hi more than three feet in the air. So I got in the window, his servant with a stick, knocked him over. They then pu in a box, and, bachelor-like, left him in one corner of the di room, while they sent to a neighbor's for a mongoose—an a like an enormous weasel, growing from a foot and a half to feet long (including the tail, which is half the length c body). These animals are deadly enemies of the cobra, attack them most spitefully, whenever they see them. The bite has no effect on them, for the moment they are struck t cobra's fang, they run off for an instant, and finding some that nullifies the poison, renew the attack until they killed it.

This mongoose, for want of employment, had gone off all dinner time the reptile was pounding about in the box I, in my nervous horror of snakes, eat my dinner with on constantly fixed on the floor. This cobra was the second had discovered in the parlor within ten days, and it was seen by accident. A pet cat happening to be wandering the room started to go under the sofa, darted back—and suspecting a snake, looked, and discovered this cobra—a l escape for me, for I should probably have been asked to t seat on it. There was an officer staying with my banker, wh recently arrived from Canada. He said he had lived within miles of Niagara Falls for two or three years, but had taken the *trouble* to see them. Owing to the coach arrangen I shall be prevented from going to Candy.

May 20.—Returned to-day from Columbo. Like my jou here, the ride was delightful, except from the excessive hea

May 21st.—I've been walking round the harbor. To-day I got two fellows to let me sketch them. The natives here wear long hair, and long combs (such as young girls of eight and ten years old wear with us, extending all across the front of the head, to keep their hair out of their eyes). The back part is done up in a knot. This afternoon took a drive to the spice gardens. I saw cinnamon, nutmegs, vanilla beans, and lemon grass growing, and came back with a carriage load of specimens. A number of beggars followed me a long distance, quite in European style. One threw a great number of back-summersets for our benefit.

May 22d.—To the old Dutch church—the only one here—the Episcopalians and Scotch Presbyterians keep it pretty busy. They hold four services a day in it, each taking their turn. Among the audience was one native dignitary, *perfectly splendid.* He wore a tremendously long single-breasted, blue, frockcoat, with gilt buttons, and gold studs; a shirt and collar, with white waistcoat; and for trousers—half a dozen yards of most gaudy chintz wrapped around him! The steamer being in, I shall be off early to-morrow morning. There are two steamers here from England, and the cadets are strutting the streets as if they were all governor-generals. The town has a wall surrounding it, and a very good harbor.

May 22d, ON BOARD SHIP, GALLE HARBOR.—I find a large number of passengers going to "the Straits" (of Malacca) and China. The native people look quite different from those of India. The Bhuddist priests shave the entire head. They are said to be very learned in *their* theology, and frequent reference is made to them by the priests from other parts of Asia.

Yesterday afternoon, while walking on the ramparts, I saw a cobra four feet long, and killed him with my cane.

May 25th.—The passengers are a pleasant set. To-day we

passed the celebrated English clipper "Challenger," that beat the American clippers. This year our clippers have been beaten in these seas: but in this way; our shipping increases so fast, we give first-class ships to young captains, many of them not even having been in these seas before, which are quite celebrated for their currents, while the English clippers are all commanded by experienced captains. Mr. R———, the head of one of the leading American houses in Batavia, has given me a glowing description of Java, which he thinks the Paradise of the world, with its magnificent scenery, great variety of nature's wonders, soils adapted to almost everything, the climate delightful throughout the year, and the Dutch such superior colonists as to be able to reap all the advantages of it. The government has beautiful roads, and affords great facilities for travelling and commerce, besides the capital schools, thus remedying the difficulty most eastern places labor under.

Extending our talk to Japan, he expressed his regret at the expedition, and said the grievances were very much overstated; that as he was the Consul for the Dutch settlements in the East, all the cases came under his notice; and that the majority of people who were wrecked or landed in Japan, were deserters from ships, and were almost invariably well treated. The Japanese, in their jealousy of strangers, prevented these people from having any intercourse with the inhabitants, and always brought them to the Dutch colony of Nan-ga-sakki, when the annual Dutch ship brought them to Batavia. As the ship only made one voyage a year, they were not always immediately conveyed to the coast, but confined in temples, and well fed during the interval. But the sailors often committed outrages, and on one or two occasions set fire to the temples. As to the cages they speak of, they were nothing more than bamboo or cane carts—the only conveyance on the island. When they are put on board the Dutch ships, they are supplied with *three* bags of rice, and *three* bags of some other thing, besides *three* suits of clothes, and then consigned to the governor of Java. The captain must take

›ack, on his return, a report from the governor of Java of their afe arrival, health, condition, etc. So particular are the Japanese n bringing them to this Dutch port of Nan-ga-sakki from every ›art of the Japanese islands, that on one occasion a man died ›n the journey, and the officer in charge had his body packed in alt, and brought on. The Japanese are very suspicious when ›n American lands; for, with all their isolation, they keep well nformed of what is passing, and have been apprehensive for a ong time, of an American expedition! They never allow their ›eople to leave the island, and when any of them are picked ıp at sea, or otherwise brought back, they are immediately ›eheaded.

The commerce of the Dutch is very small with the Island, and ›nly kept up by them for policy. It consists merely of a little ;lassware, and medicine to Japan, and trifles in return. The ·apanese Government only allow one ship a year; about six esidents at their factory here, and will not even let these men ›ring their wives with them. But if they wish a wife they upply them with one, who must be left here when the men eave this country to go elsewhere.

May 28, PENANG.—Pleasant voyage thus far, except the thermometer usually rose to 86 and 88 in the shade, with no wind. Co-day passed numerous stagings of poles (used by the Chinese or fishing), three miles from land, in the open sea. This island s small, and hilly, with pleasant views. On the main land, are nany sugar plantations. I went ashore with Mr. R——, to the ıouse of Messrs. R—— & Co. The head of the firm is the American Consul. Met several gentlemen (merchants and English officers) there. They were just sitting down to dinner, nd we joined them. When we left this evening, they gave us basket of mangustines—a delicious fruit, growing in the 'straits," but for which this place is celebrated. They are round, nd from an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, covered vith a thick purple coat, somewhat like a black walnut, enclosing

the eatable part, which is of a light milky color, with five seg ments, like an orange, and contains a small seed like the doubl meat of a peach stone. The gamboge is obtained from the mar gustine tree and fruit. This evening sailed at eleven, with a darl and threatening sky.

May 31, SINGAPORE.—Anchored yesterday. Most of our pas sengers leave here for Australia, Java, &c. There is a grea quantity of shipping, and boats in the harbor—from the lates and swiftest clippers from China and Australia, down to th dullest and dumpiest of old ships or brigs, with every variety o smaller rig, raking opium clipper—schooners, and brigs, an hundreds of Chinese junks (many of them pirates—when chanc offers), and native boats of beautiful model—by some, suppose to have given the idea to Steers, who built the "Yacht America."

This place is principally settled by the "scum" of China, o whom there are about 60,000. The English have a small forc here, together with a governor. Its importance was early dis covered, and I think it was first taken possession of by Sir Stam ford Raffles. The town is small, but flourishing from its foreig business. I drove out to-day with an acquaintance, to see th garden of a wealthy native. He had pineapples growing, th flower being of a most beautiful and dazzling pink color. I als saw the lotus in bloom,—a beautiful pinkish white, about *nin inches in diameter*;—also some nutmegs, and other curious plants with strange birds. We shall start this afternoon for Hong Kong—a voyage of ten days.

June 6, HONG-KONG.—We arrived here this morning. Got a hotel, and went to see our Consul, Mr. A———, an old acquaint ance from New York. As this is the great port for the whal and California ships, he has plenty of consular business betwee belligerent captains and crews. "Jack tar" has much his ow way at present. In some ships, the sailors will not let the cap tains go forward of the mainmast. At other times they hav

made the captains go into ports they did not sail for, and at one of the ports in Australia they made the captains show a certificate from his last crew of his good conduct! Mr. A——— has introduced me to the club, so I shall be more comfortable here. As they have a good library, I shall have a nice time getting up information about my prospective journeys.

June 9th.—Hong-Kong is prettily situated, but not a particularly healthy or comfortable place to live in, being at the base of a high hill, and terribly warm at present; thermometer every day 90° in the shade! Collected more flower and fruit seeds. Dined at Mr. A———'s. Near their house stands a pagoda or joss temple, as the Chinese call them. The decorations and divinities were neither numerous nor elegant. The Chinese burn candles and paper with writing (prayers, etc.), to propitiate "Joss." The *pirates always* do the same when they start on any of their expeditions, besides burning fireworks and ringing gongs (to attract his attention, probably, and give them good luck!)

June 11th.—Took a walk yesterday to the "Happy Valley." Why it is so called I cannot imagine. It is neither beautiful, nor has it a single house. To-day a small deluge set the house afloat, with shower-baths "gratis" in ascending or descending the stairs.

June 12th.—This evening gave us a crab supper with Mr. D———'s family, who are Americans.

June 13th.—CANTON.—Came on here to-day, *via* Macao; a delightful sail all day, especially in coming up the Canton river. Macao is nominally a Portuguese province, and has a valuable commerce. Hong-Kong has destroyed its influence, without attaining its importance. Its harbor—such as it is—is almost an open roadstead, only protected by distant islands from the full force of the sea. The town is surrounded by a low wall,

and has several indifferent forts. There are, of course, numerous Catholic churches, from the number of Portuguese.

The streets are narrow and clean. There is hardly a horse in the place. I walked through the bazaars, which are closely crowded together—barely eight feet from one side of the way to the other—and half that space occupied with goods. There is apparently little to make it a desirable residence, except the fresh sea air. But it is still preferable to Hong-Kong. Many passengers joined the steamer for Canton: among them Mr. H——, who has returned to retrieve his fortune. We passed great numbers of junks after leaving Macao; at one time I counted 121 without changing my position, and nearly all were from ten to eighty tons.

This afternoon we had a number of violent showers. The scenery, in most parts of the river, is fine. Hills, trees, and towers varying the landscape. I saw the Bogue forts, taken by the English during the war of '42. They are of very little use, as they all are commanded by the hills in their rear. The river is very wide at its mouth, and continues so until approaching Whampoa, the head of ship navigation. After that, it varies from half to a third of a mile.

Whampoa is a village of importance only from the shipping stopping here, and all repairs to vessels done, hauling them up, etc.

Hong-Kong, Macao and Canton form a triangle: the distance 115 miles; 82 from Macao, and 90 direct from Hong-Kong. From Macao there are 32 miles of wide bay, with small islands; then 40 miles of river to Whampoa, and 10 more to Canton. From Whampoa the river is a succession of islands so large, and the water dividing them so wide—being from a quarter to half a mile—that they give the appearance of separate rivers. Many of the junks we saw are of medium size, very sharp, with an immense number of oars, looking like centipedes. These are termed revenue boats, but—*opium smugglers*, according to circumstances.

The opium business being contrary to law, as you are probably aware: the merchants are all engaged in it, and keep a fleet of opium ships, well manned and armed, lying at the mouth of the Canton river. These sell it to the opium smugglers, who get the produce into the country. We arrived at nine, when I made my way to Akow's Hotel, and I am now stowed away in a "sky parlor" eight feet square.

June 14*th*.—I called this morning on Mr. F———, the head of the old firm of Russell & Co. Mr. F——— is from New York. You are acquainted with his family. He introduced me to his partner, Mr. S———, brother of the one in the firm of Messrs. B——— & Co. They are my bankers here. Mr. F——— invited me to dine with him to-day, and to move my things to his house to-morrow, regretting he was not able to give me a room at once, for they were full.

In Canton there is a singular custom among the merchants—probably part of the old factory system in the East. All the partners of the firm and the clerks live in the building containing the counting-house, and every person doing business with the firm is expected to stay there also. So that with the partners, clerks, and guests, in this large house, they lay a large table every day—about eighteen to twenty-four. Then called to see one of the members of the firm of W——— & Co. William L——— was a member of this firm at the time of his death. They also invited me to dine with them to-day, and stay at their house.

On to Dr. P——'s, saw him, and was introduced to Mrs. P——, who looks much like her relative Mr. Webster. I had a pleasant visit here. At dinner I was introduced to a room full of people, with nearly all of whom I had mutual acquaintances—among them was a rough-looking originality, who had been through the various grades and states of farmer in Massachusetts, merchant and auctioneer in New York city, planter in Louisiana, speculator in California, and, I believe, traveller at present. He says he is an intimate acquaintance of my friend Mr. D——, with

whom I have been travelling. He rejoices in the name of Colonel Poore, though I believe he is very wealthy: a huge, rough and prosy old fellow, though very amusing.

After dinner, Mr. S——, Col. P——, and I went on the river in one of the Hong boats for a row and fresh air. Anchoring we had a fine view of the numerous yachts, and various river and town boats of the natives, besides enjoying an invigorating breeze after the close heat of the city. On our return Mr. S—— and I went to Mr. H——'s, and climbing up to the top of his house, found him and several other persons enjoying their cigars and the evening breeze, on a species of aerial platform, from which they have a fine view; after a pleasant visit, we all went to the club-room, where I was introduced by Mr. S——.

June 15th.—Breakfasted at Mr. F——'s, and moved my luggage, then sauntered through the various streets in the neighborhood of the Hongs. The occupants deal principally with Europeans, whose limits of safety and privileged walks don't extend much beyond this.

The Hongs form an immense range of buildings, some three or four hundred feet deep, by a thousand long, with a fine large garden, and walks. Between them and the river there is a space of three or four hundred feet. At each end of the factory, is a high wall with a gate, extending to the river. The factories are singularly built. The lower story is high, like an English basement. Here are all the counting-rooms. The buildings forming the Hongs are each about thirty feet in width, the rooms being of the ordinary size of parlors, and commencing between the second and third rooms from the front of the houses, there is a large "well," or open place, of sixteen feet square; open from above to light these two rooms, and so on at intervals of every second room to the rear of the building. In the garden of the Hongs stands a pretty Episcopalian church. The Hongs are occupied by great numbers of merchants—in fact by all the merchants doing business at Canton, and by the consuls.

The only exception is in the case of merchants having their families. They take houses just outside of the Hong premises.

This afternoon, with Messrs. F——, S——, and W—— to Howqua's garden—a row of about two miles up the river, and a small creek. It was a curious affair—quantities of flowers and plants; numerous tanks with fish, and the lotus in full bloom—its pink flowers looking beautiful. The garden is a labyrinth with its numerous summer-houses, tanks, walks, and trees. The bushes are trimmed in the quaint old style of birds and beasts. Then on our way down we stopped at a smaller garden. The river is filled with boats of all sorts—from little boxes of boats scarce sufficient to support a single paddler, to ponderous junks, half stationary, half locomotive—a sort of floating hotel for travellers and parties of pleasure, who hire them for a few days of jollification, when for retirement they are rowed, pushed, or towed a short distance up or down the river, and anchored, while the inmates enjoy themselves with feasting, music, and fresh air; at other times they lay at anchor in very compact rows in the stream, forming a perfect succession of streets. Every boat in the river is registered, and I am informed there are 87,000! within the lamp district (about four miles) on the police books—as plying on the river. With an ordinary average their population is computed to be 500,000, while that of the city is 1,000,000, as near as can be estimated.

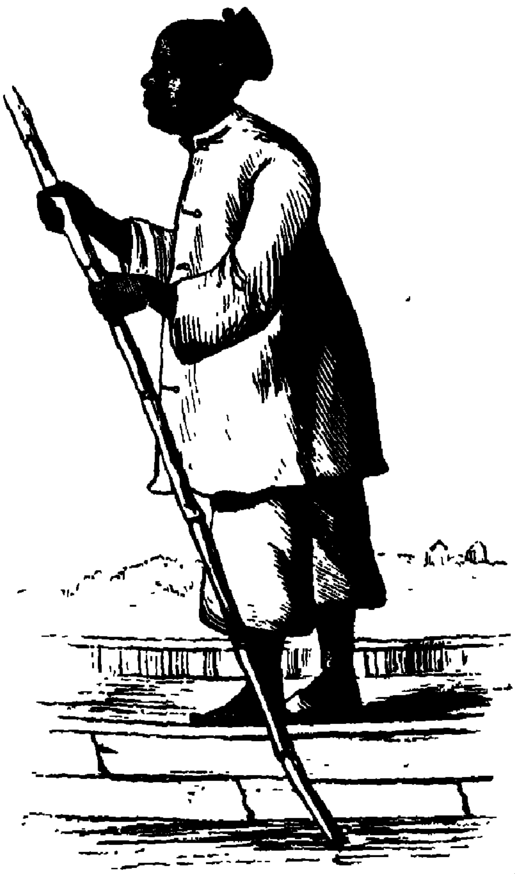
The fronts of these lodging boats are frequently most elaborately carved. In the midst of this motley collection of junks and "sanpans" (the miniature canoes) is a small fleet of very pretty yachts, mostly built by Mr. Forbes (the head of the leading American house here, and a great amateur in those matters) for his own use, and then sold again to some other of the merchants here as he tired of them, or fancied some improvement, until now he has the most beautiful one here. It is built after the lines of the far-famed "yacht America." Besides the facilities for sailing amateurs, there is every variety, shape, and form of row-boat in English, American, or Indian style.

June 17th.—Yesterday I passed with the occupations of a travelling lounger; sketching, reading, visiting, and receiving visitors. Dined by invitation, with Mr. H———. To-day I have been sight-seeing in the shops. They contain little more than can be found in our own Chinese shops—except a crowd of rascally, long-tailed, oddly dressed Chinamen.

This afternoon our usual anchor in the river. Almost every afternoon the members of the different Hongs go out in their Hong boats, and, anchoring in the river, enjoy the fresh air, while they sit and smoke, read, see the yachts, or take a siesta.

June 18th.—Mr. W——— invited me this afternoon to take a sail to Whampoa, to see the "Challenge," the crack American clipper. This morning, while we were in the parlor, a sailor called to see Mr. W———, and complained that the captain did not treat him like a gentleman—that he told him to "go to h——l." We had a delightful run down in Mr. F.'s yacht. We inspected and admired the ship, which is a "perfect beauty," and of great size for a clipper—2000 tons. She arrived a short time since from London. Several English officers came out in her, and had an opportunity of seeing her fine performances and speed. On one occasion she made in three days 1045 miles, and one day 385 (the "While Squall's" great feat was 372.) To give you some idea of her enormous spread of canvass, her main-yard is 93 feet long, and the foot of that sail 152 feet. After a nice Yankee supper we started on our way home.

June 20th.—Yesterday, being Sunday, went to church. In the evening anchored on the river to recruit after the heat of the day. I extended my walk to-day rather nearer the walls of the city, but with little that is novel to interest—though perhaps from long travel I am somewhat *blasé*. Water-carriers and porters jostle you about without ceremony. The shop signs, instead of being placed laterally as with us, are vertical, as the Chinese read from top to bottom, instead of from side to side



Sketched by the Author See page 252.

CHINA BOAT-WOMAN, CANTON.

as we do. The effect is very curious. This is, however, merely the suburb of the city. It is not possible to enter the city publicly, though Dr. Parker and Mr. Roberts a missionary, were once carried in, in close sedan chairs. Occasionally parties are made up to walk around the city, but rarely, as you are always liable to insult, to be plundered or murdered; your servants always being the first to run. When the English captured and allowed the city to be ransomed, they did not enter it, but occupied an eminence near by, and the Chinese now have a monument in the city in honor of its never having been polluted by foreign foot. If the English had only allowed a regiment to occupy it for a month it would have cooled off their insolence very much. The people of this district have for many years been notoriously insolent to foreigners. Even as far back as Lord Amherst's visit to Pekin in 1805, they noticed a marked change in the people on reaching this province.

There has been quite an excitement here for some days about a flagstaff erected at the suggestion of Mr. F——— (the French Vice-consul), in front of Messrs. Russell & Co.'s house. Four or five valorous young Johnnie Bulls got up an unnecessary excitement about it, and cut the halliards and shrouds; whereupon the captain of the French steamer sent up a guard, and one evening caught two Johnnie Bulls lurking about the place. He sent them down to the steamer, where they managed to cool off after some hours' confinement.

The Chinese coin is diminished almost infinitesimally—I think to the 1500th part of a dollar. Spanish dollars are the coin of the bankers, and the Mexican is that of the people. The latter, after an examination by the servants, or money-changers of the Hong, are stamped; and thus, after a while, it gets beaten to pieces. Every Hong employs one of the examiners of coin, called a shreif, who does nothing but count and examine coin all day.

The revolution is exciting a great sensation in China, and it is supposed the rebels will attack the city before many months.

These difficulties are awful for poor travellers—making exchange thirty-three per cent. on London, besides the eight or ten per cent. of commissions, &c. This afternoon, Mr. F—— took me to see the famous Honan Temple (Bhuddist). The range of buildings is immense, and among them is one for burning the bodies of dead priests. The service is much like that of the Greek church, except the grotesque figures of the idols. Like those of Ceylon, the priests shave their heads, and wear yellow togas. We then went through a curious canal in this suburb, of which the walls of the houses made the sides. In passing under the bridges we had to keep a sharp look-out for stones, and slops from above, thrown by mischievous persons.

Mr. F—— informs me that Commodore Perry had great numbers of applications for passage to Japan in his fleet by English and Americans—some coming even from England; that Bayard Taylor was the only one allowed to go, and he shipped as master's mate.

To-day I had my pocket picked for the first time in my life, and then of—an old pair of gloves—they will be very useful to a Chinaman "I guess."

June 21*st*.—I shall remain here till I return to Hong-Kong, and sail for India. Owing to some disarrangement of the steamers, I can't get to Shanghae, and as it's not very interesting, except commercially, and I cannot reach Ningpo and Nankin, I shall not try a sailing vessel. The silks and green tea for the United States principally go from Shanghae.

The Bhuddist priests are trembling at the success of the new Emperor, or would-be Emperor, Typing-Wang, who at one time was a disciple of a Mr. Roberts—missionary—hence his jumble of creeds, half Christian half heathen, that in his proclamations so astonished the religious world, and gave them hope that a new and better era was to mark the Chinese Empire of the 19th century.

June 25th.—I dined yesterday with Mr. M———, of Wetmore & Co.'s house. To-day dined with Dr. P———, and had a sail on the river in one of the yachts. Fell in with a regular North river sloop, which Mr. F. has built as an experiment for freighting, and as pirates are so numerous, she carries six carronades.

June 26th.—Sunday—to church. This evening an acquaintance in speaking of the great number of executions in the neighborhood of Canton, said that a year or two since, the Governor Suu, was invited on board of the United States sloop-of-war Plymouth. The captain gave him a salute, and showed him the thirty-two pounder guns, explaining the terrible destruction they made when fired. The Governor, so far from expressing any surprise, simply remarked that he had signed the death-warrants of 6,000 persons during the year! I am told the average is 4,000! Mr. H——— described the execution of sixty-three he was once obliged to witness.

June 27th.—This morning went with Dr. Parker to his Eye Infirmary and Hospital. There are often several hundred persons there to consult him and be operated on—some coming even from the interior of China. He commences by delivering a short lecture to the people on the blessings of Christianity, and then examines the cases. He says the people live so entirely on vegetable diet, and have so little inflammation in their systems, that after an operation they hardly suppurate enough for the wound to heal. He performed a few operations, none of much interest. We made an excursion to Potinqua's (another wealthy Chinese merchant) garden this afternoon, and returned through a curious little canal, bounded by houses, their foundation walls forming its sides. In the canal we passed one of those huge houses of boats—then through several streets of them, all brilliantly lighted, as if for a gala day; but they were only floating restaurants, where the Chinese merchants go to enjoy a good dinner, and the cool air to stimulate their appetites—and perhaps get

their money's-worth. The boats were curiously carved and gilded, brilliantly illuminated by chandeliers, and in several of them we saw long suites of rooms and lights.

June 29th.—Yesterday I saw two French Jesuits dressed like the Chinese, with long tails, and had I not known they were French, should have taken them for Chinese. Mr. F. knew Huc, the Jesuit missionary, who wrote his interesting book of travels in China. There are a number of Mormons here, who dress in fez, turban, and long white gowns, like the natives of India. This is a happy day. The ice ship has at last arrived, and there are great rejoicings. This morning again with Dr. Parker to his Hospital and Eye Infirmary. After he had performed a few operations I left. The heat was over 90°, and not a breath of air, and I was surrounded by one or two hundred *not* "particularly nice" Chinese. I had to leave to avoid being stifled, and untimely terminating my tour. This afternoon a small Russian war steamer came to anchor opposite the Hong, and shortly after the admiral and three of his officers called on Mr. F——. They took tea with us, and the admiral is to stay with us.

June 30th.—The admiral and officers all breakfasted here. He is an aide-de-camp to the emperor. He says that thirty years ago he was at San Francisco, in California. This afternoon went to another of Potinqua's gardens; curiously arranged, almost entirely of tanks filled with the lotus in full bloom. The only soil was in the paths and divisions between the tanks. I saw no dwarf trees of any consequence, though the Chinese are said to be celebrated for their success in the art of dwarfing. Mr. F—— said he had eaten many a Chinese dinner here. At one of these dinners they had to stop at the fiftieth course, which was stewed duck's feet! He said first they sat down to a beautiful European dinner, and after they had gone all through its various courses, a very recherché Chinese dinner followed—bird's-nest soup, etc.,

When they stopped for want of ability and capacity, the host said that was not half the dinner. Bird's-nest soup is made from the gelatine matter that cements the fibres of the nest of a peculiar bird that lives on almost inaccessible and deserted cliffs. It is obtained by the natives with great difficulty and risk; hence, its value. The birds collect a substance they find on the tops of the waves, and use it for the purpose of securing the materials of their nests together. Their nests, when collected by the natives, are washed with great care, and the gelatine preserved. Mr. F—— told me it was perfectly tasteless.

Potinqua is at present the collector of the salt duties. The Emperor usually appoints the collector at his pleasure, compels him to take the office, and pay an enormous annual sum, which generally ruins him in the end. Admiral Poltrettein has tried to obtain an interview with the governor of Canton, but he has not succeeded. This afternoon the admiral and Mr. S—— went to the Honan Temple, and Mr. F—— and I cooled ourselves with a game of billiards—the thermometer at five o'clock standing at 91° ! !

Yesterday the admiral sent his despatches to the governor of Canton, and received his reply just before he sat down to breakfast. He got the translation shortly, dictated his answer, and before he had finished, the despatch in reply to the governor was ready. I give this incident as illustrating the knowledge possessed by their interpreters of the Chinese language. With the English, French, or our people, it is the work of a day to make up a proper Chinese translation of a despatch.

The Russians for two centuries, have had an embassy at Pekin, and they are allowed a certain number of priests, who must be changed every ten years, and in that way multitudes become familiar with the language. They also had two hundred Tartar soldiers, as a guard to the embassy at first, and the admiral thought, by their remaining in the country, and intermarrying with the Chinese, and the services of the Greek Church being kept up by the succession of Greek priests at the embassy for

the benefit of these people and their descendants, the ceremonies have gradually crept into the Bhuddist services; and that is the reason of the great resemblance between the ceremonies in the Bhuddist temples and his own (the Greek) church, a circumstance that struck me when I saw them, as well as him this afternoon, when he was at the temple.

July 2d.—This morning the Russians started on their return to Hong-Kong, where the frigate—a fifty-two-gun ship lies. To day a young Baron Kreudner dined with us. He is on board the frigate in some capacity—I don't know what. His uncle was a former Minister from Russia to the United States. He has on his card, *aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine* (which does not mean very much, as I believe these imperial dignitaries have about a hundred aides apiece.) This said Grand Duke occupies the anomalous position of admiral in the navy, and general in the army. The Baron, breathing the atmosphere of this ambitious duke, has the same large views of annexation, and very likely somewhat colored by the sentiment they express.

July 4th.—The Baron started for Canton to day. Mr. H——, and one or two other acquaintances dined with us; we had a good laugh at H——, who dined with us yesterday: the Baron inquired who he was, remarking he looked like a *very distinguished man.* This evening the Americans had quite a display of fireworks in the garden. The John Bulls, freshly from London, were down in numbers, expressing great fears lest the city, and even the people themselves, should be set on fire by the works, and wondering what the Americans were "making such a bloody row about. Is it for Bunker Hill, or what?" Some of the English here are very good fellows, but most of them are precious small, and there is not much love lost between them and the Americans.

Col. M——, our Minister, said (when he was here a few months ago) in graphic western style, "I'll be d—d if the Americans wouldn't rather fight the English than eat." Yesterday,

heard of the further success of the rebels, and their march this way with a large force. At present the weather is so hot, neither party can do very much. The Chinese Imperial Admiral is about buying a small steamer of some of the merchants here. It has created considerable discussion whether it will prejudice the cause of the rebels with whom they sympathize. Mr. F—— told the Chinamen in his employ to day, this was "a No. 1 first day with Americans, that once, great while go, we were all the same to the English, just like Typing-wang men to Emperor." They enjoyed the joke, entering into all the animosities of their masters. We have noticed frequently of late, the Chinese carrying matchlocks and bows, an unusual sight—it looks like rebellion.

July 6th.—I've been developing my artistic genius in learning to paint, all the morning. This afternoon, S—— and I had a sail in the Atlanta, Mr. F——'s yacht, while he alternated between dozing, reading reviews, and admiring his yacht from the cabin of his Hong boat, as she lay at anchor.

By the way, I forgot to apprise you I had turned juvenile again in my habits—a positive fact. I've got to wearing jackets, or "roundabouts." The people of India, and this country, by way of greater comfort in the warm weather, have adopted the fashion of jacket, vest, and trowsers of white, for full dress at a dinner or evening party during the warm weather. Sensible, isn't it? There is a young O—— from New York here, who, for his quintessence of quadrupled assurance, if you can realize such a quantum of "brass," and this not half describing him, is known by the title of "Young America." The English don't know what to make of his astonishing assurant way of talking down every person, no matter what age, by always taking the opposite side of everything said, and bearing them down by the clear weight of assurance and tongue—but neither elegant polished wit, nor cleverness. He is constantly invited out by English to dinner, as a curiosity, to see him "go it."

July 7th, WHAMPOA.—At four this afternoon, Mr. F———, and I started in his yacht, the Atlanta, for Macao, stopping at this place for the night. I've been so long at Canton, I quite regret to leave it, notwithstanding our narrow limits, and the pleasant greetings one meets from all the people, man, woman, and child, in passing the native boats in the river, of Fanqui Low (Foreign Devil); besides drawing their hands across their throats as indicative of cutting your throat, and drawing their hands down their face, and jerking them as if throwing their impurities at you. I have often been amused by the captain of the English brig-of-war stationed off the Hongs as a guard for them. He almost boils with rage as he speaks of the insults of the people to him, as he goes to and from his vessel. This is the result of the prestige of this city, which was very near being destroyed a few years since. There was some payment to be made, part of the Chinese and English treaty; the Chinese did not pay, when a regiment was sent up from Hong-kong, and they had until midday to pay. They waited until the very *last minute* before they paid. An acquaintance told me he asked a soldier who was standing with his musket in his hand, if they were about to attack the city, "By jabers, and I wish they would," said the fellow, shaking his musket, his eyes sparkling with the anticipated sport.

At the time of the settlement of the treaty in the war of 1842 with China, Howqua, one of the twelve Hong merchants, (as those were termed, who were allowed to trade with foreigners), was to pay the $1,500,000 to the English agent at Macao, and it was agreed it should be done by three notes, or bills, for $500,000 each, drawn by Russell & Co., at that time, and now, *the American house* in China. For the joke, it was agreed by the three partners at Canton, that each would sign one note for the firm, to say they had signed a note for that amount, and Messrs. Green, King, and Hunter, were the three. Passed on our way, as we came to anchor, the Flying Childers, six days from Shanghae, beating all the ships that started six and eight days before her. She brings news of the "Touti's" return to Shanghae, and

that he says his foreign soldiers *object to fight without pay!* And of General Marshall's proclamation, for all Americans to refrain from assisting the rebels.

We spent the evening on board an old hulk, which an enterprising Yankee skipper has converted into dwelling house, store-ship, etc. By his honesty and enterprise, he has gained the confidence of all here, English, Americans, and others.

To Mr. R. B. Forbes, the late head of the house of Russell and Company, Canton, (the cousin of my friend, Mr. F———, the present head of that house), is due the credit of suggesting that the importance and value of our trade with China not only require but demand new and accurate surveys of the China seas; that the dangers which constantly beset the navigator at almost every mile, from currents, shoals, and small islands, may be correctly pointed out. From Mr. R. B. F———'s long experience here he was fully conversant with the great and most serious defects in all the best charts then in existence;—and that surveys were then needed from the extent of commerce, as well as from the prospective increased value of it, arising from the rapidly growing State of California.

Mr. Forbes first made the suggestion to Lieutenant Page of our navy, who was then stopping with him, and it was upon the representations of those gentlemen, and a paper prepared by them, that the matter was first brought before the Navy Department, and eventually before Congress, and the appropriation made for the purpose. Lieutenant Page was to have had the command of the expedition, but from some change in the Cabinet, and arrangement of the vessels to compose it, owing to his rank of Lieutenant, the command was given to another, and he offered an inferior position in it, which he naturally declined, as he could not father his own plan. He was afterwards placed in command of the La Plata expedition.* To the enterprise of the Messrs. Forbes, are also due many of the improvements in the American

* He has lately published a valuable and interesting account of that expedition.

ships that navigate these waters, as well as the American steamers at Canton, and a fine tow-boat now on its way to Shanghae, as the current in the Yang-tze-Kiang is very rapid, besides the danger from shoals.

July 8th, MACAO.—At four this morning, sailed with a cracking breeze, and lots of heavy squalls on all sides, which we managed to dodge through the skill of Mr. F—— and his yacht captain, a first-rate Chinaman. We had a delightful sail, and though the wind and tide were both against us, we got here in fourteen hours. The yacht is a perfect "beauty" in every respect, to seamen or landsmen. We landed, and took possession of Mr. F——'s new quarters, his married partner having just taken their former house for his family. It is a perfect barrack of a house for size. My room is numbered fourteen, and I think his is eighteen. How much higher they run I can't say. Making our land toilet, we went to Mr. T——'s, Mr. F——'s partner. His wife and sister have just arrived from the United States. Then to the French Ambassador's, Mr. B——. His wife is a most pleasing person, an American, who has travelled, seen much of the world, and is very accomplished.

July 9th.—This morning a friend of Mr. F—— breakfasted with us, a patriarchal-looking Frenchman, with a silver beard that would have rivalled Aaron's. After breakfast, we spent the day at his house, playing billiards. This said Frenchman is an amusing, curious, crusty old fellow, crabbed as possible, his nerves being sadly "out of joint" from the effects of a gun bursting while he was shooting, a few weeks ago, and from which he is still suffering. He has an armory of odd-looking rusty old guns. As for dogs—why his house is a kennel! At one time ten pointers came rushing into the billiard-room, through doors, windows, and every other hole. I'm sure I don't know how many more dogs he has, but more than I should like, dog

fancier that I am, unless they were more quiet and peaceable. They were howling, growling, and barking on all sides, at every door, under every sofa, and under my feet at every step.

Then home for toilet, and to Mr. S———'s for dinner. This evening called on Captain E———, and at Mrs. H———'s, where we finished the evening. I had never seen her, not even in New York, and was delighted with her. If a man is obliged to exile himself thus far from home, to make a second fortune, as H——— is (his first being lost), he is to be envied in having such a wife who would make a paradise a desert, and I know he thinks as I do of her charming qualities.

July 10*th*.—F——— and I took a daylight swim in the harbor, after which our patriarchal Frenchman came to breakfast. Next a visit from Captain D———. Mr. F——— took me to see some nice old friends of his, English people, Mr. and Mrs. S———. Mr. S——— was formerly in the East India service. We had a long talk about India, having many mutual acquaintances—they had lived in the Bombay presidency. We then called on the Governor—a pleasant Portuguese of about forty. He speaks English. After a walk, dined this evening at Madame B———'s—a pleasant party of eight or ten guests, the Governor being among the number. In the evening several others dropped in. Madame B——— sung delightfully for us.

July 11*th*.—The weather is horribly stormy, but we managed to get to D———'s in sedan chairs, to play billiards, and then to Mr. S———'s for dinner. Like all ladies who have no children, she is very fond of pets, and has a lot of dogs, parrots, and cockatoos, who make a constant bedlam. Mr. S——— has a house full of curiosities, sketches on the Chinese coast, by officers of the navy, a piece of the "great wall," a bit of porcelain from the porcelain tower at Nankin, etc. Afterwards finished the evening at Captain E———'s.

July 12th.—Mr. Forbes, wishing to return to Canton, sent for his yacht captain, Assam (Anglice—Sam), a weather oracle, to know what the weather would be. He looked wise, scratched his head, and gave about as definite an opinion as Captain Cuttle's friend, Jack Bunsby did. Called on the U. S. Consul, Mr. De S———. Then came billiards as usual, and we dined at S———'s, after which, I dropped in next door on Dr. and Mrs. P——— from Canton. In the evening, at Mrs. H———'s —she was even more charming than before. We finished the evening at Madame B———'s, who, from her position and accomplishments, is the person in Macao, though pretty little Mrs. H——— is much more to my taste. To-morrow we are to dine at Madame B———'s.

July 13th.—Mr. F——— is about leaving for the United States, and so he is out paying farewell visits, and I've been engaged all the morning writing letters of introduction to friends in Bombay, where I've advised him to stop and take a glimpse of some of the curiosities. Then came our usual amusement at D———'s; visit from S———, and this evening at Madame B———'s to dine.

July 14th.—This morning Mr. F——— started for Canton. I've been painting, and this afternoon had a walk of five or six miles, to the barrier line of the Portuguese possessions. I got caught in the rain. The scenery is fine, varied by hills, valleys, and bay. This evening called at Mrs. H———'s. I came in, just in time to see her pretty little children; we were acquainted in a very few minutes, and it seemed quite like home when they all came and kissed me for good night. Mrs. H——— was going out to spend the evening, and invited me to accompany her to Mrs. Williams, Mr. W——— is an American Missionary, and among the most highly esteemed and the best informed here. Mrs. W——— is a niece of an ex-chancellor of our State, and cousin of Mrs. A——— B———, we met Dr. and Mrs. P———

here and passed a pleasant evening, though I should have enjoyed much more, a quiet chat with Mrs. H——.

July 15*th*.—Now Mr. F—— is gone, I am more domestic, and have become a devotee of the fine arts. This morning I called at Mrs. S——'s, and dined by invitation at Mrs. H——'s. Met Mrs. E——. and Mr. S——. After dinner, while surrounded by the children, for whom I was making bouquets, Madame B—— called. She had just received from the Empress of France a reply to her congratulatory letter on her marriage—Madm. B—— having known her intimately as a young lady in Spain. Then came home, and I've been studying at books on India.

July 16*th*.—I was off at daybreak for a sketch of Macao, and though I got caught in *six rain squalls*—succeeded in getting a very good view. After breakfast I called on D——, where I saw Dr. and Mrs. P——, then at S——'s with whom I am to dine to-morrow. This afternoon have been out trying to sight-see, but found nothing but Camoens' Cave. The steamer for Hong-Kong is in, so went to Mrs. H——'s to bid her good-bye—she was out, and I continued on to Madm. B——'s to make my adieu also; Mrs. H—— happened to be there. These are the two most agreeable countrywomen I've met since I've been abroad. Madm. B—— told me to call on the French Consul's wife at Singapore, and she would write by the mail to say I was to call on her.

July 17*th*, HONG-KONG.—Up at 4 A.M., and off by the steamer. We have had a miserable, wet, rough, squally day, and reached here at twelve. Met an officer acquaintance at church, and strolled to the barracks, where I dined.

July 18*th*, 19*th*.—I've been amusing myself for the two past mornings, in painting or studying future tours in the club

library. Spent the afternoon in long walks, and visiting friends at the barracks. Last evening I took tea at Mrs. D———'s, and met a curious customer—a Mr. Harris, of New York, who has been cruising about in the Pacific for the last four or five years—California, South America, and the Islands; and last from Shanghae, where he said he went into the interior about one hundred and fifty miles. He is an awful liar, besides a beast of a drunkard, so I won't vouch for his veracity. F——— ordered him out of his counting-room once for impertinence and drunkenness, and the late consul, Mr. B———, even threatened to kick him out, unless he made a speedy exit.*

This afternoon I went out sailing with an officer friend, who has a small American sail-boat; as he upset her in the harbor yesterday with half-a-dozen fellow-officers, I stipulated for the management. We had a pleasant sail, and in the evening I dined at the mess. The weather is intensely hot here after the sea breezes at Macao, and this is the least pleasant of the three places here. All the merchants have houses at Macao, where their families remain during the summer months. Then the steamers run every day to and fro from Canton. There is a small American steamer here (built by Mr. Forbes, who had her first set up in the United States, and her pieces put together here), that makes her fifty per cent. a year, while the English boats lose money.

July 20th.—At six this morning, went with an officer for a sketch of Hong Kong. I breakfasted at the barracks on the way home. This afternoon several of the officers made up a party with me for Karling, a small town nearly opposite, on the bay. As the last party was nearly killed by assault, and a war steamer had to take up a position opposite the town, and

* This same worthy individual is now the grand flourish of a consul-general at Japan, and doubtless his accounts are reliable, when there is no one to contradict! *Oh! tempora, oh! mores*, when we are obliged to be represented by some dignitaries who are selected to go abroad.

threatened to batter it down if they did not give up the culprits—we each took our revolvers, "and a good bit of cane" for shilalah. Fortunately for all parties we found the people very civil. The town was curious and especially dirty. The most amusing thing we saw, was the "mustering" of some recruits before a military mandarin. The old fellow sat at a table out of doors, the men formed a circle around him, each armed with a matchlock, which looked more dangerous to them than their enemies. As the men's names were called off they advanced, after a few questions they tumbled down on their knees and bobbed their heads on the ground, and then rising, retired—a new dodge in military salutations—perhaps indicating the willingness to perform for their masters the excess of the Indian expression of humility, *i.e.*, "eat dirt." We then returned to Hong-Kong, which we reached at nine in the evening.

July 21*st*, 22*d*.—Reading, writing letters, and studying up tours. I received a very friendly note from Mrs. S——, with two letters of introduction for Calcutta. This morning I was surprised by hearing S——'s voice in the hall. He had come down with F—— to see him off. F——, S——, and I, breakfasted at W—— and A——'s. After getting our tickets, we "did up" some visiting, our three sedan chairs forming quite a procession.

This evening I took my farewell dinner at the 59th mess; as they knew I was to leave by the steamer to-morrow, I was asked to take wine by every officer at the table. The band played "Yankee Doodle," as usual whenever I was present, if it played that evening.

It is singular how ignorant the English (proper) are, or pretend to be, of the United States. Why, we know more of every State in Europe, however insignificant, than they do of us, who are England's greatest rival in commerce, science, and her principal manufactures; and to whom she is so much indebted for the main support of her people, by our cotton, and our consump-

tion of her fabrics. At the same time the Indian English, with all their isolation, have more enlarged minds and general knowledge of the world, than their more wealthy and vain countrymen at "home," who have to spend six months a year within the sound of "Bow bells," to prevent a contraction of some incomprehensible accent or patois—an exemption that Americans, in their vast territory of from four to six millions of square miles, are free from. An officer of the 59th said to me yesterday, in speaking of nobility, "Er—r— you have nobility in America, the same as we do I suppose"—as if he had forgotten what a republic meant. I don't feel surprised at English pride and vanity over the continentals, to whom they are and ever have been superior in almost every respect, and especially in the sinews of war, notwithstanding their small size and immense territory to be guarded; but I do censure their pretended ignorance and stupidity about all else but their own affairs, as if they alone engrossed the sole attention of the world, and an Englishman, wherever he goes, to be worshipped as a superior being. I should feel vain too, if I were an Englishman, and saw what my country had accomplished, and how superior in all that gave power, influence, and respect, she was to the rest of Europe. But when it comes to America, they must change their tone. We have shown ourselves superior to them in our contests. In a hundred years we have twice shook off their arbitrary yoke, and in that time created a commercial marine that all but equals their own boasted one. We have taught them, in science, the application of steam to boats, the telegraph and use of lightning rods, the theory of storms, the probability of a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic;* in practical life, how to build fast ships and yachts; and in the Chinese seas, the possibility of breasting the monsoons —a thing not done until within a few years, when the example was set by our bold and skilful China captains; and in our printing presses, etc.

* Now reduced to a certainty by the one lately laid.

July 23*d*, At Sea.—Breakfasted with A———, where I met Col. Kean—an old Indian officer—then packed up, and off on the steamer. There are very few passengers, three Englishmen, two Spaniards and the wife of one, with Mr. F——— and I, make up the number.

This is my third step homeward—from Canton being my first—sweet as the sound and pleasant the anticipations, I've before me many a long day and weary league before I accomplish the distance, and view all the intervening sights. I should have enjoyed very much a visit to Ning-Po; it is a curious town, and the resort of wealthy retired merchants. In the private houses at Canton, Macao and Hong-Kong, I saw much of their curiously inlaid furniture. It is done in ivory and woods, representing animals, trees, etc.

The Canton-English, as it is termed here, is most ridiculous—a compound of Chinese, Portuguese and English—so abbreviated, turned and twisted in a sentence, that one hardly knows what he is saying. They have at Canton, all the variety of temperate climate fruits, and many we are not accustomed to, that are delicious. The sea is now rough, and the barometer is falling. The captain, apprehensive of a typhoon, has taken in all sail. I should like to see one—but not be in it. S——— was caught in a typhoon coming to China three months ago, and the captain being nervous and timid, resigned the charge of the ship to his first mate!

July 24, 25, *and* 26.—Pleasant. Passed a ship yesterday and to-day in sight of land. S——— and I have been enjoying the breeze all the evening on top of the paddle-box, and he is a capital companion at sea. This evening we saw shooting stars, and a brilliant meteor that came down with a train like a comet, bursting near the sea.

July 31.—Sunday—the usual routine, mustering the crew for inspection, and a curious sight it is, each in his gala dress—and

such a medley of nations, colors, and costumes!—Some of the Mus sulmen, for sash to their white gowns, *splice two or three pocke handkerchiefs.* Then came prayers (the Episcopal service) in the cabin. Our portly captain on one side of the table, and the doctor, with corresponding dimensions on the other, officiating as clerk; while the passengers, and those of the crew who wish to attend, are scattered about the cabin. This evening we are in the Straits of Malacca, and have passed several islands.

August 1st and 2nd, SINGAPORE.—The steamer anchored here yesterday morning. Mr. F——— took me to call on Mr. and Madame G———, the French consul and his wife—with whom I was much pleased. On our way home we found a prize in the form of a basket of mangustines, and I wish you were here to enjoy them with us; they are indescribably delicious.

On unpacking some of my luggage I found a bag filled with pulverized charcoal, and a trunk with an innumerable population of ants. At breakfast Mr. F——— introduced me to a Mr. T——— of Boston, who is out here temporarily on business. This morning I drove Mr. F——— to the steamer. He will stop at Bombay, to see some relatives, and the curiosities of the place and neighborhood. On my return to the hotel a Mr. R———, a friend of F———'s, called and invited me to dine with him this afternoon. He has a pleasant place three miles out of town. The drive was fine, and the party very agreeable. The colonel of the regiment here, a great traveller in Burmah and Australia, and two or three lesser notabilities were present.

August 3d and 4th.—Yesterday I spent in reading, driving, and seeing friends. To-day an acquaintance told me of one of the odd and cruel customs of the natives here, which he saw about a year since, practised by the poorer people to regain their caste, when they have not money to buy it back. A dozen Malays passed, preceded by a band of native musicians, the whole followed by a large crowd, each of the twelve having his tongue

'awn out as far as possible, and then a silver skewer passed ırough both cheeks and tongue, thus keeping it extended. In ıat way they marched through the town. The next day they ere led down to a charcoal pit forty feet long, filled with live ›als, when, after being plied with liquor till they were nearly antic, they rushed across, over and through this fire, entirely ıked, except the three feet of twine and pocket handkerchief— inter costume of the Bombay natives—reaching the opposite de they fall into a pit of water.

There is a cousin of Gordon Cumming, the celebrated sportsan of Southern Africa, a Mr. C——, who told me an amusg story of his experience in caste a few years ago, when he ıme to India. He and two or three other young civilians, took house together. Their butler transgressing some rules they ıd established, they told him if he did so again, they should flog m. He did so, and they flogged him. He complained to the vil magistrate, who sent for them to know what it meant. hey explained, and he said he would have to make a severe :ample of them, as they were civilians, and knew better. They id they knew the law, and amount of the fine, and were willing to ıy it. The Judge was not satisfied with this, and was deterined to make an example of them. So when the trial came on, e plaintiff told his story, and brought his witnesses to prove it. he first man (a fellow-servant, as were the other witnesses) ıted he was not aware of the man's ever having been flogged, at he had been about the house all day, that their masters, the ıhibs, were always very kind and indulgent to them—never 'en scolding them, much less flogging, or even threatening to ›g them; and that the butler had asked permission to go and e some of his friends or family the day before this was alleged have occurred, and was absent several days by permission; so at he could not possibly have been flogged, and during the ıtler's absence, their masters were almost constantly about the ›use, and the one who was alleged to have done the flogging as sick abed. This evidence was corroborated by all the

[illegible] Judge, and the young civilians, were perfe [illegible], as well as the plaintiff, at this series of falsehoods; [illegible]wards, asking the servants what it meant, they said, the [illegible] flogged was a high-caste Hindoo, and if it had been known he [illegible] been flogged, it would have cost him all his wages for month[illegible] buy into his caste again, and so they lied him out of the difficu[illegible]

August 5th and 6th, SINGAPORE.—Yesterday, studying, dra ing, and shopping, and in the evening at Madm. G——. Took my daylight walk as usual with T——, then brea fast, shopping and sketching. This afternoon out driving wi T——, and this evening to the band. This hotel, I am ver sorry to say, is horrible, and to make the matter worse, there no opposition, though this is the regular stopping-place for th China steamers, which are here four times a month, two or thre days each time. The Australian line stop here, besides a hos of ship captains. Vessels arrive daily, upwards of 900 sto annually! either for freight or provisions. This is the great depô of the surrounding islands.

The ship captains complain terribly of the state of affairs in Australia; the sailors keeping quite the upper hand, and know ing every captain's character. In fact, the latter are always obliged to produce a certificate of good conduct from their las crew, before a single sailor will ship. An American captain here, told T—— he had been obliged to put two of his sailors in jail when he arrived in port. When he wished to sail again, and wanted to ship a crew, the men all refused to ship, and laughed at him. At last, happening to see a stranger, who, on being asked to ship, inquired the name of the captain and vessel. When told, he immediately replied, "Oh! you're the captain who has got men in jail." The captain said he had done it because they would not work. "You did right," replied Jack; "Well, where you going?" "Batavia." "Well, my terms are seventy pounds cash down." The captain demurred a little at the ex travagant terms, when Jack said, "Oh! if you wish security

gainst my running away, I can let you have a couple of thou-
and pounds." This is only one of the many particular
istances I've heard.

August 7th.—T—— and I off by daylight for our constitu-
ional, the only time one can take exercise in this climate. We
o a circuit of a little over five miles in the hour, literally
naking it exercise. This morning, to vary, we went to the top
f the hill, on which the government house is situated, whence
here is a lovely view of the harbor and surrounding country.
Iere added the seeds of ten flowering trees to my collection.
After breakfast to church. This afternoon T—— and I took
turn in the gharry (the name of a kind of cab with four
wheels). This evening on returning from church, found the
ard of Mr. G——, a Boston merchant I had met at Penang.
Going in the room of a friend, I happened to find him. He was
ere when Colonel M—— stopped on his way to China,
I—— went with him to call on several of the officials, the
overnor, etc. Col. M—— going in his dirty, dusty, shabby
lothes, just as he came from the steamer. On his way back
fter some apparent deliberation, he remarked, "Well, these
English seem to be pretty decent sort of folks." G—— is
ery anxious for me to go to Java with him, and I have almost
ecided to do so, as my steamer has not arrived yet for Calcutta,
he Java scenery is so fine, and their exhibition is to open
n the 1st of September.

August 8th and 9th.—My usual occupations of morning walks,
anguages, and drawings. To-day I called upon a gentleman who
as lately returned from Java, to learn about the country. This
fternoon to G——'s to dine, and met a Captain H——
f the Bengal Presidency, who gave me four or five letters to
is family and friends. Took a drive with G——, and spent
art of the evening at his house. He gave me two very pretty
Malacca canes, and a fine Java pumelo—very like those at Bom-

day. They are a large round fruit, about six inches in diameter, with peel and appearance like a huge orange—the meat of a pinkish tinge, in segments like an orange, and flavor of a delicious acid, most refreshing in a warm climate.

August 10th.—Our usual daylight walk. To-day I ordered a Chinaman to paint me every kind of fruit that grows at any place in the "Straits." G——— told me that about one hundred miles inland there is a race of people who are supposed to be the aborigines of the country. They are dwarfs in size, always go nude. They build nests in the branches of trees where they live, and are very timid and shy; but the missionaries have several times managed to see them. I have decided to go with G——— to Java, as he thinks he will be able to travel with me, which will greatly add to my pleasure.

August 11th.—Finished my daylight walk just in time to avoid the rain. When it rains here, it is no half-way affair, but a miniature deluge, and comes down in torrents. This afternoon, for variety, I strolled into a criminal court-room in session. They were trying a Portuguese for stealing twenty-four pounds of gold, $6,000. By his side stood another criminal waiting for his turn —he was up for stealing a chicken. Here they have a custom of making the prisoner stand during the trial, which is giving him part of the punishment beforehand.

My new acquaintance T——— amuses me much. He was obliged to come off suddenly for a year on business, and leave his pretty wife and little child. He gets awfully low-spirited about it, while I, who am a jolly bachelor, have no cares or troubles but those incident to my wanderings. Among our standing amusements, are a young Prussian and a Scotchman, between whom there is a probability of the battle of Waterloo being eventually settled, as it forms the usual topic for every meal, each claiming the credit for his own nation—of course.

August 12th.—To-day I saw the table of weather during June,

which is nearly a correct sample of the year, the weather varies so little. At 6 A.M. the thermometer ranged from 81° to 82°—three times stood at 79°; at 12 M. from 81° to 85°; at 3 P.M. 81° to 86°, generally at 83°. Thirteen days fair, the rest wet, with rain squalls. This month about the same.

This evening to Madame G———'s to dinner. The guests formed a striking contrast to the hostess. She is young, pleasant, and pretty—they "in the forties," ugly and affected. The men as equally below Mr. G——— in social requisites. I quite forgot the custom of taking a servant to wait upon me at table, I was so in the habit in India of having my servant go without my order, as he always knew when and where I was to dine. But luckily I saw among the guests the manager of the Oriental Bank here, so I took a seat by him, and begged the occasional loan of his servant, or I should have had a bad chance for my dinner. As I am not expecting to stay here long, T——— lets me "sponge" on his servant, which, from the meagre allowance at table, consists in our being at the table the moment the bell rings, and while we seize the dishes within our reach, the servant brings the two or three others we want, and holds them until we have got on our plates all we wish for the meal. It's a starvation diet we are on here, and the best man is he who gets hold of the best dishes first.

August 13th.—This afternoon a drive, and to hear the band. A day or two ago, I saw a new "dodge" for a card. It belonged to a Dutch exquisite from Batavia—no name, but the face (head and part of the shoulders). The only amusement during the day, besides my books is studying routes and languages, sketching, and watching the various ships in the harbor as they come and go; or the little gharries, drawn by a pony and guided by a small native at his side, usually both at full speed. The pineapples in this place are celebrated for their sweetness, and being so free from acidity, no one ever uses sugar with them. Among the fruits that particularly please the native taste, is the dorian,

which is especially odoriferous—a compound of antiquated eggs and onions. I frequently smell it when my China boy is taking his lunch outside of my door.

August 14th.—Last night the Calcutta steamer arrived. During the voyage she experienced a typhoon. Coming in from my walk this morning, I saw the signals for the Bombay and China steamers, making three mails to be examined and five to be got ready in twenty-four hours, viz. for England, Calcutta, Australia, China, and Java—a most unusual thing. After church, Mr. S——, the manager of the Oriental Bank, called, and took me out to dine with him, and then home again, as he said he had been paying out money all the morning, and should be doing so until mid-day to-morrow. The strangers are keeping the place lively, and gharry boys are making money. Gharries and passengers are flying about in all directions.

August 15th.—This morning I called on Mrs. G——, to bid good-bye; while there, the chief-justice came in—Sir Somebody. At the reading-room I saw some late papers from the United States—quite a luxury, I assure you. While lunching, in walked a man with most dolorous face, and informed us he had been left by the China steamer—poor fellow!—a fortnight here is worse than state prison life, it's so stupid.

August 16th.—T—— accompanied me on board to see me safely off. Luckily I found there were very few passengers. The steamer is horribly dirty, and the fare worse, if possible—the day dull, cloudy, and wet. In pleasant weather the sail is beautiful. This afternoon stopped at Rhio, and took in a post-captain and two army officers. Half-a-dozen friends of the latter tried to get up a hip, hip, hurrah! on leaving, but they had either libated too freely of beer, or not enough, for they "couldn't come it." There was a brig of war lying at anchor there, and quite a large fortress, with an esplanade, on the hill.

The product of the place is spice. This is a transportation settlement from Java.

August 17th, BANCA.—At midnight came to anchor, this being the coaling station. The weather and sea have both been very rough to-day. Last night we crossed the equator. As it was raining I did not get up to see it, so I cannot inform you how it looks. The current runs six miles an hour, so we coal slowly. There is a fortress here, and the tin mines which pay to the government an annual revenue of $1,005,000; they are very celebrated, and alone produce 2,000 tons, or one-half of all the Malay tin, which is very remarkable for its purity. Batavia is the principal place of export for it. These islands, and the Peninsula of Malacca produce about 4,000 tons annually, with their imperfect smelting by Chinese and Malays, while the tin mines of Cornwall and Devon, under the most favorable circumstances, only produce 5,000 tons!

August 18th, STRAITS OF BANCA.—At eight this morning we were off. The Straits are like a magnificent river, with densely wooded shores. The navigation is very bad from the shoals one part reminded me much of the "South Bay," my own boating place. This afternoon in the Java Sea, and rather rough.

August 19th, BATAVIA ROADSTEAD.—Steamed in here at near midnight, so remained on board until morning. We passed a Dutch war cutter this afternoon, and shortly after a dangerous sand bank of about an acre in surface, just visible above the water. The sea is generally very shoal, and we were passing flats all day. The harbor, to Hibernicise, is an open roadstead and entirely unprotected. Fortunately they have no storms of any consequence, and so vessels can lie at anchor in safety at all seasons.

August 20th, BATAVIA.—At seven this morning we landed after half a mile of rowing reached the entrance of the canal

which extends out for a long distance. The canal is rather narrow, with great numbers of sharks and crocodiles. Here the freight boats are towed in and sail out. I saw quite a number; they are all well built for sailing, many *with hollow lines.* The distance on the canal was perhaps a mile and a half. Here we and our "traps" were disembarked, and underwent a ceremonial examination by the custom-house officers, which greatly amazed G——'s unsophisticated servant, who gravely asked me, "Why they do so fashion this country?" Then we were off in most primitive chaises for the hotel, Anthony and our luggage in one, and our noble selves in the other—our steeds were "Button" in miniature, and about as willing to go.

Passing through the business part of the town, had a drive of a mile and a half to the "Hotel Netherlander," *en route* we passed the Governor's, and many other nice-looking houses. The roads are good and well sprinkled, and the place more comfortable looking than anything I've seen for many a long day, reminding me more of a New England village, than anything I can think of. Here I found nice rooms, bath, and breakfast, most delightful privileges, which we fully appreciated after our four days of discomfort, in fact of my continued discomfort since leaving Mr. F——'s house at Macao. We then sallied out to find Mr. R——, the head American merchant here (my steamer acquaintance from Point de Galle). He at once entered into our plans, and tried to persuade one of his partners to join us, and introduced us to both of them. He then sent out for the *government permit, without which we cannot travel here.*

This afternoon we took a drive through the place, which is very prettily laid out. Many of the grounds of the houses resembling small parks. The houses are of one or two stories, generally of wood, with every appearance of comfort, and almost painfully neat. Then home, and this evening a walk, and the luxury of ice cream.

August 21.—This morning I took an early walk, while G—— —

went to "mass" (being a Catholic). In passing a large plain called the Waterloo, I saw a stone column, surmounted by a lion; at its base a Latin inscription, the amount of which was— a grateful memorial of the glorious peace, effected on the bloody field of Waterloo, by the vigor and energy of the Dutch arms! Soon after, a most peculiar tandem "turn-out," with two young Dutch "bloods." Button would have been a cart-horse to either of these steeds.

Then home, and with G——— to R———'s to breakfast. He has a beautiful new house, which he has just moved into, and not yet quite furnished. Mrs. R——— not as well as when I saw her on board the steamer, she had then just returned from a trip to Europe and the United States for her health. She is a daughter of one of the late governors of the island. We had a capital breakfast, with lots of little darkies, whose grinning faces, as they gave us the benefit of their huge fans, looked most familiar. R——— talked over our trip, and arranged all the plans. We then returned home, and to-morrow shall start for a visit of a few days to see an American friend of G———, who lives about sixty or seventy miles in the country, on a plantation he owns. On our return, we shall go off on our longer tour.

Our breakfast at R———'s was literally a *dejeuner à la fourchette;* there were only one or two of R———'s or Mrs. R———'s family, besides ourselves, and as we had told him we had heard he was celebrated for his fine curries (for every place has its currie: in India, one for each presidency, one for Ceylon, one for Java, and another in China), so he determined to equal it, and gave orders accordingly. A Java currie is the rice and currie in separate dishes as usual, then a tableful of other concomitants, chickens prepared in various ways, omelettes, fricandeaux, with four or five other dishes, the contents I forget now, and all prepared with the greatest skill, for he keeps one servant whose sole business it is to prepare one half of the currie. After we had got a little of each of these dishes, a

servant brought on a waiter a large china dish with a dozen different divisions, each with a different preparation of spices, vegetables, chillies, and chutneys (a pungent preparation like Worcester sauce, catsup, and such like), from each of which you take a small portion, and the whole well stirred up or "shook before taken," as the cook-books and doctors' prescriptions say, after which the currie is complete, and the perfection and desideratum of such a currie is—each mouthful must have a different flavor. Doctors and chemists may talk about the deleterious effects of compounds, but I would not give much for their resolution, if a Java currie was "on hand," after they had had one good taste of one. I don't know of any more tempting dish for a *bon vivant.*

This evening we drove out to hear the band—and such a lot of Dutch exquisites, with "white ties" and queer-looking clothes, displaying their horsemanship on skeleton ponies, and lofty-stepping officers in white plumes, much admired *by themselves* and the natives! This evening, packing up a bag to go to Mr. D——'s, who, until he retired lately, was the head of R——'s firm.

Aug. 22*d*, WANASAPEE.—We were off by daylight this morning; a wild drive with only one incident, which occurred just as we left the suburbs. One of the leaders tried to take a short cut to a house he had been in the habit of stopping at, and tumbled into a deep ditch, dragging the other leader and one wheeler in with him. They were all soon extricated, and then we galloped on at full speed, once narrowly escaping an upset in the river from a "shy," and reached Mr. D——'s at twelve. As we were crossing a small river in front of his house, he saw us, and came running down the bank to meet us, with a hand and hearty welcome to each.

On reaching the house he presented us to his wife, a recent acquisition he had brought from America, (he went to the United States two years ago with G——, when Cupid pierced his

bachelor heart), she is a very pretty, nice person, and I soon found we had many mutual acquaintances. He is much interested in his sugar plantation and mill. The latter he had us out to see as soon as breakfast was over. He has a fine American engine, and this year will probably make over five hundred tons of sugar, a very large amount when it is considered the place was a dense teak jungle only seven years ago. In the sugar mill we were introduced to a Mr. S———, a relative of the M———'s at Morrisania, who came out to assist in the management of an estate his uncle, or rather his aunt, the widow has, consisting of several thousand square miles, and with over 30,000 people on it. There is one man on the island, a half caste (white father and native mother) from Bengal, who owns thousands of square miles, and has 74,000 people on the estate! Mr. D——— has 1,700 acres, 500 cleared and cultivated, with 500 hands, and about 2,500 people altogether.

This afternoon we rode around the sugar fields, when G——— drew Mr. D——— out on some of his tiger-shooting exploits; for though he is fifty-five, he is very active, and a keen sportsman, as you may suppose. When only a few days ago while in a sick bed, a report was brought of a tiger in a tree near his cattle pens, he sprang out of bed, barely waiting to dress, and rushing off with his rifle, left the rest to follow with torches (for it was evening) as they could. He wounded the tiger, who made for the river, followed by D——— and the dogs, D——— followed him into the river in water up to his neck, trying to spear him, when a servant brought another rifle, with which he shot him.

He is a famous shot. By way of showing a Dutch gentleman who was boasting of his prowess, the way the Americans did the thing, as they were returning from an unsuccessful tiger hunt, happening to see a monkey on a tree at a long distance, he drew up and knocked him over. Measuring the distance found it was 400 yards! Not bad for a man of fifty-five.

This evening Mrs. D——— has been posting me up on home news and gossip, sundry marriages, half-a-dozen deaths, and one

separation; and that a new yacht, the Sylvie, is to come out and test her sailing qualities with the English yacht squadron, since they have had the America yacht for a model. So success to the Sylvie.

Aug. 23d.—At daylight I took a walk by the river. The scenery is as wild as it is possible to conceive without barren rocks and mountains. I saw several flat-boats being towed up the stream. Mr. and Mrs. D—— had this morning a visit from a native regent and his wife. They were most peculiar looking and dressed people. She wore her hair long, brushed back from her forehead, and tied in a knot behind, with a purple gown and light scarf thrown over one shoulder and resting loosely under the other arm, where it was tied. He wore a bandana handkerchief turban, his hair as usual, long and tied in a knot behind. He had a green satin jacket, a shirt the collar à la Byron, and fastened with diamond buttons, white trowsers; and over this a sarone (a certain kind of figured cotton fabric that in width reaches from the waist to the ancles, and about six feet long, joined at the ends, the surplus length being made into a fold, and the whole being kept at the waist by rolling over the upper part) all completed by a kreis with a rich gold scabbard.

This is the weapon of the "Straits," and they vary in every possible way as to size and shape. I know of no weapon made in so many different styles. Every native wears this weapon, and will limit himself to one article of dress—almost to the Bombay Coolie's winter costume—to purchase one. Even children ten and twelve years of age, wear them. Around the crown of my "wide awake" (felt hat) I wear a very light roll of thin lawn, to protect my temples, and head from the sun—an Indian fashion. S—— told me this morning that some of their Mussulmen work-people had inquired with great interest if I was a Hadji, and had been to Mecca. As the white turban among them, is an indication of that pilgrimage having been made by the wearer. I suppose the color being ironical on their increased purity, for Hadji in the East is almost a synonymous term with rascal.



Sketched by the Author. See page 282.

A JAVANESE REGENT.



Sketched by the Author. See page 282.

WIFE OF JAVANESE REGENT.

This afternoon S——— and I have been riding over the estate, he giving me an account of his tour to the Rocky Mountains with Audubon. This evening we talked of home where we have numbers of mutual friends and acquaintances. Mr. D——— says that Gibson, whose affair and escape has created considerable excitement here and in the United States, was perfectly innocent, the whole difficulty arising from the malice of a half caste, who was high in office, and of course had power, and through his friends the ear of the Governor. G——— happening to be dining at some public or official dinner, and seeing this half caste at table, supposed from his very dark color he was a native, said to his neighbor, *sotto voce*, what is that nigger (the common term for native in the east) doing at the table with all these officials? The fellow heard it himself, or through some one else, and made all the subsequent difficulties, to be revenged on Gibson for the remark. They say here, that the Government wishing to get rid of him, arranged matters so that he could escape, and they to save themselves from creating a national difficulty.

August 24, BATAVIA.—We were up at daylight, and after an early breakfast and a good-bye to all, started back for this place. Poor S———! I pity him. Induced ten years ago, by his relatives to come out here, and they did nothing for him after his arrival. Mr. D——— has endeavored to assist him as much as possible, but this contemptible, suspicious, arbitrary government will not allow him to go anywhere in the interior and hire an estate, where he could make something, so he is obliged comparatively to waste his time as engineer at Mr. D———'s.

The tigers are very numerous, and destructive to many of the neat cattle. The buffaloes, however, when several are together, and sometimes when alone, will protect themselves against this enemy, and where he has actually attacked one, they have been known to kill him. When the boy who watches them, sees or suspects a tiger, he will make them form a circle around him, and protect him; so Mr. D——— told me.

On our return, we found Mr. R—— had almost everything ready for our departure, including the pass, and his own travelling carriage which he insisted upon our taking.

G—— is deep in plans for an ice house for the whole town. The common women here wear for *ornament!* an ivory ring in the lower part of their ears, from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter. They commence when the person is a child with a small one, and by gradually stretching, they get them in of this size. They have also another addition to their beauty. When they have no beauty, I suppose they adopt the reverse of the quotation of "beauty unadorned," they file a deep line across the front teeth, and color it black (which must necessarily cause them to decay quickly I should think). Instead of carrying the hay in carts, the Coolies have two X's and attach one to either end of the banghy, a bamboo pole of five or six feet in length, to which they suspend things and carry on their shoulders.

August 25th, BRITENZORF.—I went to Mr. R——'s office this morning and got the "needful"—he being my banker. He gave us a number of letters of introduction, being a very well known and highly esteemed person. In the carriage we found a famous supply of choice wines, etc., from his cellar, which he had put away for us, as they are not to be had at many of the places on the road. At half-past three we got off. I have a new acquisition, in the form of a most peculiar looking youngster for a servant—the only one I could find, and as he don't understand anything but Malay, and my stock of that is of the minimum order, I take it our conversations will be brief, and most likely to the point. There are post-houses and relays of horses at every ten miles, kept up by government, for which you pay at the pleasant cost of *a dollar a mile* each way. Thus you see one enjoys *several luxuries* in Java, for they will not allow any one to interfere or run opposition to this post.

The Government is "a screw" of the greatest magnitude, and highest power, and the result of every squeeze, great or small,



Sketched by the Author. See page 284.

BATAVIA STREET SPRINKLER.



Sketched by the Author. See page 284.

JAVANESE POST COACHMAN.



Sketched by the Author. See page

SANDILLA, THE GREAT CAFFRE CHIEF.

goes into its own coffers. On our way to this place at every post-house we had to show our pass, and sign our names in a Government book. The officers seeing us in such a handsome carriage, supposed we "were some," and they were proportionably gracious. Some, as they studied over our names, became geographic at mine—one quite so, declining it I suppose, for he said "Ireland, Iland, same as Friedland, I know very well, big country, 3,000,000 people, much, very much ship—ten ship!" whereupon G——— and I became convulsive. We reached this place at eight, after various experiences with baulky leaders and wheelers—one set keeping us three hours on a seven mile stage. These post horses are a curious race of little brutes, not over twelve or thirteen hands. The country-seat of the Governor of the island is here.

August 26th, D'TANGORE.—Up by daylight this morning for a walk to see the Governor's house, a fine large residence, the architecture a compound of Græco-Hollandic taste. In the park a large herd of deer, probably two hundred. They were much like the small park deer of England. When I returned, my boy brought me a most flowery-looking blue calico coat, with a request that I would purchase it for him, envious, I presume, of Anthony's red sash and overpowering white turban; so with amiable weakness I consented, in the hopes of detracting some from his ugly "phiz," if I could not add to its beauty; but I've since discovered I was only giving Master Ganymede a basis of vanity to build upon, and now he's trying to finger our money-bag to complete his toilet.

The altitude of this place is 850 feet, and on each side of this high land rise two mountains, one, Salah, 7,400 feet in height, and the other, Gidae, a smoking volcano of 9,400 feet! The air is delightfully cool.

At eight we were off, having been delayed several hours for horses. An attempt at a second delay we nipped in the bud by intimating, most unmistakably, our intention of appealing to the Resident; whereupon magic influence was brought to bear,

and we off again in ten minutes. We had a delay of two hours on the road for horses, and being tiffin time, we improved it, accommodating ourselves in a Chinaman's shop. He presented us all sorts of viands, redolent with garlic, which G——, with imprudent curiosity, indulged in; but being more frugal in my tastes, I was satisfied with my humble repast of tongue and *paté de foie gras*, with a dash of R——'s choice wine from the cellars of abstemious monastic friends of his at Manilla. The horses appeared shortly after, and we continued on with them until the next post, when they were relieved by buffaloes, to ascend a steep lofty hill, 4,400 feet high. This range is called Magnadong. We walked up, and found the views and scenery magnificent. On our way up we passed a coffee plantation. I picked some leaves to press. Descending the opposite side, we reached this place at eight in the evening.

August 27th, SOMERDANG.—At half-past four this morning we were up, and at daylight were off. The morning was beautiful and the country was charming. We crossed the Chetarum river by a fine bridge of wood thrown across, like the wooden railway network bridges of transverse beams so common in the United States. We then crossed the Tjuskal by a boat. The Ooron-garong mountains, and Gidae's smoking peak, formed a magnificent background to our superb views.

We reached Bandong at twelve, and lunched under the auspices of a famous old landlady, of goodly proportions, and admirable cuisine displayed in the form of a capital Java currie. We afterwards galloped onward, passing through scenery reminding me strongly of some I saw back of Smyrna last autumn while visiting the "Seven Churches." We skirted for more than a mile the brow of a lofty hill with a beautiful valley beneath, so narrow and deep as almost to resemble a mountain gorge. Among the foliage of the primeval forest trees I often distinguished the jagged leaves of the bread-fruit and the broad circular ones of the teak.

August 28th, CHEREBON.—We have passed several teak jungles to-day, and crossed a river at Konig-Sambang. We descended to the plain and Cherebon, on the sea-shore at two. At five we dressed up, and driving to the Resident's, presented our cards and Mr. R———'s letter. The Residents are great "swells," with almost unlimited power in their districts, and with their guards, fine houses, and salary they live quite *en prince*. This Resident, Mr. Ament (I beg pardon for omitting his dozen titles), we found to be a very pleasant, gentlemanly person. He advised us not to ascend the Tjermai, as at this uncertain season, after all our trouble and four days of labor, we could not be able to see anything but the clouds, and suggested instead a fine excursion around its base to Konigen, Talaga, Madja, Madja-Linka, and so on back to Somerdang, and would furnish us with horses through the Regent (native prince) of this place, and also write to the Regent of Koningen and to other gentlemen, who would forward us from place to place. He invited us to spend the evening with him, but we were too much fatigued, and so declined, knowing we should lose nothing. From thence to the Poste, where we disturbed a fat Dutchman at his dinner, doubtless much to his annoyance.

Then to the Regent's, his head officer (I can't pretend to give all his high-sounding titles), a species of prime minister received us—mounted his spectacles and tried to read our cards, but unsuccessfully, so blew his nose with a primitive *mouchoir*, *les doigts*, then asked us what those things (our cards) were. On our enlightening him, he smiled most graciously, and trying to look amiable, his extended grin, very receding nose, and prominent chin, seemed in this case to justify the assertion of the Vestiges of Creation, that the human species are descended from monkeys, and the specimen before us certainly in an incipient stage, if we are all in the same family.

The Javanese, if they all resemble those I have seen, will never receive the prize for beauty. After a few minutes, during which we had time to gaze around the fine large hall, the walls

of which were hung with spears and state parasols, and a wooden elephant for door screen! and French engravings ornamenting the inner walls—a mixture of barbarism and civilization. We saw an old man, full of energy and nervousness, bustle across the room towards us, tugging away at his shirt collars, and trying to button his wristbands, at his back was a dwarf, bearing some insignia of state, followed by others, with staffs, canes, etc., etc. We at once recognised him as the Regent; he shook hands with both of us, and G——— did the conversational in Malay, as my meagre quantum barely sufficed for travelling, much less for *courtly* conversation, so I took observations. The Regent wore the ordinary bandana, or such like cotton-handkerchief turban, blue coat and gilt buttons, with the sarone (which I've before described). His shirt buttons and studs of very brilliant diamonds, around his neck a very massive gold chain, and attached to his watch a formidable bunch of seals and chatelaine. He was very civil, and said he would write to his son-in-law, the Regent of Koningen, to send us horses, etc. We then returned home.

The natives are kept in famous order, and as civil as possible. They are never allowed to pass a white person without removing their hats, and if on horseback to dismount. The Dutch grind them to the very ground. The houses of the natives are built of split cane, interwoven like a basket; their costume generally only a long cloth, or the sarong. This place at present is quite unhealthy from fever.

August 29th, KONINGEN.—At seven we were *en route* again; the scenery very grand, and the Tjermai towering above hills and mountains, until lost in the clouds. At twelve we reached the Regent's. He met us on the piazza, and seems a very intelligent, well informed person for a native. He was dressed in the same style as his father-in-law, which seems the usual costume for the better class of natives in the island. We retired to our rooms, and making a toilet, met again at breakfast, where,

to our great surprise, we saw his wife—a most unusual thing in these climes for the higher class of women ever to be seen by men. She is a funny-looking, timid, startled little body. We were presented to her. The fussy Dutch doctor who resides here, says she is well informed, reads, writes, and even corresponds with the families of some of the Residents, besides being quite "a shot." The doctor would imply that she is quite an angel. The Regent is quite civilized, and only has this one wife. He lives in European style, and keeps a capital cook, as G——— and I will both testify.

After breakfast, all are supposed to retire for a nap until about six, then bathe and dress for dinner, which is at ten! An exception was made to these rules for our benefit, and we were shown a young rhinoceros they had caught a few days before. Then they got up the band for our amusement. This consisted of about twenty performers on a variety of odd instruments, mostly of brass, iron, or wood, on the principle of the flat musical glasses struck with a bit of cork, except a few that were shaped like an inverted bowl.

The musicians seemed to make themselves quite comfortable, and smoked or not, as they fancied. All squatting before their instruments; even the servants squatted. None but the guards are obliged to stand before the Regent. After, or rather accompanying the music, was a female singer, who with another woman danced for us. Shortly after, a nephew of a neighboring Regent, and cousin of this one, joined the dancers. On great occasions, as the visit of his father-in-law, or such like, the Regent and his wife will dance. The dancing is neither graceful nor pleasing to us, consisting merely of contortions of the body, with some gentle motion of the feet, which are kept constantly moving. Occasionally the dance is varied by a sudden start, and you really fancy they are about to commence some lively jig, and equally suddenly they discontinue the dancing and chin, chin ("make their manners," as country people say), the Regent. Then came dinner, and shortly after, we retired to

bed, a very pleasant arrangement for indigestion, night-mare, and such-like agreeabilities.

As the last Regent, through his prime minister, made us pay for the horses we used, and this one had no such dignitary about him as we could discover, we very coolly went into the business matter with him. On rising from table we asked about the pay for the horses; he entered into it as if it was a matter he was quite accustomed to. Though it seemed rather an odd proceeding when we were staying at a great dignitary's house, for him to charge for his horses as if he kept a livery stable.

G——'s servant amused us very much. G——heard the "opas" (the last Resident's servant, who accompanied us) giving Anthony instructions as to what his master must do, and when the "opas" came to the words "pay the Regent," Anthony's eyes expanded, and with most amusing astonishment exclaimed "pay the Regent—whew!" not understanding such kind of quality people who condescended to take pay for such things. After we had privately paid the dancers, the musicians sent in a request for a present—there being about twenty in number. G——, our cashier, demurred in his mind about the propriety and agreeability of paying such a host, when Anthony in the full consciousness of the dignity of his master, pompously said, "Massa, never do let our name stink here." "True," replied G——, handing over the "needful." The fellow amuses both G—— and me very much by his various expressions and surprises at the novelty of everything.

On looking over our post-horse receipts, I find that they, from ignorance of our supposed titles, and expecting, of course, like the Dutch, we must necessarily have them, they have dubbed us "bania kaia" (very rich).

August 30th.—MADJA.—The Regent took early breakfast with us this morning; after which we started off, and for half the distance to Talaga had a delightful drive. At that place we stopped at the house of Mr. Hardy, a very nice person. He

provided us with saddle-horses, and sent the carriage on, drawn by Coolies, as the road was bad, and too narrow to drive safely with such shying, baulking brutes of horses as they have here.

On the way here, passed much magnificent scenery. We stopped to see a coffee-mill. The manager took us through it, and manifested much surprise on hearing we were Americans, having never seen any before; and, I suppose, like the rest of the world, thought we must necessarily be black, or "coffee-colored."

From the mill, continued on without stopping, to this place, where we are in capital quarters. A most gentlemanly, agreeable man and host, the comptroller of the district, a Mr. Maeder, and quite a young man to occupy that post. This afternoon, as he was showing us about his stables, filled with Arabs, and other fine horses, he amused us as he saw us looking at his stirrups. "I like heavy stirrups—it is so easy to find them when you get your foot out!" I thought so too, when I saw and felt their enormous weight.

This evening Mr. M——— has been giving us a curious account of native superstitions, and haunted houses. The natives have a great dislike to ascend hills, from fear of evil spirits, which they think dwell on them and on trees—a superstition that pervades all this part of the east. We asked Mr. M——— if he knew about a haunted house story, which we had heard a great deal of. He said yes, that he had his information from one of the parties engaged in the matter—a General Makiel, who at that time (twenty years ago), was aide-de-camp to the Governor-General. Mr. M——— said it occurred in this neighborhood. He had often asked the General to tell the story, but he objected, and became very gloomy at the least reference to it, though ordinarily a very jovial person. At last, after a merry evening with a party of friends, his wife prevailed on him to tell it.

He said a native woman had cursed her child about a year after its birth. In a few days it appeared to be pelted from

above with small stones and red spittle, such as is expectorated by the natives who have been chewing betel nut, chunam, and tobacco. At last, the house became so notorious, that the Governor-General sent two ministers of state to examine into the matter; and for his own benefit and curiosity, he sent his particular aide-de-camp, General M———, with a body of hussars. They formed a cordon around the house, and half-a-dozen were stationed up-stairs and on the roof. The child was then placed on a table in the centre of the room, when to their great amazement, they saw the spittle descending on it, and also damp pebbles (it had rained that morning). They did not appear to come from the ceiling, but were only visible some three feet above the child. Unable to account for it, the Governor-General had the house pulled down, to prevent the continued disturbance it caused. A few days after the child died. Mr. M——— produced a meteoric stone like a wedge-shaped agate, that, in falling, had struck the haunted house. So now I'll bid good-night, having given you as good a marvel as any "ism" lately started in the "States." G——— told the thing to Anthony for fun. He is his valet, and has retired in despair; his imagination, doubtless, will be taking an aerial flight the rest of the night, on a broomstick or some such gallant steed, to the land of spirits, and leaving him to the tender mercies of strangers, as G——— told him he meant to visit the place to-morrow.

August 31st, Somadang.—Starting at six, had a pleasant drive back here, through a delightful country that is weighed down with luxuriance at every step.

Sept. 1st, Bandong.—Started at five this morning, and arrived at ten. Mindful of the nice cheer on our way out, stopped at the same hotel. Our stout hostess looked blooming and happy in the anticipations of her *eighth wedding!!* as we learned on paying some overpowering compliments to herself, her house, and its good cuisine.

We then took a carriage to a neighboring waterfall of 175 feet, a beautiful spot and fine body of water. I made a sketch of it, and then back to the hotel, where we found our compliments had not been thrown away—such a spread! Off again, but, as bad luck would have it (perhaps owing to the meteoric stone), the horses shied, and one of the wheels made a regular smash. G——— walked back to hunt up a native carriage-maker, whose shop we had seen, while I followed the ruins back The man has promised to repair it thoroughly by to-morrow; so we return to our fat hostess's hotel for some more good curries and a night's lodging.

Sept. 2d, DTANJORE.—At six this morning we were off again, and had passed the scene of yesterday's mishap only about fifty yards, when we came down with a crash, hub and spokes all parting company! G——— started back to see the assistant Resident, while I followed with the carriage; I soon met him returning. He had seen the official, who, with the Regent, were in a boiling rage at a private jail-delivery of eleven prisoners last night. In his fury he ordered the carriage-maker to repair it at his own expense. We went to the Regent's and other places, to try and get another vehicle, as this would not be ready for three or four days, since the other hind wheel had got shaky, and they drive so little here, vehicles are very scarce. We feel we are in a pretty "muss" with R——— & C——— (his partner), having broken their grand travelling carriage, and we not able to get any other conveyance to get back to Batavia. We received a message from the assistant Resident, that he had a carriage, which *to oblige us he would sell;* so off we went to look at it. A vagabond affair, for which the rascal asked four times its value. But there was no help, for we must walk or lose our steamer; so we bought it and left our boy to follow with the broken one.

At the end of the first stage, we found our purchase did not wear remarkably well, and we were obliged to send for a carriage

maker to patch it up. But we hope by daylight to be off again and all right. As we came along we had an awful thunder storm, the rain pouring in torrents for two hours, and I've never heard such thunder. The Java thunder is terrific.

Sept. 3, BUITENZOG and BATAVIA.—At five this morning we had started again with fine fresh air after the rain. We walked up the Magmadong, a climb of 3,000 feet, and 4,400 above the sea. The carriage followed on drawn by buffaloes. At the summit we met Radin-Sali, a native of high rank, and a fine artist; he has visited Europe, and is quite Parisian in his manners, speaking French tolerably. We had a long conversation with him, and then to Buitenzog. The view descending was superb. We reached the hotel at noon; after resting we walked through the Governor General's park, which is extensive, as is the Botanical Garden; a river flows on one side of the park and a sheet of water bounds the other. In the Zoological Garden we saw a young rhinoceros.

At seven we started for this place and arrived at ten; our last coachman from Buitenzog was a veritable Jehu. We had particularly ordered him to drive moderately, which he promised to do, then cracked his whip and off at twelve or thirteen miles an hour—and dark as Erebus. At every stopping-place we blew him up, receiving the same promise, and on starting—the same result. At last—down we came with a crash and dust flying. Jumping out, found *only* a front wheel off. All the fault of that stone—no doubt. So picked up all the nuts we could find, and for want of a linch-pin I furnished a bit of wire, and the coachman tied it with rattan. Then he promised most faithfully to drive slow, so we all got in, and on, and off again; crack, crack, goes "coachee's" whip, and crack, crack, follow the bonjons (horse boys) whips from behind, and away go leaders and wheelers at a thirteen-mile gallop, while we try to look jolly and fancy it sport, though we expect at every moment another breakdown. Luckily we arrived safely. The geographical officer quite forgot



Sketched by the Author. See p

NATIVE HOUSE. JAVA.

his complaisant knowledge of my name when he saw it *this time* penned in so humble a carriage.

Sept. 4, WELTERVLEDEN *alias* BATAVIA.—Being Sunday, I've been in the house all day, except a short time we were out during the afternoon. This evening I've engaged a most droll-looking servant who speaks English—quite a windfall.

Sept. 5, WELTERVLEDEN.—Off at half-past four with a Captain P———, a Bengal officer, who has been travelling in Java. After breakfast to see R——— and C———, and report ourselves and mishaps. R——— was most gentlemanly in the matter, deploring and regretting the accident to us from his carriage, and raved about the Assistant Resident's conduct, vowing to tell it to every one. C——— was quiet as usual, though showing much annoyance at the advantage taken of us. This afternoon drove out, and this evening we dined at C———'s, who lives in very pretty style. Mrs. C——— is a very quiet lady-like person, a sister of Mrs. R———'s. There were only the two families present and we had a pleasant evening. After dinner a servant brought in the letters and papers by the mail from England. I saw in the Illustrated News that Vanderbilt's yacht was creating great excitement in England. It must astonish "John Bull" to see a Yankee cruising about in a yacht finer and larger than their Queen's.

Sept. 6.—Off at five for my morning walk with G———. On our way stopped to see the exhibition, for which R——— had obtained us special tickets, (as it will not be open as soon as anticipated). At present everything is in a rough unfinished state; still we were much interested in the various specimens, manufactures, etc. Then home and letter writing, or trying to do so, for in the middle of the day it is too hot for anything. This afternoon we drove out, then to R———'s to dinner, where we

met the same party as before. After dinner some visitors call and R—— told them our experience and the Assistant Re dent's villany, as he does to everybody.

Sept. 7.—Taking my usual early walk I met R—— breakin in a saddle-horse. Then to the town or place of business for o passports and custom-house passes. The passports and pass are an awful bore here. Then got our luggage off, and biddin R—— and C—— good bye, we are on board for Singapor having had a delightful visit and tour.

Java I think is rather over-praised for scenery; I have se what is called the best in the island and it is equalled by ma parts of India. The soil of Java is remarkably fertile, and pr ducing a great variety of crops besides fruits. The climate warm from January to January. In fact Bombay over agai except for sickness. The people are under the strictest wat of the government. Everything is taxed. The conduct of the officials of government looked into, all intercourse with t natives is through the regents or native princes. The Dut never come personally in contact with them. The regen oppress the natives very much, but they never complain un they are displaced, and then the complaints pour in in thousan I am told the natives much prefer the tyranny of their ov people to the immediate government by the Dutch.

The police arrangements are exceedingly strict. No one bei allowed to travel at all in the island without a permit, which with difficulty obtained, and sometimes altogether refused. It even necessary to have a pass to leave the country. They mu necessarily derive a large income from their possessions he notwithstanding the large force they are obliged to maintain, f owning all the island except the small portion they have sol they lease the balance or have it worked on their account, co pelling the natives to till it for them.

Their boasted roads are all made by, and kept in order by t natives at their own expense, under the positive order and supe

vision of the Government. The travelling is the most expensive, beyond all comparison, of any country in the world.

This evening after a drive and farewell look at Batavia, we bid adieu to our Hebrew host and his pretty daughter, and off for the steamer. On reaching the place of embarkation, the people were disposed to detain us, but the magic name of "Resident" produced instant civility, attention, and despatch. On board again we took possession of our old quarters.

Of the various pets of the Dutch in the island, I believe I have not spoken. Many keep in their compounds, or grounds around their houses, large snakes sixteen and eighteen feet long. They are not poisonous and are prevented from doing harm by being well fed! There is a small snake about twelve inches long and the thickness of a goose quill, called the oola-blanca, that is horribly venomous; it is very much about rose bushes, and apt to strike you in the hand when picking roses. R—— has had our purchase of the Assistant Resident placed in front of the Exchange so that it is the daily subject of conversation, while he is careful to inform all his acquaintances of the swindle.* Having gazed on the shipping and stars until midnight I shall retire.

Sept. 8, AT SEA.—This morning my slumbers were disturbed while enjoying my last nap on the transom of the saloon, by the arrival of some lady and gentlemen passengers. My modesty was shocked at being thus caught in my Java robe de nuit of sarone, and no coat, without the ability to retreat, but recollecting that was quite "en regle" for early morning costume, I soon mustered an extra quantity of assurance (for it is necessary for an Englishman or American, in order to appear before a lady in this style of dishabille, though the Dutch, either from assurance or

* The matter I've since learned reached the ears of the Governor-General, who has issued orders, that in the event of any such accident occurring again, the travellers shall be assisted without charge by the nearest Resident or other official.

long habit, don't mind it), and went up on deck to see who had arrived, and enjoy the morning air before dressing, as coolly as though Java born.

It would rather astonish an American woman's propriety, as much as it does that of the English who come here, to see a lady promenading a hotel piazza or the deck of the vessel, as they do, with nothing on but a sarone over *only one other article of a lady's toilet*, as is the custom of both ladies and gentlemen here, and only kept in place by rolling over and tucking in at the waist, what sailors term the "slack" of the skirt, and depending entirely on the hips and this tucking in to keep it in place. Over this, men and women wear a loose grass cloth sack, that descends about six inches below the waist, neither sex wearing shoes or stockings, but shuffling along in slippers without heel pieces. The only difference is the women loosen and let their hair fall down their back, and the men leave theirs untouched after the night's repose, which of course gives it quite an air of negligé.

My description of this costume is strictly correct. I've often seen the ladies and gentlemen (people I knew to be such) walking the hotel piazza in this "unrig," and the ladies receiving early calls from their officer and other acquaintances. It certainly is "beauty unadorned." The English ladies who come here with their husbands from India to travel, can't stand such a want of modesty, and usually leave as soon as possible.

Our passengers consist of three ladies, some officers, a Prussian Jew, who bores G—— and me, pretending to be a naturalized American, and perhaps by reason of this pseudo-nationality, we are made the repository of his love affairs in the matter of his approaching nuptials with our late host's fair daughter. I "chaff" him, and excite his jealousy by hinting that G—— was enraptured with the fair Sarah, and *innocently* allude to my friend's ships, and wealth, and the cupidity of fathers, who so often look after wealthy husbands for their daughters, quite regardless of the daughter's choice. And then that young ladies often sacrifice their feelings to a handsome establishment—and

am quite sure the fair Sarah is not that kind of person or her father either.

Our other passengers, an Irish, (Kentucky born,) English mate, who also bores me with his confidences, and is what Dickens terms "particularly nasty," deeming a view of water from the ship's deck a sufficiently near approach to the article. Then another, Scotch by ancestry, Java born, Scotch educated, Australian perfection, as long as funds lasted, and at present, Dutch employé. The captain, a "John Bull," Yankee apprenticed, and perfected in Dutch service. And to wind up, my friend G———, a gentlemanly, "wide awake," speculating Yankee, descended like myself, from that first-born child of the Plymouth Rock pilgrims, the everlasting Peregrine White, educated at Cambridge, and by choice a merchant. And now you have us all, "barring" myself, and I take it you don't wish a chapter on that. So I think you will agree with me that we are a motley set of curiosities that are huddled together in this filthy boat.

Sept. 11th, SINGAPORE.—Yesterday and the day before I stopped at Banca and Minto, with nothing particular to interest or detract from our misery, save the intense heat, missing *seeing* the equator, which we crossed in the night-time again (I believe on purpose to vex curious travellers), and the beautiful sail through these picturesque waters. To-day anchored here at half-past two. T——— having "sighted" us with his glass, met us on the wharf. Leaving G——— and T——— to see to the luggage, I hastened to my bankers to get my letters; I found a huge package, eight inches square, the collections of *five months*, that had been forwarded from Calcutta.

At the hotel met a large party of Americans from California. While I was away, the Chinese issued a proclamation to their people, to rise and murder all foreigners; and as they are known to be such a cut-throat race here, and so numerous, the foreigners were much alarmed and held meetings. The soldiers, of whom there are very few, have been constantly under arms; revolvers

went up to fabulous prices. We have laughed much at our little friend T——, who valorously retired on board his ship on *account* of his wife and child. The affair turned out a hoax, though many fear that some day their threat may be realized, when most unexpected.

The hotel is full of Australians and Californians with their "six-shooters," and I have one also with the addition of rifle and gun; so we could make quite a show in our paper-shell fortress. There was also another excitement while I was away—an American steamboat, the "Confucius," for towing on the Yantsi-kang river. She has astonished the people here, by her wonderful speed of 20 miles an hour. I think it is the one sent for by Mr. Forbes. "The Cape" (of Good Hope) Telegraph gave a funny report of her. The telegraph, not being accustomed to seeing steamers with walking-beam engines, first reported her as a war steamer (which had sailed a few days previous) in distress, then a nondescript, and finally, that it must be some "Yankee notion" bound to Australia.

I see, by the date of one of my letters, some more of the family are in Europe, which must make a dozen or more who have, or will wander abroad, and be home again without my seeing them. From sympathy for the venerable or weak eyes of my readers, I've quite outdone myself in penmanship for the week past, so that I scarcely recognize my own performances except by their unique style; and I hope some of my correspondents will take pattern from my beautiful chirography, with an occasional shake of the inkstand, that, as I don't carry a copy of the Damietta hieroglyphic key, or understand Colonel Rawlinson's theory, I may be the better able to "guess" at their hieroglyphics. G—— has just heard of a beautiful little barque I've seen here, which has beaten the best English clipper in these parts six days to Calcutta, both starting the same day.

Sept. 18th.—An early walk this morning with a friend, who took me to see a nutmeg plantation. The trees were a beautiful

sight, growing from ten to fifteen feet high, as graceful in shape as if trimmed, and branching out from near the ground. The fruit resembles an apricot in form and size. Some of the several covers form spice. There were also a number of betel-nut trees, a species of palm most graceful. They are not as tall as most of the other kinds of palm, as they only grow thirty to fifty feet, with a much more slender trunk. Then the sago palm, from which they get the black kaiar,* for rope or cable; and the traveller's palm, a curiously shaped tree, like a huge fan, besides a great variety of other trees and plants; among the number the "cape jasmine," growing very large and luxuriant. My friend says that the manilla hemp is a product of the plantain tree.

The country here looks like a dense jungle, it is so covered with luxuriant plantations of nutmegs, etc. From every hill, on all sides, picturesque bungalows peered out from the trees. As the breakfast bell has rung, I must stop. After breakfast drove into town for commissions, and curiosities to send home. Among them, some cups and saucers of exquisitely fine porcelain, the most beautiful I have ever seen; and I have only heard of twelve finer. They were found by chance by Mr. D——, who divided with Mr. F——, they were so beautiful. I also got some "notions" which G—— found for me—a Chinese undershirt for warm weather, instead of gossamer flannel——is of bamboo network, more curious than comfortable, I should think.

I miss the over-neat Batavia houses, that always looked as if the painter had given the last touch with his brush that morning.

To-day I hear of two sailing vessels at Penang, bound to Calcutta, and so I shall go on in the steamer, and take a passage in one, trying sails this time for variety.

The snakes are frightfully numerous here, the country is so

* I spell this word, like many others, as they are pronounced, never having seen them written; nor have I been able to find any established orthography for them.

jungly and swampy. T——— and I look out sharp for th in our morning walks, as it's always dark when we start.] J——— says the cobras here have a faculty, when they sta up, of ejecting poison at people; and he has known of its p ducing death when it got in the eye. Some weeks ago t China servants found a large snake like the anaconda in t kitchen. In these warm climates the kitchens are always se rate from the houses. Here they have two; one had not be used for some weeks, and on looking in a large kettle for son thing, the servants found this brute. He lay there, and fed rats, which he caught as they passed near his head. They kill him, and found he was eighteen feet long! An officer told n a few days ago, his wife was just going to bed, when she rec lected something she wished to get out of her escritoire, the k of which, in the day, she always carried attached to a bla guard riband, and put it under her pillow at night. Just as s raised the pillow to put her hand on what she thought was t guard riband, she saw it move, and discovered it was a horrit venomous snake!

A few days since I saw a Peruvian, who was staying with M F——— at Canton, while I was there. He is engaged in sh ping China Coolies to the Guano Islands, under a philanthroj belief he has argued himself into, that he is actually performi a *Christian duty* to these poor wretches, who are literally starvi to death from an overcrowded population; while where he sen them, they might make money, enjoy themselves, and be hap —perhaps so, if they live long enough. But there is a purgator probation first, of suffocating guano, which usually kills them two or three years, often in less time, they are worked so hard

Sept. 14.—The natives are having a grand religious festiv and all the morning the booming of cannon has been like "4th of July." The English mail has just got in, and I've be in the reading-room all day reading speeches made on t opening of the New York Exhibition, together with oth

national incidents, steamer "blow ups," and rail-road accidents. I regret to see "wars and rumors of wars," and it will interfere with my wanderings.

Sept. 17.—This morning shortly after daylight I had a visit from Mr. A——, who is taking a run home for a few months. He arrived by the China steamer last night and gave me a full account of the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, which I will not repeat as you will doubtless see a fuller one in the papers from Bayard Taylor, who accompanied the expedition, and from the officers. We have a number of passengers who have returned from Australia with trunks of gold.

Sept. 19, PENANG.—We came in at eight. At ten I was ashore and breakfasting with Mr. C——; after which I saw the captain of a Bremen ship of 525 tons. She is said to be a good sailer, and on the 21st we shall start in her for Calcutta.

Several of the American ships here have, besides their captains, their wives on board—an arrangement which many of the shipowners prefer, as they say their masters are more steady and attentive to their duties and the interests of ship and owners.

I got some preserved sea-weed to-day to send home as a curiosity for you to try, it is made by the Chinese.

Besides two Penang lawyers. Every case must have a "pro and con." They are a peculiar and beautiful kind of cane that is found here, with a large knob on the head, which unfortunately settles cases without the privilege of appeal, which would end the case too soon to suit the lawyers I am accustomed to seeing.

To-day I have been amusing myself making sketches of the place and reading up American news in the papers. This evening took a walk on the "jetty"—the favorite promenade for the "beauty and fashion"—about six women and twenty men, merchants and officers.

Sept. 20.—This morning had a long drive to see the wild

scenery of this place, then "practised shop," drew a "will" for T——, providing for that wife and child who have caused so many groans and sighs from my disconsolate friend.

Sept. 23, AT SEA, SHIP ARISTIDES.—Day before yesterday we all got off. I have two fellow-passengers, one a Captain G—— from the Madras Presidency, the other an indigo planter from the Bengal Presidency. One has just returned from Australia, the other from New Zealand. The ship does not promise very much for comfort. She has only three cabins, and my accommodation is a bunk in the saloon, which the Captain and carpenter have got up, draped with a variety of flags. The chickens and ducks enjoy the largest liberty on the decks, except some caged Shanghae chanticleers, who "wear away dull time" crowing defiance at each other. We have one other pet or plague—a spaniel, who wanders about the deck frightening chickens and cat. In the brief interludes of sunshine, between wind squalls and showers, the mate has been amusing himself since we started in trying to stuff a refractory goose. To-day he was rewarded by an egg.

Oct. 7, RIVER HOOGLY.—We have had a disagreeable voyage thus far, an almost hourly succession of storms and squalls night and day; at times terribly rough, and it was only owing to good management that our dinners and other meals were not sent flying about the cabin, and we after them. We are all good sailors, so we showed no vacancies at table.

Our tea is the funniest style of a "brew." On starting from Bremen, "long time ago," they began with a fresh tea-pot, and at every successive breakfast and tea a fresh quantity of tea was added without removing the old, until the pot held more tea than water, and then the steward, or cabin boy, who acts in that double capacity, removed a *little* of the old tea, and so continued on removing daily a little as he put some more in. So imagine, if you can, what our tea is like.

Last night we took a pilot aboard. Their pilot-boats are fine

brigs of about 220 tons. The pilots are highly paid, and awful "swells." Why they even sport a uniform. In writing, I happened to look up and saw the first officer allowing a newly hatched chicken feed off of his tongue. He is especially fond of pets, though he has given up torturing the goose. The hens lay in his bed, and to-day one hatched there.

The river is very wide at the mouth, too much so to see land from where we are, and the channel is only marked out by buoys. The steamer Bentick for Suez, passed us this morning. At two to-day we anchored in Kedgeree Roads, as the tide changed. The current runs rapidly, and too strong for us to stem, added to a tide against us with only moderate wind. The river is about eight miles wide here. There is a boat load of natives alongside, hooting and yelling for employment.

Oct. 8*th*, DIAMOND HARBOR.—Several ships passed us to-day going down. Shortly after we passed Sauger, where the company's ships anchored before the days of steamers; also Sauger Island, a sacred place among the Hindoos, where they formerly drowned their children; and now they meet here in thousands every year to bathe. They always follow the old course of the river, even where it has changed its bed. They are regular conservatives.

Shortly after anchoring, a custom-house officer came aboard and is to remain till we reach the city. Some ship suppliers called sircars, came up and with a pertinacity rivalling that of a Yankee pedlar.

The tide in the river rises very high, and the current runs with the tide now, about five miles an hour—in the summer nine miles. The weather is terribly warm! Thermometer 98° in the shade at five o'clock!

For want of amusement, we get up an occasional race on the river between the native boats; and this afternoon had some little boys of nine or ten aboard, giving us specimens of Hindostanee writing on the deck with chalk.

Oct. 11*th*, CALCUTTA.—This being the fifth day of our creeping up the river, one of my fellow-passengers and I, stopped a returning tow-boat, and got a passage to the city. The river narrows in approaching the town, and the country, though level, is very wild, the shores being bordered with dense jungle.

About fifteen miles below the city, I saw the first signs of civilization, a European (English) house, a cotton factory and distillery; and a few miles above, two others. Then "Garden Reach" here is the Botanical Garden, and just above Bishop's College,—an institution for preparing young men for "the Church."

Calcutta now appeared in the distance. As it was nine in the evening it was only visible from its numerous lamps. About four miles distant, we passed many ships lying in the stream, and in another hour we were anchored. The tide and current being so strong we have made little progress. One time to-day we anchored for three hours, till the tide changed, and even then the current of the river was so strong that for half-an-hour the wheels revolved with a full head of steam on without our moving, (we were towing up a ship).

On landing, we found no Coolies, but two palanquins—so we put our luggage in them, and walked to the Hotel. It was full with the exception of two oven-like rooms, which we took possession of, as the best we could do. To avoid suffocation, I have engaged two men to pull my punka all night.

This morning on opening my doors and windows, I was regularly beset by barbers and pedlars. The former all insisting I must have my hair cut and be shaved, and they were so numerous, I almost feared if I had allowed it, they would not have had a chance for a hair apiece. The pedlars were equally anxious to replenish my wardrobe.

My Hindostanee has got so rusty I am lost in this land of strange tongues, so I asked the landlord to get me a servant. He shortly appeared with one who looked as if he had been drawn out to the greatest length and smallest breadth—a sort of defini-

tion of a straight line, but from necessity I had to take him. Then went in to breakfast; the man leaving at the door, said the servants of the Hotel always waited on the gentlemen, and I in my innocence, never suspecting it was because he was a low caste Hindoo, as I had always had Mahommedans before. So took my seat, and nearly lost my breakfast, for I could not get one even to look at me, though I growled at every one who approached. So I seized the dishes nearest me, and got a breakfast the best way I could, and afterwards found I had been growling at other people's servants—so I made a further application at the office, and now am to have another, a Mussulman who is to wait upon me at table, while the other attends to his particular duties.

After breakfast I went to Messrs. G——— & Co., my bankers; but as this is the midst of the Hindoo and Mussulman holidays, and as all business is suspended, they were closed; for when the natives wont work, the Europeans are forced to stop also. I called on Mr. A———, a prominent merchant, to whom I had a letter from Mr. F———, and another to his wife from Mrs. S ——— at Macao; then upon the other gentlemen to whom I had letters, and a fourth, Major B———, a friend of Mr. F———, to whom I had a very particular letter. He unfortunately had gone to the Neilgherries for his health. I regretted very much not seeing him, as he is most familiar with the parts of the country I wish to visit, and would thus have assisted me much in my tour. I then looked for a brother of Mr. T——— without success; but my good luck did not quite desert me, for I found that Colonel Low, to whom Capt. W——— gave me a particular letter, had been raised from Resident at Hyderabad to the Supreme Council, and is now stopping at the hotel, having only just moved here. This afternoon Messrs. G——— & Co.'s clerk brought me two letters from the United States and another from Mr. F———, dated Bombay.

Oct. 13.—Mr. A——— took me to-day to the Asiatic Society

rooms, which were founded by Sir William Jones in Warren Hastings' time, and are principally devoted to natural history. There are original paintings by old masters, how they came no one knows. Also portraits of many of the distinguished Indian officers, civil and military; and a copy of the Taj Mahal at Agra. The Pyadassee stone containing the edict relative to religious observances, and forbidding the sacrifice of animals, established and proclaimed by stone tablets in various parts of India three centuries before Christ, and translated by James Princeps, thus establishing his fame. Fine skeletons of elephants and other animals, and various curious fish. Also a flexible sandstone that bends like a thin board, though it is two inches thick; celebrated swords and curious armor. We visited the Governor General's Palace. In the council room I saw a fine portrait of Warren Hastings, and several others of the Governors-General. The building is very large and square, with a wing at each of the four corners. It is quite imposing and situated at one end of the city facing the esplanade or maidan. From this to the Metcalf Hall, to introduce me for the benefit of the papers and books. On our way we passed the site of the Black Hole massacre in Tank Square. Mr. A—— then left me at the hotel with an invitation to dine with him on Sunday.

I then sent for a Moonshee to regularly teach me Hindostanee, and commenced with a lesson of two hours, and a dozen more like doses to be taken one every day that I remain here. All servants who have any pretension to honesty are supposed to be ignorant of English. If it is known they understand it, they are apt to lose their places.

The Hindoos had grand processions this afternoon. They wander around the city with a number of figures or images, which, after making a circuit of the town, fêted, and "chin chind," as a Chinaman would say, they are marched down by the procession to the river, where they are carried out some distance in a boat, and then thrown overboard to float off. During all these ceremonies horns and drums discourse their sweetest music.

I saw one take a tumble and kiss the ground in his circuit. They generally consist of a centre figure, two smaller side ones, and tigers below.

Oct. 14.—I was off early this morning to see a procession of Mahommedans, the anniversary of the death of Hassein and Hossein, the sons of Ali and grandsons of the Prophet. It occupied a space of nearly a mile in length. On either side of the street were flagbearers about ten feet apart, each with a cord fastened to his staff, and the cords continued without intermission the entire length of the procession, thus preventing it being broken. Inside were occasional bodies of police to preserve order. Each of these flagstaffs had a very richly embroidered crimson flag like my Persian table-cloth. Then in the centre of the procession, were over a hundred large Cashmere shawls wound around the flagstaffs; then others of expensive silks heavily and richly embroidered with gold and silver thread. Several horses with their housings covered with arrows as if wounded. Then a coffin borne on the shoulders of Coolies.

This is one of several that are got up by the wealthy Mussulmen Baboos, or money-lenders. These people supply the bankers, pay their bills, and everything of that kind in the way of business; their remuneration being three per cent. deduction from the money paid, which comes out of the pocket of one or both parties.

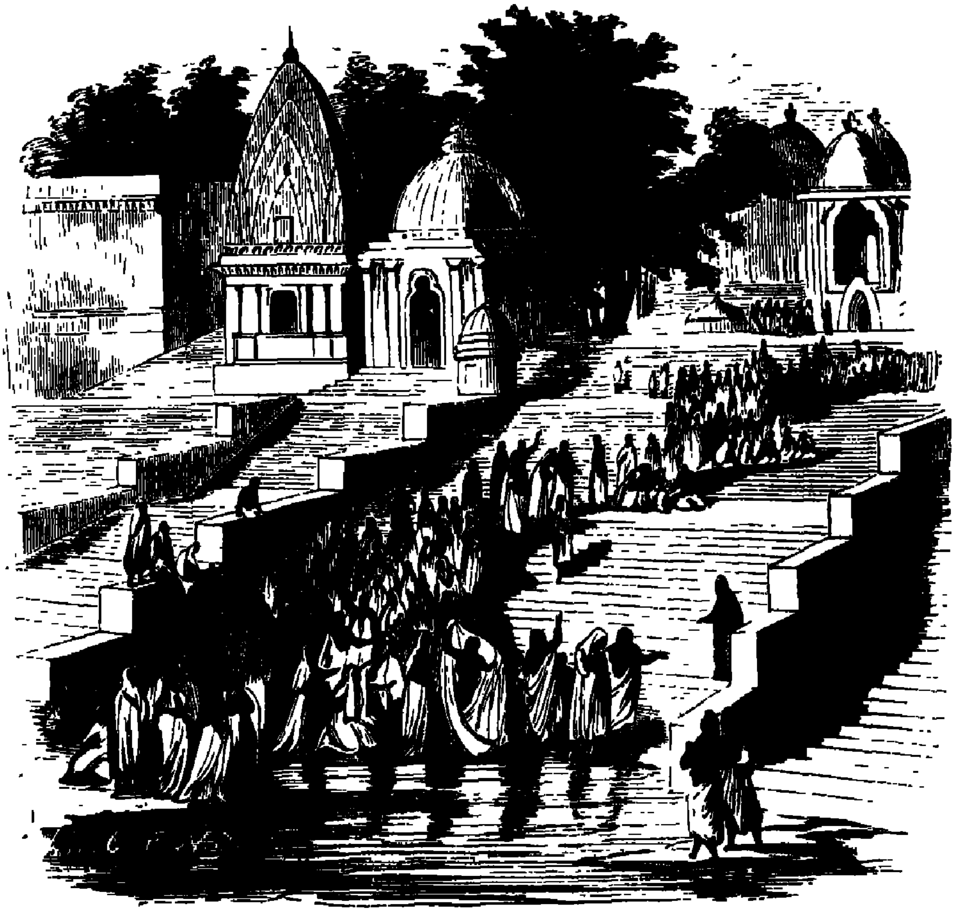
This afternoon Messrs. G——— & Co.'s clerk sent me my missing luggage, containing my Arab dress, Palmyra sculpture in marble, rifle, gun, clothes, books, and shells; such a looking place as my room is, with all these, and about a hundred other varieties that I wont trouble you with a catalogue of.

After overhauling this medley of travelling valuables, I suffered an infliction of two hours in Hindostanee under my smiling moonshee. I then set out for a drive on the "course." This is the only drive the people here take, in fact their sole amusement. It is mostly along the bank of the Hoogly, though it extends

some distance in the rear, forming a circuit of the esplanade or course. I saw some fine horses and equipages. To-day I called to present my letter to Colonel Low, unfortunately he was out. They only have about an hour and a half for visiting, and the consequence is you rarely find any one at home.

Oct. 15th.—Last evening the Aristides (my ship from Penang) arrived with my heavy luggage. Early this morning I drove out to Fort William, situated a short distance below the city which is on the eastern bank of the river. The fort is on a wide esplanade, or maidan, as it is termed by the natives. Its building was commenced in 1757 during Lord Clive's government, and very shortly after the battle of Plassey, and is the headquarters of English power in India. It is built after Vauban's celebrated fortress of Lisle, at a cost of $10,000,000, and is one of the largest and strongest fortresses in the world mounting over six hundred guns, from 12's to 32's, and nearly four hundred mortars. Its arrangements for arms and ammunition are very extensive; it contains about 60,000 stand of fire and some 20,000 side arms, with accommodations for 5,000 barrels of gunpowder, and balls and shells by the million. All its casements are bomb proof, the works are so extensive, military men say they would require 10,000 men to man them. There are two or three other depots for powder near Calcutta besides the fort. One or two regiments are always stationed at the fort.

The city presents a singular though fine appearance from the fort, with its domes, spires, minarets, and towers. On the one side the beautiful residences of the highly paid employés of the government, and of the merchants; while on the other the numerous shipping, the channels of their wealth; and below the fort, along the river for several miles, pretty country residences, and if not the most picturesque city in the East, is certainly the most imposing. The European part has wide, clean streets, fine shops with all the comforts of civilized life one could find in London or Paris. In the esplanade, but especially about the Governor-



Sketched by the Author. See page

PREPARATION FOR A SUTTEE. BENGAL

General's house, are great numbers of adjutants (birds) stalking along with grave and dignified pace. At night they roost on the balustrade around the house. Last night being a full moon and very light I counted *ninety* there.

This afternoon drove down to Garden Reach and crossed in a boat to the Botanical Garden, extensive and well kept, but no great affair in its line, being as yet in an incipient state. Its principal attraction being a banyan tree covering a space from 125 to 150 feet in diameter, the body from 15 to 18 feet in circumference. Then recrossed the river which is here about a third of a mile wide, and in the boat heard of the defeat of the Sylvie at the Cowes regatta. This evening some more letters, you appear to be having a very gay time.

Oct. 16th.—To-day church. The large congregation seemed quite like civilized regions again. This afternoon to Mr. A———'s to dinner, rather an English day for company dinners. There were ten at table, and had a pleasant visit. Afterwards his partner, Mr. B——— from Boston, took me out in his cab for an evening drive, the other people all going off in their conveyances for the same. From the number of fine equipages I met, I suppose it's quite "the mode" to drive Sunday afternoon.

Oct. 17.—I hear the Chinese rebels have captured Shanghae. To-day I had a visit from Colonel Low who appears to be a very nice person. He has filled nearly every position within the gift of the Indian Government, and rising almost entirely by his own merit. He has been many years in India, and now in much affliction from the recent death of a favorite daughter. He was at the celebrated battle of Assaye, fought by the Duke of Wellington, and was the first to discover the native forces. When the army arrived at the camping ground for the day, he galloped off to a hill for a view while the tents were being put up, when he saw the whole army of the native chief they were marching after

to fight, encamped in the plain below—the battle was fought by the Duke that afternoon—and won as you know. He says I am too late to go to Cashmere, and my next place Burmah, is "all up," as the country is in such a disturbed state. As for Nepaul, Colonel L——— says it cannot be done, for the two-fold reason, it is most dangerous to go there now, the fevers are so prevalent; next, like the Chinese, they are suspicious of strangers, and by the treaty they stipulated they were not to have visitors, and when a party is admitted it is by great favor, and long negotiation, so that is off; but that he will think of some plans for me. At Peshawur, the extreme northwest, they apprehend difficulties. Colonel Mackinson was assassinated a few weeks ago, and it is supposed at the instigation of Dost Mahommed, and a general plot has been discovered to murder all high in authority there. So I fear I cannot go higher north than Lahore, Runjeet Singh's capital, and then down to Gwalior through the Rajpootana states to Bombay, then westward ho! how on to Europe I can't say, as that will depend on circumstances.

Oct. 18.—This morning I received a note from Colonel Low (who was the former Resident at Oude) containing a letter of introduction to Colonel Sleeman the present Resident, with directions and advice about my wanderings. I have bought a large and very minute travelling map of India; and at the Burra or great bazaar I wandered through its labyrinthine mazes seeing "kin-kobs" (very heavy gold embroidered cloth), pearls and Dacca muslin, none of which were very fine.

The Dacca muslin of superior quality is exceedingly rare now, and only made to order. It is from eight to ten dollars a yard, and so fine that when wet and laid on the grass it is almost invisible. Formerly it was much used by the Indian ladies—now they patronize Paris more, and the fabrics, if not so beautiful, are more "à la mode." "Kin-kobs" are made at Benares, so will have a better chance of seeing or buying them, and the pearls are superior at Bombay. I therefore contented myself

with an investment in beautiful carved and inlaid boxes of sandal wood or ivory, native vehicles, etc., of a peculiar style, only made in India by the natives, these come from Moorshedabad, the ancient capital of Bengal. The Nawaub lives there still, but a pensionary of the East India Company.

On my return home found Mr. T——— the brother of my Singapore friend, who said his brother had arrived, was staying at his house and he wished me to go home and dine with them, which I did. He and another bachelor friend are keeping house near Garden Reach. I also met a Frenchman whom I had seen at Singapore, he was from Akab on the Burmah coast.

Oct. 19.—To-day engaged a transit coach to Patna for Monday next. These transit coaches are vehicles with bodies about seven feet long, four high, and three wide, opening on each side, under the centre a well for small carpet bags, at the front end inside a shelf for books and such provision as one wishes for lunch, &c., around the top a rail, where the servant sits surrounded by a fortification of trunks, bags, etc., and is supposed to gurgle his "hubble bubble" all day. The driver sits on a box in front and drives or coaxes his horse, for I'm told they are an awful baulky set.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. A———. In walking through the bazaars, I was nearly run over by a great swaggering Baboo, who rolled along in his gossamer robes, looking as etherial as a cloud, but feeling as bulky as an elephant.

Oct. 20th.—By daylight I was off for a view from the Ochterlony Monument, 160 feet high. It is erected in the esplanade, in honor of General Ochterlony, who was much distinguished during the Nepaulese war. From this there is an admirable view of Calcutta, the river, and country. For miles around the land is as level as the esplanade.

Then to the house of a very wealthy native Baboo, or money changer, inflicted with the most aristocratic name of Rajah

Buddinots. It is very large, situated in a small plot of ground, or compound, as they call the ground around a house in India. Here giraffes, deer, and various kinds of birds, including grave-looking adjutants, wander. At both ends of the house and in the ground, are great numbers of cages with birds and beasts; of the former, I believe, a specimen of almost every kind that breathes. The house is mostly in the European style, large and commodious. His courtesy in exhibiting it is sadly abused, if the visitors I saw, with their loud and vulgar remarks and criticisms, were fair specimens.

After breakfast I went to Mr. A———'s by appointment, to see the mint, which, I am informed, after that at St. Petersburg, is the largest in the world. Unfortunately they were repairing a part of the works, and I only saw a small portion of it in operation, but enough to show the perfect manner in which it performed. There is an immensity of detail, and much of it most ingenious, as every coin passes through so many processes. It has so happened I have never visited a mint before, and have thus commenced at the top of the list. When in full operation, they coin 300,000 rupees and 350,000 annas (a copper coin) in a day.

As silver and copper are the only coin seen in India, there is a great demand for them. Mr. A——— gave me a letter of introduction from Mrs. A——— to Mr. F———, her brother, who is deputy commissioner at Lahore, and has written to him to inform me if I shall be able to go to Cashmere, and all about it, as he has lately returned from there. So if any one wants a *few* Cashmere shawls speak quick.

Oct. 21st.—I am progressing famously with Hindostanee. Two-hour doses with hard study work wonders. I think I shall apply for a professorship before long.

At the horse bazaar to-day, I saw some one being "done;" horse jockeys are the same everywhere. It is rather late in the season for the Arabs, so did not see many good ones. Then to our

consul's, Mr. H———, an intelligent person. He has been consul here for twenty-five years, and so much liked, he was appointed one of the three commisioners from India to the London Exhibition in 1851.

He showed me some caterpillars he had received from a friend in New Zealand. They are a peculiar kind, and at a certain stage in their existence, the germ of a tree sprouts from the middle of their back, and shoots after the caterpillar becomes stationary; and the tree absorbs the body, takes root, and eventually forms one of their largest forest trees. He had six or seven, and has promised to send me one. This fact, extraordinary as it may seem to the reader, was fully corroborated in a conversation the author had in 1854, with Tyrone Power, Esq., son of the distinguished comedian of that name, who was lost in the ill-fated President, and whom the author met returning from the Cape of Good Hope, in the suite of the late General Sir George Cathcart. Mr. Power was for a long time stationed in New Zealand, and wrote a book on the Island. Then to Mr. T———'s store; met an American merchant, a Mr. L———, who lives here. He invited me to meet a party of friends to dine at his house to morrow evening. While at T———'s office, a man came in with some handsome pineapple-cloth handkerchiefs, sleeves, etc., beautifully embroidered; I purchased a number.

Oct. 22d.—I began to pack up again this morning, and put away 124 sketches, besides a number I shall keep with me; and as you already have one or two books full, you'll think I am industrious. Then with T——— to look at some Cashmere shawls; the man had some very handsome ones for 600 rupees, which would bring about $800 in New York, the profit from here being about three hundred per cent. Then went to bid all my friends good-bye.

To-day looked in at Cook's famous Arab stables, where he generally has several thousand horses, mostly Arabs. Then did up shopping supplies for my tour. I saw four men carrying a

large stone on their heads, one man, being shorter than the rest, made up the difference of height by a brick under the stone! I've often heard of people being elevated by "a brick in the hat," but never from a brick on the head.

Calcutta has a large number of religious, scientific, literary, and charitable institutions, besides banks, insurance companies, courts, masonic lodges, and other evidences of a prosperous people. They have a medical college, established in 1834 by Lord William Bentinck, one of the Governors-General. Here natives are taught, and become useful as assistants in the various stations.

From their great horror of touching a dead body, the natives were at first unwilling to practise dissecting; but many have now overcome this prejudice, and go regularly through the course. There is a new class of Bengalees springing up, called "Young Bengal," who, unfortunately, imitate only the bad traits of the English.

The native servants in Madras sometimes say, when asked what religion they are, "Oh! I'm master's religion." "What do you mean by master's religion?" "Oh! I swear and drink brandy pawny" (brandy and water). It is rather a slander to say the masters' religion is to drink brandy and swear. They do drink in India more than the hot climate warrants, but mostly "pale ale" now. Though brandy at one time was drank a great deal, the swearing part is decidedly untrue. I have very rarely heard an English gentleman use profane language. It marks the gentleman as much with them as with us. Even more so; for our young Americans are very apt, in the absence of size or ability to raise a moustache, to try and make themselves prominent by *strong* expressions.

Many of the shops are large, and even elegant for ladies' toilets, in laces, silks, etc., or in the matter of jewelry. Some of the large London houses have branch establishments here, Calcutta having quite a numerous resident European population, who are here solely to make money, and not for their health, as shopkeepers

say when you complain of their asking one or two hundred per cent. profit on their wares.

The commerce of Calcutta is large, the import amounting to about $26,000,000, and of export $50,000,000; whereas Bombay has much less, and her exports and imports are about the same, $20,000,000; and Madras only imports $4,000,000 and exports $8,000,000.

Our consul told me that since California was opened our trade with India, and especially Calcutta, had been rapidly increasing, being for the last year ninety-seven ships. The native population of Calcutta is between 600,000 and 700,000. Though the English all feel that living in this country is a most complete exile, they try to keep up a resemblance to home in their sports, and have races and hunts; for the latter, in the scarcity of foxes substitute jackals. They have their hunting meets for the Calcutta sportsmen about eight miles from the city, and like their other out-door exercises, it is nearly or quite finished for the day by the time foxhunters in England are coming in to the meet.

The little Arab makes up by his endurance and activity for his want of bone and size, which do not tell so much in this country, in the absence of fences, ploughed fields, and park walls. While in the interior they have their "pig-sticking" (boar-hunting), which is done on horseback also. The great obstaclé to jackal-hunting, this substitute for foxhunting, is with the dogs, who, like their masters, will get the liver complaint though not of their "masters' religion." The government has endeavored, at different times, to breed horses for army and other purposes, and for that object has had establishments in various parts of the country, but without attaining the desired end of size, quality, and cheapness, although they have made the experiment with English, Australian, Arab, and native horses.

About seven miles from Calcutta is Dum Dum, the artillery headquarters of this Presidency. Thirteen miles further is Barrackpore, the infantry station and headquarters. In 1882, at Cassipore, four miles from Calcutta, a foundry for brass ordnance

was established, where they now make all that is required for their army.

I have before alluded to the enormous pay of Indian officials, and while in Calcutta, the centre of the highest pay, I will speak of a few of those offices here. The Governor-General is appointed for five years, he receives £25,000 a year, which, with allowances of various kinds, I am informed, increase it to £70,000. Each of the members of the Supreme Council have £10,000, with the privilege of sending their money to England at enormous profits in exchange allowed to them. The Commander-in-Chief also has his appointment for five years, his military pay is £8,000 per annum, besides £10,000 as member of the Council, which he can never attend, for his general duties of Commander-in-Chief keep him away from the city. They are always appointed from the Queen's instead of the Company's service, and thus have rarely or never seen service, or had large command before arriving in India, instead of meritorious officers of the Indian service who have had experience. They are appointed from favor rather than merit, hence the various blunders in the Seikh wars, and especially at Chillianwallah, which have necessarily been overlooked to preserve the British prestige of universal success in India.

After the battle of Chillianwallah, Lord Gough, with every requisite as a gallant soldier (but knowledge and experience of general command), blindly marched his army into the very midst of the enemy's chosen fighting ground before he even knew where they were, and then would have been cut to pieces had he not had such admirable English troops to support him. One regiment alone, the gallant 28th Foot, a regiment 800 strong, came out of a fearful charge leaving nearly 500 dead on the ground. This battle originated a series of recriminations that to this day exist in India between the different services, and destroy a harmony that should otherwise exist. After this battle, which was known *all over India* among the natives in incredible short time, by some mysterious system they have, long before it was

known to the Europeans, even as far south as Madras. So great was the wonderment of the natives at the Seikh success and British defeat, that they asked their masters in perfect amazement if true. It threw such a gloom over India, the masters often told me, every man in India was ashamed to look his servant in the face until victory turned at Goojerat a few weeks after.

Sir Charles Napier, I believe, is almost the only instance of a great and successful general sent from England who was not first trained by Indian wars.*

Now, that the electric telegraph has been introduced, Calcutta will be the centre of instantaneous communication with every part of India, and the Governor-General will be able, in a few years, to converse with every authority under him without moving from his chair.

The changes in India have been almost as rapid as in our own country. Whole empires have been overthrown by English power, and every few years they have added a province as large as England—often larger. The Deccan, Carnatic, Punjaub, Scinde, Sattara, and Pegu, have been successively conquered and subdued, or quietly annexed; generally the former. Now they all form a quiet industrious people. Steam and the telegraph will be the great civilizers of India, while the missionaries keep steady, successful pace in their humble but glorious efforts to Christianize. A difficulty that can only be realized by knowing the people they have to deal with, and yet *how wonderful their success.*

In India and Ceylon there are 22 missionary societies with nearly 450 missionaries, and 112,000 native Christians. They maintain 1,300 day schools, and 93 boarding schools, containing

* Surely an army that can produce a Clive, Ochterlony, a Williams of Kars, a Havelock, (who if not an Indian officer, but a Queen's, was Indian by adoption and long service), a Neill, an Outram, Wilson of Delhi, Nicholson, and a host of others, *might* furnish a competent commander-in-chief; and he, from being brought up in the Indian service, would understand the people and the service which is so entirely different from every other.

2,400 boys. And the female education—one of the greatest of all missionary difficulties to be overcome—embraces 347 day and 102 boarding schools, the former with over 1,100, and the latter with nearly 3,000 scholars.

The entire Bible has been translated into *ten* languages, the New Testament into *five* others, separate gospels into *four* others, and 70 tracts have been prepared in these different languages, suitable for Hindoos and Mussulmans. The missionaries maintain in India *twenty-five* printing presses.

The reigning sovereign of Travancore (Southern India), a high caste and orthodox Hindoo—has the *Bible read in all the schools in his dominions.*

Oct. 23.—To-day to church, this afternoon at the Cathedral, where we had the Bishop, assisted by four clergymen. The building looks most curious, like a railway depôt with the various contrivances of beams and cross-beams, supporters, and props. This evening my travelling servant has appeared with all his "toggery." The natives dread going north as much as if the polar regions lay only a few miles distant, and we were going there for a winter. He has left me about half-a-dozen times to go home to bid his father, his mother, his sister, and his little brother good-bye, besides his wife and all her responsibilities.

Oct. 24.—Having left my box of collections with my banker to send home, I was off in my transit carriage this morning early. The suburbs of the city are peopled by natives, living in long ranges of dilapidated houses. Then on passing Barrackpore where the Governor-General has a country residence, there were 110 elephants feeding, they are kept at government expense for military purposes. Barrackpore is celebrated for a massacre that took place some years ago, owing to the proposed change in the Sepoys' hats, the uniform, and to drop their caste marks. After this crossed the Ganges, and through the small village of Chandernagore, the French settlement, which is very neat.

On driving along I saw some pretty women. The military consist of 25 Sepoys. Then Serampore, a small Danish settlement. Then on a few miles further, with awfully balky horses, through a country rather thickly settled. I passed parts of the new railway in a state of forwardness, and stopped at Pundooah Bungalow at half-past three, where I had breakfast and dinner in one meal. As I was finishing an old Indian drove up, and I see him under the verandah smoking his hookah, doubtless wishing me gone, as I have the only good room.

Oct. 25, SALDANGAH BUNGALOW.—Off last night at five, the horses being of the same balky disposition, their occasional freaks and the consequent gyrations of the carriage often awakening me, prudence induced me several times to push open the sliding doors, as an upset with closed doors that would only open by main force, would have been disagreeable. The night was warm, but I'm happy to say my bed was comfortable, and I enjoyed the repose.

This morning at Khyrasoole bungalow a cup of tea, and capital "moorghie grill" (broiled chicken), and various other nice preparations, were "tired nature's sweet restorer," besides an old volume of the Illustrated London News to improve my mind with in the spare moments; luxurious for a poor traveller, was it not?

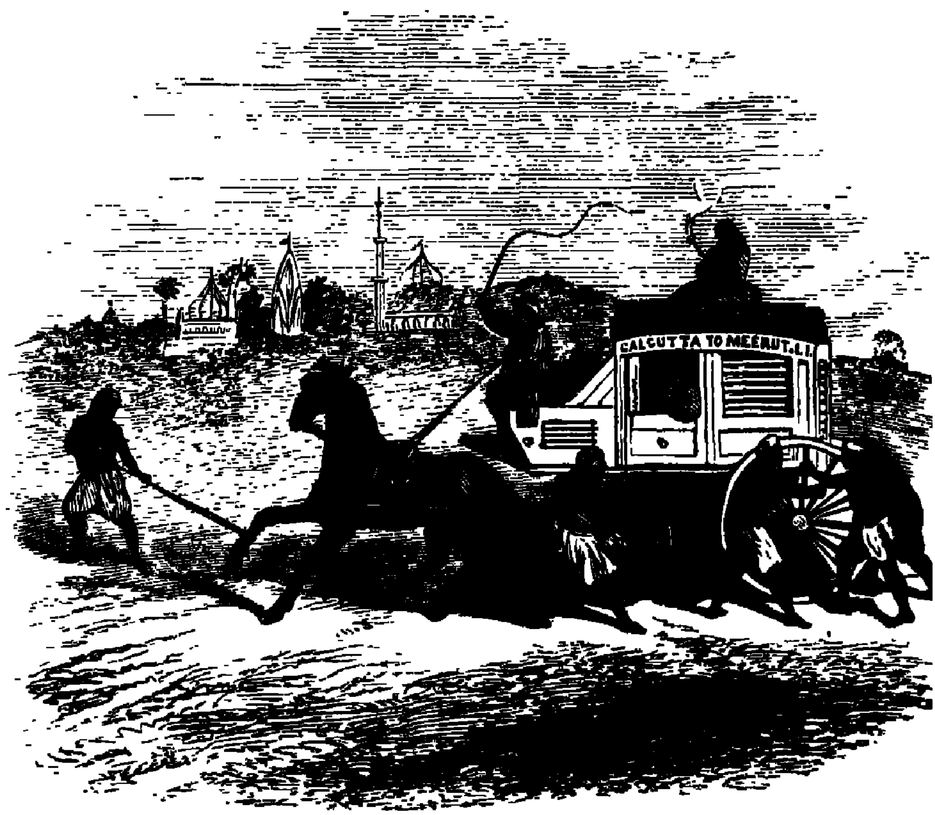
This afternoon the journey has been over a more hilly country. Hitherto an almost perfect level, varied only by such slight elevations as would scarce aspire to the name of hillocks. I crossed some very shaky wire bridges. I noticed one steadied with a small cord—a *durable* fastening.

At five this afternoon I stopped at this bungalow, where I found the greater part occupied by what I suppose are milliners, or equally elevated personages, and the piazza filled with telegraph wire. I beg pardon of the parties for nearly omitting the only wayfarers I saw—a gentleman with an incipient moustache, and a lady with very pretty white hand and rings. They

were going up country in a buggy (what we call gig) drawn by Coolies. I did not see her face, though I boldly showed my rubicund phiz. She was content with peeping at me from behind the curtain. I also passed near some Hindoo towers which are curious affairs. There were four, in pairs, and looked like domes on pedestals. A jackal honored me with a gaze at half pistol shot. In the distance I saw some tall white chimneys.

Oct. 26th, BUGGHODEN BUNGALOW.—I was off again last night at seven. I found this morning, in my disturbed dreams, I had disposed of a slipper, and my Hindostanee dictionary—one useful, and the other very necessary at present. But my philosophy overcame my grief, and I'm quite tranquil. Almost every hour during the night I was woke by "Sahib," "Sahib," "bucksheesh," by Coolies or sices (horsekeepers), according as we stopped for hills, for not a bit of uphill work would the horses do, or when we had changed horses.

Then had a "bit of a row" between the coachman, the sices, and Coolies. I tried to get an insight into the business, and they *obligingly* endeavored to condense the story, each giving his own account at the same time; and as my Hindostanee was very limited under the most favorable circumstances; as the united efforts of this frantic crowd had not succeeded in waking up my Khansamar (the Bengalee for butler), I tried my luck in rousing him from his gentle slumbers and downy couch on the transit coach top, surrounded by a battlement of trunks, bags, pans, and kettles. After a quarter of an hour more of this Babel, he commenced—not exactly "fellow-citizens" but—"Sahib—he—other sice—coachmen—they all be too muchee humbug—sick horse—he talky—chota—no strong—he, all other men bad—they no go." So interrupting him in the midst of this lucid explanation, told him to go to bed again, and seeing no possibility of solving or settling the matter, I turned over and went to sleep, leaving them to go on or not as they pleased. I always have to do my own Hindostanee in the night-time, and in the



Sketched by the Author. See page 82

DAK TRAVELLING IN BENGAL.

tement of the moment, I suppose I made a funny jumble
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his morning the country is hilly and picturesque, watered by .erous small streams that lend a beauty to the landscape. ed an Arab village; it's singular how these people retain · national features, and customs wherever they go. Their ht flashing eyes and stern look were the same here as in the rt, and every man wore a sword the same as there. The is now poorer and less cultivated.

t the bungalow this evening, I found a rara avis in these ons—a Madras butler; he had been all through the Punjaub paigns.

ct. 27th, GIAGA.—Crossed at daybreak this morning the syola river, by a long stone bridge, and then a transit coach ts way to Calcutta with two ladies—one quite pretty. At past eight this evening, I turned off for this place and Patna, h are off the regular route, and so was obliged to take ies to drag the coach, instead of horses. The roads were ible, and the country poor and flat. Stopping at a bungalow oreakfast, I was on here by four, passing a small Hindoo ple, and a number of water tanks for irrigation.

his place is quite large. Many of the houses are like small esses. As I passed the bungalow of a European, I saw him ning me with a lorgnette.

ct. 28th, PATNA.—Last night I was off at six again, for I el all night, and stop twice a day; an hour in the morning oreakfast, and the same at night for dinner, eating my lunch jog along, and thus accomplish an average of about a hun- and twenty miles a day. Just as I was starting, a gentle- and lady taking a drive passed me. I saw a small river ing the town, and a high hill with a Hindoo temple. The was horrible, and my men encouraged each other with yells would have put to the blush a New York fire company in cry.

At the bungalow I was waited on by a most obsequious butler, who, when I spoke, folded his hands as reverently as if I had been Bhudda or Seva himself. I got in at half-past seven. For miles before it, is a vast rice field, which the owners were watering by means of small channels or gutters filled by a swinging canoe, which dipped up and discharged the water as it oscillated.

Oct. 29th.—I have been wandering through the town this morning. It is one of the wealthiest in India, and the second in rank I believe. Formerly it was much more important. There are as many Mussulmans here as there are Hindoos at Benares. It looks half-deserted and in ruins. I did not see half-a-dozen good houses in it. The mosques and temples are quite fourth-rate. The streets are dirty and narrow, with the exception of one, which is wide and runs the length of the town; at one end are the bazaars, which are curious, with all sorts of lacquered cups and trifles. One never sees the valuables exposed for sale in Eastern countries, as with us, or in Europe, to attract. Often merchants worth hundreds of thousands of dollars do all their business in a miserable dirty place, and very likely sitting on the ground.

This is *the* great opium district, and especially of Bengal. There is a large factory for making it up and packing it to send to China, which must receive it, *nolens volens.* Their refusing it caused the Chinese war of 1842, for the Indian Government must sell its opium or it cannot exist, even if "John Chinaman" does die from its use; and he should not object, for he will die in his own country, which he always wishes to do, and he will be dying in the cause of humanity, by saving "John Company's" life, a thing "John Company" feels a great interest in preserving. This year they will send away 35,000 chests, and next year 40,000! and so on increasing. The poppy is brought here, in February or March in pulp, leaf, or stalk, as may be. The pulp is worked to a certain consistence, and looks like a thick black paste or dough. It is then rolled into large balls eight inches in

diameter, then covered with a thin poppy paste, and over that, a cover of poppy leaves pressed and dried until it is quite tough. When dried, it is rolled in oil paper, and put up in small boxes, one ball in each, for China. It produces a revenue to the government of over $22,000,000. It all belongs to government, and is raised by them, the natives being paid fixed prices for working it, and the whole under charge of agents.

On my return to the bungalow, I was annoyed by a drunken fellow who occupied the other part. He first begged me for clothes and money; not giving him any, he tried cursing, not even sparing my relations.

Fragments of wall indicate the former fortifications of the city, and an occasional large house and garden the establishment of some wealthy native. The city is immediately on the banks of the river, on a point of land. The river (the Ganges) is about three quarters of a mile wide here, and half of that space is filled with small islands. The country around is low and void of beauty except to the rice-grower.

The people drive a curious kind of vehicle, a sort of gig; it is on two wheels, with wide guards above them. They (the two) scramble in over the wheels, and sit one on each side coiled up, while the driver does the same in front, and almost with his hands on the horse's back. The horse has a high odd saddle of scarlet cloth, with a horn of the same material in front, which is about eighteen inches high, curving backwards, and ornamented with tinsel. From this saddle go two bands, one around the horse's neck, the other around his body; and the two shafts or two pair, for on each side are two, one from the lower part of the body and the other from the seat, and meeting at the horse's neck, are attached to the saddle so high up, that should he stumble, he would most likely slip out of the shafts.

In the bazaar I saw them pounding foil, and one shop front was covered with tinfoil. The city appears to consist chiefly of one main avenue or street, with a multitude of minor ones, barely sufficient in width for two donkeys to pass each other. The

houses are all low and insignificant; formerly and at present too, I believe, many of the wealthier people dwelt on the river's edge.

Unable to get a boat, I was obliged to content myself with a terra firma view, which disappointed me in two ways, for, besides the view, I had hoped to have taken a sketch from that side. By far the most odd-looking affair or structure in or about the town, is a beehive-looking granary on the outskirts of the city, and towering above everything else. I think upwards of eighty feet high, and blackened by man or time. There are two flights of stairs on the exterior, leading up from opposite sides. It was erected in 1786 to provide against famine. But whether filled or not the tablet does not state. The probability is against it, from the blank in this part.

Several Europeans are residing here. They are building a pretty little church. There have been several arrivals and departures from the bungalow this evening.

Oct. 30th, DINAPORE.—As there is no chance of getting a boat for Benares, and the steamer does not stop here, I shall continue on by dâk carriage. I came up as far as this by dâk, to avoid a very tedious roundabout way the steamer is obliged to take to get into the Ganges from the Hoogly. As I am expecting Mr. F———'s letter about Cashmere at Allahabad, I must hurry on. So I came on to this cantonment, bag and baggage, this morning, trusting to luck for lodgings, as they assured me at the last bungalow, that there was no bungalow or other convenience for travellers. It was a pleasant little drive of six miles, part of the way a fine avenue of banyan trees. Driving to the post-office, I find they do not expect a steamboat for a week; then to the steamboat agency where they said the same; so I engaged a transit coach for to-morrow to Benares.

I luckily found there was a lodging house, kept by a prodigiously fat old woman, who had already arranged my things which I had sent on from the post-office, she taking it for granted

I should and must be accommodated. The landlady remarked, "The gentlemen were very kind to send you here. I've found it a hard world since my husband died, but thank God I've managed to get along." I thought from her flourishing condition she looks as if matters were thriving, or certainly that care did not weigh heavily on her. She then continued to tell her terms, and the nice accommodations, and what I'd please have for tiffin, dinner, etc. I interrupted her by sundry affirmations, and inquired if there was church. She seemed doubtful, said one service was over, and thought there was another in the evening; so ordered my dinner earlier, "most decidedly, sir."

In the midst of my tiffin my sense of dignity was greatly shocked. I, who was looked upon as a "Burra Sahib" at all the bungalows, an engineer, or probably a "Calcutta Sahib" (a collector), or some other civilian (the officers most respected by the natives from having power to punish them) of rank, by my landlady coming in and very abruptly asking if I was connected with the law, for I looked so. I was obliged to "own up," and told her I was an American. I soon found I had unfortunately sprung a mine, for she nearly overwhelmed me with a history of her poor dear father, who had "shuffled off this mortal coil" some fifty years before, but had once lived in New York, bore the name of Moncrief, and was of a very, very ancient Scottish family.

After a long dissertation on their genealogy, she returned to the law, and wanted advice; so I gave her the best I could, which was to avoid all law if possible. It was unprofessional, I know—but candid.

In the evening to the church, a fine large one. This place, being the military station of the Behar district, has several regiments. To-morrow morning I shall be obliged to retrace my steps some eighty miles, which I regret for the double reason, it will occupy two days longer, and I wished to see one or two places on the river. Below this there is very little of interest, and the sail horribly tedious, occupying *sixteen* days from Cal-

cutta by steam, and only two places to be seen, Moorshadabad, the former native capital of Bengal, and Monghyr. About eighty years ago the latter was an important military station.

Above is Buxar, where is one of the principal government studs for raising horses for cavalry, etc., also celebrated for a battle that confirmed the English in possession of Bengal and Behar. Then Ghazeepore, a military station, where is an old palace of the Rajah Cossim Ali, once an Indian notability, and the cenotaph of Lord Cornwallis, and also celebrated for its manufacture of rose water.

Oct. 31st, NEMANADONG BUNGALOW.—Packed up and off this morning, but first was entertained by my landlady with the perils from robbers, thugs, etc. I greatly relieved her fears by assuring her that part of my luggage consisted of a gun and rifle with a "six-shooter" all ready to present its compliments to such gentry. Then jogged on slowly to this place, with nothing except very considerable discomfort from the sun, an infliction you would doubtless willingly consent to about the time you receive this.

Nov. 2d, SASSERAM BUNGALOW.—Yesterday and part of to-day enjoying the slow and noisy travel of a Coolie gang to drag me. At Sheergotty I changed for horses, and five miles an hour instead of two! Then crossed the Boodia river. At three crossed the Soane, now except the three beds is a sand bank. One of the beds is bare except a few inches of water, another fordable, the third a ferry, the whole taking three hours to cross it though only about a mile and a half wide.

Near the mouth of this river is supposed to have stood Palibothra, the capital of the great king Chandragupta, king of Magadi, who fought a great battle with Seleucus, the most distinguished of the generals of Alexander the Great. Allahabad is supposed by some to have been the place, but certain ruins lately discovered here have settled the question. At seven I

reached this bungalow, when just as I was preparing to make myself comfortable after the tedious ride, and things in beautiful confusion, when a young officer came in with Mr. Colver's compliments (he is the newly-appointed Governor of the Northwest Provinces) and a request that I would join him at dinner in his tent, and that it was all ready.

I promptly accepted, and got myself ready in few minutes.

I found him a pleasant person, as was his aide-de-camp—Lieut. Stewart. The repast consisted of a handsome European dinner and also a handsome native one, a compliment from the Rajah of the district to the Governor. After dinner we all started off again, I with horses and to be at Benares to-morrow, the Governor with Coolies and heavy train for the day after. Near this is a fine tomb of Shah Shau—one of the last kings of Bengal, who drove the Emperor of Delhi from his throne for a short time, and forced him to take refuge in Cashmere, or Afghanistan, I forget which.

Nov. 3d, BENARES.—I reached the river at nine. The entire distance to this place, the road has been admirable, made of what they call "kunka." It is graded and this yellow, clayish-looking material is put on, then wet and pounded, and as it becomes hard is as smooth as a floor. I saw almost hourly, people going to market with provisions on horses or oxen. Tall, savage-looking fellows, armed with sword and spear, perhaps the turbulent owners of some small patch of land, and almost bursting with the excess of dignified importance as he swaggered along or caracoled his horse. The dâk horses are an odd set of ugly brutes—every one balks: the only difference is in the number of times, or length of time it takes to get him off again. I will send you a sketch of "a balk" with the native manner of starting him off, all shouting "chullo, chullo" (go along), at the tôp of their lungs.

The city being on the east bank, had a very fine view, and without exception is the most imposing city I've seen in India.

Though the chosen seat of Hindooism, the lofty minarets of Aurungzebe's famous mosque, tower conspicuously above every other object. The city forms an unbroken front of fine buildings and ghauts for full four miles on the river's banks, the two being inseparable, the ghauts being the fine flight of steps and terrace for religious bathing, and the buildings, species of massive portals, the whole erected by devotees, or sinners, as a propitiatory offering, as the Catholics have masses said for their souls.

For so large a town there appear to be very few boats. From the great sanctity of the city, and the importance they attach to bathing in the Ganges here, and the several pilgrimages within a circuit of a few miles, there are great numbers of people coming and going all the time. The estimate is, that at least 20,000 arrive daily, and as many more who depart. Most of them make pilgrimages by land, but in all kinds of ways according to what they deem the most penitential. Some measure their distance, that is to say, they lie down at full length, mark the spot where their head reached, and lie down again putting their feet at the last mark, and making a new one where their head reached this time, and so on until they reach the holy city. As *this mode of travel is slow*, it often occupies months. They rest when they get tired or hungry, and marking the spot where they left off, go and eat or sleep. An acquaintance here told me he had seen two men making a pilgrimage this way—one had come 700 miles and then had 400 to go! the other had come 300 and had as much more to do.

When I arrived at the river, I found the officials all in "full fig," waiting the arrival of the Governor. I told them he would not arrive till next day. They had been waiting three hours in the hot sun when I came up. They at once started for home without any further news of him.

On crossing the river, I found a company of irregular cavalry or Siwars also awaiting the Governor's arrival. The officer in command finding that he was not to be here to-day they were

sent to their barracks, and started with their horses prancing and plunging, while they sat like statues. All the irregular cavalry are beautiful riders.

I stopped at the Travellers' Bungalow, and after breakfast not having any letters to deliver here, I drove to Mr. Hall's (the son of a prominent lawyer in Troy, who, after graduating at Harvard University came to Calcutta for his health and was shipwrecked at the mouth of the Hoogly and lost everything, while waiting for remittances from home, and having a most extraordinary talent for languages he learned Hindoo and Persian, then concluded to remain and study Sanscrit). His progress was so rapid in that he was persuaded to remain and take a Professor's chair in the new college then being established at Benares, and now is professor of Sanscrit in the college here, with a very widely extended reputation. He has only been in the country seven years, and with a knowledge of five languages of Europe, and the classics to commence with, he has now what he calls a partial knowledge of 22 languages; but he means by partial, not a critical, but what ordinary persons would call a thorough knowledge. I am told he is the best Sanscrit scholar in India, and perhaps in the world, as they have so much better opportunities of perfecting themselves here than in Europe. The head of the college is so jealous of H——'s growing reputation for Sanscrit, and of his superior knowledge in that language, that he don't know whether to surrender to H—— or not. H—— is now in receipt of $2,500 per annum and in a few weeks is to have a new appointment that will double it, with a retiring allowance after eleven years more of service of $2000 per annum—a nice country to work for.

And now having finished my digression to give you an account of this enterprising countryman of ours, I will proceed. Arriving at his house I sent in my card, and found him a thorough American in appearance save the moustache, which, as I wear one myself, I'll say nothing about. He received me in a most friendly manner, and insisted upon my removing to his bun-

galow, and with that drove me to the dâk bungalow and ordered my things to his house; where I found him luxuriating in bachelor style, with books, pipes, cats, and dogs; the first laid where convenience had suited, and the latter wandering about as they chose. In fact everything in what we bachelors term *order*, and you ladies, by some singular caprice, designate as disorder—but only a slight misnomer.

After a long and amusing conversation about Benares, and his occupations of collecting literature for government, compiling other facts for his publication, carrying on controversies with Sanscrit scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, editing works, scribbling for newspapers and pamphlets, and sometimes regularly editing the paper, studying languages of all sorts and kinds, in fact a dabble in everything, a thorough American turn of mind, we then drove out. He called upon and introduced me to Colonel Lane, one of the most distinguished officers in India. Here I saw Major Ousely, a son of Sir Gore Ousely, who was distinguished for services in Persia some years since; he is equally distinguished in the sporting way, having been in at the death of 300 tigers. We then continued on to the Deputy-Collector's, a friend of H———'s, a "country born" or "half caste," who goes in the best society here. Usually in calling upon Europeans, they are *obliged* to *leave* their carriages at the gates. We dined here. He seemed a very nice person. Among other amusing things he gave us an account of his first visit to Calcutta a few weeks since. The first time he had been in any but the up-country towns or cities. Mr. W——— gave me some singular petrifactions found in the Great Gundik River. Next to his house stands the house where Cherry was massacred in the time of the great Benares insurrection during Warren Hastings' Administration.

Nov. 4.—To-day the Governor arrived, and all the officials are out to "lick the dust," or "eat dirt," as the natives term official cringing. Hall and I started at daylight for the upper end of

the city, where we took a boat, and floated down past the superb ghauts, a most picturesque sight; thousands of people in all colors, costumes, and attitudes, bathing, praying, "doing poojah," meditating (an important feature in their religion) and sipping Ganges water to the four corners of the earth (north, east, south, and west), and the sun. Others were being shaved, every hair counting millions of years of bliss in another sphere.

We then stopped at the ghaut by the "Man Mandul" Observatory, built by Whan Singh. It is a singular affair of great size built of stone, the various dials, arcs, etc., all being of stone and on a very large scale, which renders them rather inconvenient for rapid operations.

We then dropped down the stream, stopping to see the mosque built by Aurungzebe from the ruins of Hindoo temples he had destroyed for the purpose. The view I had from the lofty minarets was most extensive. The city appears to be principally built on the banks of the river. Continued on, passing the ghaut built by the Emperor of Delhi, as well as his house. We stopped at another ghaut, and visited the "Bappee dome" and well, where (on dit) the presiding deity of Benares jumped down when the city was besieged by the Mahommedans. This is a very sacred place. Here they sip Ganges water, and throw down flowers until the water is fairly putrid. Then the "Vishwishna," or "Lord of all," a temple with golden spire or tower, now the Lena Porna, the ancient Ceres. Here the devotees prostrated themselves and touched all sides of their face, nose, and forehead. After which a high priest took us into his house; the fellow seemed to have made money in his profession, judging from the furniture.

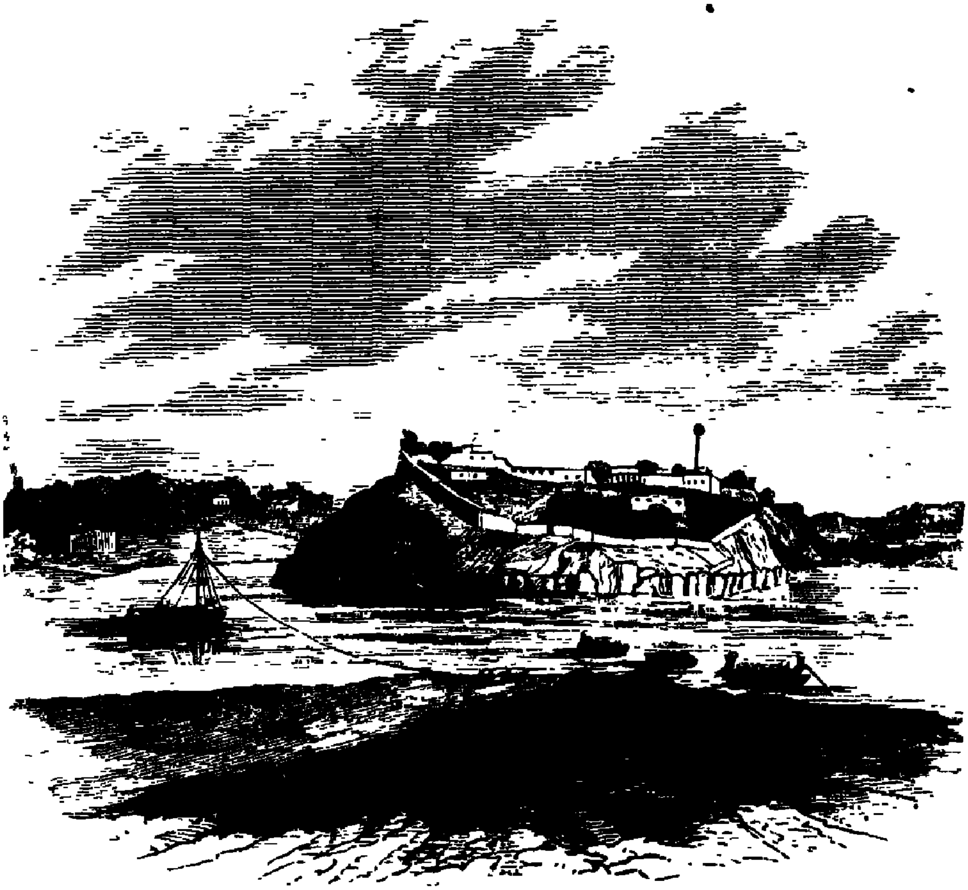
We then walked to the square where the Rajah of Benares' (he and Hall are great friends) elephant met us, (H——— having written to the Rajah for it), most of the streets being too narrow for the buggy. This was my first elephant experience; it seemed as if we should roll off every moment from the long rolling gait of the animal. Besides which projecting eaves were sadly in the

way of our craniums; however we reached home safely by good luck. After breakfast, where we had a most delicious fruit I've failed to speak of before, the custard apple, about the size of a large pear. The fruit is covered with a thick skin for a fruit of that kind. The meat is soft and most luscious. There are two quite different kinds, one grows on the west side of India, the other here. After breakfast I went to the river and in floating down, I made some sketches of the city and ghauts.

This evening dined with some very nice people, a Mr. R——— and wife—he has travelled and seen much of the world; losing his fortune he took orders. Then home and took a palanquin for Chunar—the fortress in which Warren Hastings took refuge when he fled from the Benares insurrection.

Nov. 5, CHUNAR.—I reached the banks of the Ganges at six this morning. Last night, happening to wake, I found my bearers had planted me somewhere in the road, while they sat down for a smoke, and to eat. I stopped on the bank an hour to sketch the fort, etc., then crossed the river and to Lieutenant W———'s house, saw him, and after a few minutes' conversation I retired to make my toilet, by which time Mrs. W——— appeared. Without being handsome she is a pleasant person. I spent the morning in the house, and this afternoon drove to see the fort, whose base is washed by water on three sides.

The place is in the form of a foot, and the native tradition is, one of the gods stepping from the mountains to Cape Cormoran, rested his foot here. There are a number of invalids here, this being one of their resorts. The works are very strong, and it made a fine defence before taken. Then on to see two beautiful tombs, one erected by Rajah Suleiman to his wife, the other to the Rajah himself, built by his subjects as a testimonial of regard. The tombs have nothing very beautiful about them, but the court around, which is 150 feet square, has a wall about eight feet high: and four of eight feet in height, form two panels of beautiful



Sketched by the Author. See page 384.

CHUNAR FORTRESS.



stched by the Author

open stone work. The portal where the rich men sit and talk, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, the entire building being a mass of sculpture almost from turret to foundation-stone with beautiful verandahs also of stone work. Then home and after dinner I shall return to Benares about thirteen miles distant.

The cholera made terrible havoc in this, as in most other parts of the country last summer. In Benares the native people burnt their dead, and they are said to have amounted to at least 1,200 *a day!* In 14 days they lost 11 per cent. of the European population! In Calcutta it was bad enough, and particularly fatal to the American captains, every one I believe died, and new captains took the ships home, either mates were obliged to act as captains, or new captains were obtained. I quite forgot to mention the pilot of the Aristides told me that an American ship, from the superiority of her rig, blocks, and other tackle, was easier to manage when not more than half manned, than an English ship with a full crew.

Nov. 6th, BENARES.—I started last night at nine and reached this at two, when I was very soon stowed in my bed at H——'s. This morning I rode out to see the "Loci-Kedudon," or jumping place, so called from some nonsensical tradition. There are two remains of Bhuddist towers. The one a mound with a Saracenic tomb, the other, the more perfect, is hexagonal, the lower half in many parts quite perfect, the upper part has lost its brown stone coating, and exhibits the brickwork with hundreds of *kiln* marks on the bricks. There are some underground chambers, and the work seems not to have been finished—so the savans decide.

On excavating at its base, a few years since, a vase with more than five hundred Bhuddist "confessions of faith" were discovered. Several were given to H—— who gave me one. The confession is stamped in the form of a seal on damp clay, then baked hard and enclosed in a case of fresh damp clay which is also baked. Some of them were broken open, and they found the

confession perfect. Some inscriptions found here, declare these mounds to be now about a thousand years old.

Then home and to the "kin-kob" manufactory where they make the beautiful silver and gold cloths. I saw several in the looms, exquisitely beautiful. They were about five feet wide and eight or nine yards long—these were worth $175—others not quite so handsome $150—one represented the Punjaub war, but it was not well done. I saw others not quite as handsome, to be used by the less wealthy for robes—the more valuable kinds are used by the Rajahs. I should like much to have a piece, but they work them all into such large pieces and would not cut them, and a whole piece is rather expensive when 65 per cent. is added by exchanges and duties. At home I found some patterns of dresses much admired by ladies in England, a light material of silk and linen, embroidered with gold or silver thread in spots or small figures. It was first known in England at the Exhibition, where it created more sensation than the "kin-kobs," which are rivalled by the French and Swiss, whereas this surpassed all other manufactures, and is thought so highly of, that even the Queen sends for it. A lady selected two dresses for me with the head scarfs. I am told in the United States they are not known, and only within two years past in England, and now only sent on private orders by friends. This afternoon H——— sent a note to the Rajah of Benares (they being very intimate) asking permission to take me to see him, and written in the true Eastern style of hyperbolic phrases, "King of kings, light of the world," etc., etc. In a short time an answer came, couched in much the same style, beginning in this way, "The Rajah, etc., sends many compliments to Mr. Hall, endowed with all the accomplishments and virtues, master of ancient and modern lore, and inhabitant of the old and new world, etc., would be most happy to see" me, etc.

This afternoon I visited the college, a very pretty Gothic structure, but badly built, and entirely unsuited to the purpose. They have only a few scholars, but the principal object is to furnish

professors. H——— and the head of the college teach Hindoos the Sanscrit. I think that they doubt of its utility. They have some very valuable Sanscrit MSS. here, and as yet very little else, the building and institution being new. H——— dined with the Governor last evening by invitation. The Governor wrote from the Dâk Bungalow to the Commissioner with whom he is staying, to invite me to his levee and dinner, but owing to some mistake the invitation did not get to H———'s house until after I had gone to Chunar, so he answered it for me. H——— said I had made a wonderful impression on the Governor. (I think he must be easily pleased.) He inquired most particularly about me.

This evening we stopped for an hour or two at the Rajah's. He is not the legitimate occupant of the throne, but a puppet of the Government. He is a very fine looking man, but prematurely old from excesses. He is wealthy and lives in much style. His house is furnished beautifully, and in the European manner, and with many paintings. But with true native taste everything is odd, curious, or new. A few days since a river pedlar (pedlars who move from place to place in boats with their wares) stopped here, having among his stock in trade a number of mechanical clocks, boxes, rope-dancers, and pictures, with everything moving by machinery, musical boxes, etc. The Rajah was so delighted with them, he bought the man out. Besides all these other things, he has a miniature telegraph and globes. On the latter he desired me to show him where America was and the part we came from. As the country seemed so much larger than England or India, he probably doubted my veracity.

Then for my special benefit the Rajah ordered in some nautch girls, who danced and sung; two of whom were from Peshawur. They sung one of Hafiz's songs while dancing. Part of the air was very pretty, but the style of singing not pleasing. The dancing was graceful, but not to my taste, although perfectly chaste, consisting entirely of graceful, gliding movements, the long dress quite covering the feet. After the women had finished, a man

danced;—then two musicians played for us, one on a very celebrated instrument, the "vina," a bar with two gourd-like bulbs and eight strings; one bulb resting on the lap, the other on the shoulder. The music is like the guitar, though not with as much depth of tone.

The whole affair was a regular Eastern "durbar." The Rajah was dressed in robes of rich "kin-kobs," and a sort of crown. The others of his suite, and wealthy natives who came in (he having sent for them to be present on the occasion), wore Cashmere shawls, and turbans. They were distributed about the rooms according to rank, and sitting on chairs or floor as suited their fancy. We sat on sofas. The Rajah showed us two little bark stands, with colored porcupine quills from Niagara, which he prized very highly.

To-morrow I start northward. Benares is a rather pleasant station, large though without much to make it very agreeable to residents. It is the great seat of native learning and missionary converts, and purely an English missionary station, mostly of Baptist and other independent denominations.

Nov. 7th, ALLAHABAD.—I started last night at eleven by transit. The steamers come up as far as this, but are very tedious, and only Merzapore to be seen, which, as far as business goes, is the most flourishing native town in India. Here natives are easily found who will embark $150,000 in a single speculation. Its carpets are quite celebrated all through India. I reached Allahabad, or rather the river Ganges, at eleven, for we were two hours in crossing. I've seen nothing on the way either interesting or curious, except a harrow which may interest father, he being an experimental agriculturist. It was a heavy beam with four oxen abreast attached to it, and two men standing on the beam to give it weight, and steadying themselves by leaning on the oxen.

Allahabad is situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, and the ancient palace fort of Akbar at the very point. The

palace was formerly very magnificent. The name of the town implies "Abode of God," a title given by the Mahommedan conquerors in place of the former Hindoo name, a habit with these warriors. Akbar built this once fine palace fortress. Being at the junction of the Jumna and Ganges, it is held as a very sacred place by the Hindoos. Formerly great numbers of children were sacrificed in performance of vows made by the parents when sick, and also suicides. The poor wretches fancying they had by expiations removed all their sins, thought they would attain to greater happiness if they died here and under such circumstances, than if they lived and died elsewhere. But that as well as infanticide have been declared crimes by the government, and the aiders and abettors are severely punished if caught or found out.

The cantonments are very extensive, and for beauty of undulating scenery are said not to be surpassed in India. I was particularly struck with its appearance as I approached it. The neighboring district of Bundelkund is famous for its diamonds. The river is spanned by a bridge of boats. The large sand flat opposite the city, is filled in the winter season with the tents of pious Hindoos, who come to bathe. At this season of the year is a famous Hindoo festival. Every pilgrim gets his head shaved, and allowing the hairs to fall into the Ganges, receives a million years of bliss for each. This with Benares and Gya are the great places of pilgrimage in this part of India.

I stopped at the bungalow, and drove to Mr. Shaw's, one of H——'s numerous acquaintances, and to whom he gave me a letter. He is an American missionary; both he and his wife are very nice people. He wished me to have my things sent to his house, and stay there while in this place. But as I am only here for a day I declined. He drove me to Mr. Hay's, another American missionary, to whom I had a letter from an English officer I met at Singapore. I spent the evening here, and to-morrow, I am to breakfast with Mr. Shaw and dine with Mr. Hay. Mr. S—— then drove me through the cantonment and parade ground, and the fashionable drive called the "Mall."

There are many remains in and about the city, attesting its former grandeur. To-day I received a letter from Mr. F—— (Mrs. A——'s brother), informing me I can go into Cashmere. So, hurrah for good luck! Send the orders for shawls, but don't all speak at once.

Nov. 8th.—At daylight this morning Mr. S—— called, and drove me out to see a famous caravanserai, built by Sultan Khosroo, with fine quadrangle and four Gothic gateways, now going to ruin. There are three tombs in a large garden, with much of their stonework finely sculptured. These too, are going to ruin. The entire arrangement of garden and tombs is very picturesque. Then to his house and breakfasted. He showed me the school, which is his particular charge, and being a practical man, I think he will make considerable out of his scholars.

It is striking to see the difference of energy displayed between the English and American establishments. One American is as good as three or four English, and this is the character universally given me of them by the English, military and civil.

At twelve Mr. Hay called and took me to the fort, introducing me to Captain G——, a friend of his, and the officer in charge. They took me through every part. Former palace rooms and durbar halls are converted into military store-rooms. The fort is now a depôt or magazine of arms of all descriptions. Under the fort are extensive catacombs. There are usually two or more regiments of infantry here, besides a small force of artillery. Captain C—— said, in the hot season, with all the doors and windows closed, and the stone floors constantly sprinkled, that the thermometer rarely went below 108° and 110.°

As we went out we stopped to descend into the entrance of the infernal regions. A cavern built by the Bhuddists for some of the mysteries of their religion; part of the arrangement is the trunk of a tree—a panacea for all diseases. It never lives or dies according to the accounts of the natives. The place is filled with idols, and possesses great sanctity. Then to Mr. Hay's

house where I dined. They live very comfortably, as do all the missionaries; but at the best it is a hard life, and they are much worse off than with less comfort at home; away from family and friends, combating all kinds of opposition, injuring the health of themselves and families, and enduring great—in fact, inconceivable discomfort from the climate much of the year. With all sorts of appliances the thermometer won't go down below 100° or 110°. They complain that their friends fancy they live luxuriantly with so many servants, a thing not possible to be comprehended in the United States. Every bachelor must positively have nine servants, every child must have one or two, and every horse *two*, a groom and grass-cutter. The same servant won't set a table and sweep a floor, neither will he carry a package of any size. Nor can one of the three mentioned, wait upon table, or of the four cook, or of the five touch a horse, or of the six wash, or of the seven sew, etc. Every ordinary private family keeps from fifteen to forty.

Mr. Hay has charge of the mission press, and besides the necessary business for the mission, he does much work for government. This is one of the large American stations, and where they have met with much success. He took me through the printing establishment, and showed me some of his cleverest converts, who belong to the printing establishment. He then gave me four or five letters to various friends. This place being at the junction of two large rivers, is considered very healthy. This is the permanent station of a court composed of a body of judges, who make circuits during certain months, pitching a tent near a large town, where they hold the court, a much more agreeable place to a native than a house where he gets frightened. This evening I shall start for Cawnpore.

Nov. 9th, CAWNPORE.—I started last evening at six, very cold and dusty, a dull uninteresting road, and reached this place early this morning and am now 600 miles north of Calcutta. Driving first to the Post Office to mail some letters for London, and some

letters of introduction to people here, then to Dr. A———'s, a friend of H———'s and of all the Americans here. H——— had given me a letter to him. He is a Scot and a very estimable person. His house is pleasantly situated near the river.

This place was formerly a frontier station, and the headquarters of General Lake during the wars in this part of the country forty years ago. Now Peshawur has taken its place, and perhaps in forty years more Cabul or Teheran. Consequently it is nearly deserted of troops. It is spread over a vast extent of ground. I have only seen part as yet, though I made a long circuit in coming in; and, I believe, there is but little to see here.

To-morrow I expect to start for Lucknow, the capital of Oude, which has occupied so much attention during the various governments in India, being always intriguing and restless.

Nov. 10th.—This morning Dr. A——— drove me through the cantonments which lies for several miles along the river—this being the most extended station in India. The gardens are among the largest and finest in India. The bazaars are among the best, while its European and native shops afford the ladies every facility for the mode à la Paris, and the jewellers are said to be scarce inferior to those of Delhi. One of the regiments stationed here, the 70th Queen's, lost last summer by the cholera one-third of its men.

This evening Dr. A——— had a small dinner party, which was very pleasant, though the ladies were not surpassingly beautiful.*

* It was in the capture of this town after the horrid massacre and unmentionable atrocities committed on defenceless women by that fiend Nena Sahib and his Satanic horde that the gallant Havelock greatly distinguished himself—and before it that Sir Henry Lawrence died. All the environs of this place as well as those of Allahabad, and, in fact, the country for many miles in circuit, is now historic ground, where hundreds of Englishmen, women, and children, have been cruelly massacred by treacherous, cowardly Sepoys, who have since been so deservedly sacrificed in thousands by the avenging hands of indignant



Sketched by the Author.

See page 8[illegible]

VIEW OF CAWNPORE AND GANGES

This morning I was off for this place by sunrise. I had con-
siderable difficulty in crossing the river, and then on through a level uninteresting country for 57 miles, reaching the town by half-past two. After a long drive through the suburbs, etc., (for the place covers a great extent of ground) I reached the Post Office, where I found a Siwar waiting for me with a most cordial note from Colonel Sleeman, "the Resident," stating that he had sent a carriage to meet me, and take me to his bungalow; that for the present, during the warm weather, he was not living at the "Residency," but out at the cantonment, and though his house was full, he had pitched a tent for me in front of his door, where he would try and make me as comfortable as possible, and hoped I would stay as long as my time would allow, having come in the best possible season, etc. So I was soon in the carriage and off "en prince" with guards, postilion, and running footmen; everybody salaaming as we passed as if I was the Resident himself instead of a plain Yankee traveller.

I found the cantonment about three miles distant, and the tent he had pitched for me, almost a house in extent, with three great rooms, and a wide passage-way all around between the outer and inner tent. In India they use double tents, that is to say, a huge tent over a moderate-sized one, and thus protecting you from the excessive heat of the sun. In front, stands a sentinel with musket and sword; at the rear another, while the number of servants who were flying about taking care of me and my things, quite bewildered me after my late unostentatious mode of life. By the time I had got somewhat composed, and reconciled to my new estate, and had made my toilet, Colonel Sleeman came in to see me.

He is a most distinguished and charming old gentleman; he inquired if I had everything comfortable, but not content with my assurances that I had, took a look himself, then taking me to his house presented me to Mrs. Sleeman who is a French lady,

soldiers, to the manes of their fellow-comrades, officers, and their defenceless wives and children who have been so foully murdered, tortured by every fiendish ingenuity, or suffered indignities worse than death.

from Mauritius, then to Major and Mrs. P——— who were sta
ing with them. Mr. and Mrs. S——— and I took a drive th
afternoon attended by a guard of irregular cavalry. The Colon
on account of his position is obliged to keep up grand style
this (the Residency at Oude) is one of the leading appointmen
in Bengal, and so always drives out with four horses, and po
tilions, with a guard of irregular cavalry, besides his private se
vant who is armed.

These precautions are highly necessary, as several attemp
have been made to assassinate him, partly from his being *the ma*
who put down Thuggery, and *also* from his unpopularity wi
the King of Oude, from his trying to keep him somewhat withi
the bounds of reason in the management of his province, whic
he holds by sufferance and as a puppet of the East India Con
pany, which, after it was fairly the property of the Company b
every right, placed him there as a sop to close the mouths c
those theoretically philanthropic people in England, who a
always crying out against oppression in India, when they ha
exhausted all other means of creating popularity, sympathy,
division of party.

Four nights since, the last attempt was made to assassinate th
Colonel, but he was not to be caught napping, he was too old
soldier; for besides a company of infantry stationed close to h
house, guards at every door, a Siwar (irregular cavalry) esco
when he drives, and a dozen guards armed to the teeth followin
him when he walks, he has half-a-dozen bed-rooms always pr
pared to sleep in, and never sleeping in the same twice in su
cession. It was in this way he escaped assassination, for the fe
lows got into the room he had slept in the night before, and n
finding him, were looking about for his room when the guard
discovered them, and then they "scuttled" out of the window
and doors in a hurry.

The house is of one story, but very large, with lofty ceiling
This evening they had several guests to dine. To-morrow morn
ing I am to go off in the carriage, and servants with me to sho

the sights. Really the cordiality of my reception has exceeded even the kindness Colonel Low assured me I would receive from Colonel Sleeman.

Nov. 12th.—At daylight this morning I started off in Colonel S———'s carriage for the town, visiting first the Imaunbarah of Mohammed Ali Shah, the grandfather of the present king. Then a large tomb of one of the kings, a museum or show place for every variety of chandeliers with pendants of all colors: green glass tigers which are objects of great wonderment to the natives. Small and large railings of filigree work which are inclosures with spires and ornaments, adjuncts of Mahommedan tombs, all covered with very thick sheets of silver. Then a wooden horse, another astonishing curiosity which I was expected to praise beyond measure, curious old paintings by natives, one or two small tombs, and a bath not particularly beautiful. After all this to the Imaunbarah (tomb) of Asafed Dowlah, the great-great uncle of the present king, Saadut Ali Khan. Asafed Dowlah had no son, and was succeeded by his brother Saadut Ali.

Col. Sleeman, who is probably the best informed of any man in India in the history of the country, in its various ramifications, gave me this genealogical account which probably will not be very interesting to you, and yet I write it as a part of my brief journal to refer to at some future time if necessary.

After breakfast drove with Dr. F———, the surgeon attached to the Residency, to the city, where I had a very beautiful view from the top of the "Residency," which is a fine, large, and imposing building. The town is bordered by the Goomte river, which is spanned by a fine iron bridge; the view of the city is beyond exception one of the most picturesque in the East—only rivalled by Benares of all I have seen east of Cairo. It is a view so purely oriental, it is impossible for one who has not been in the East to realize it, the numbers of palaces, public buildings, domes, minarets of temples and mosques, with that dream-like halo encircling it—an oriental sky and atmosphere!

Leaving the carriage, we mounted an elephant, and the Doc made a short round of business, when he took me to the kin Observatory, erected at great expense, and now going fast ruin.

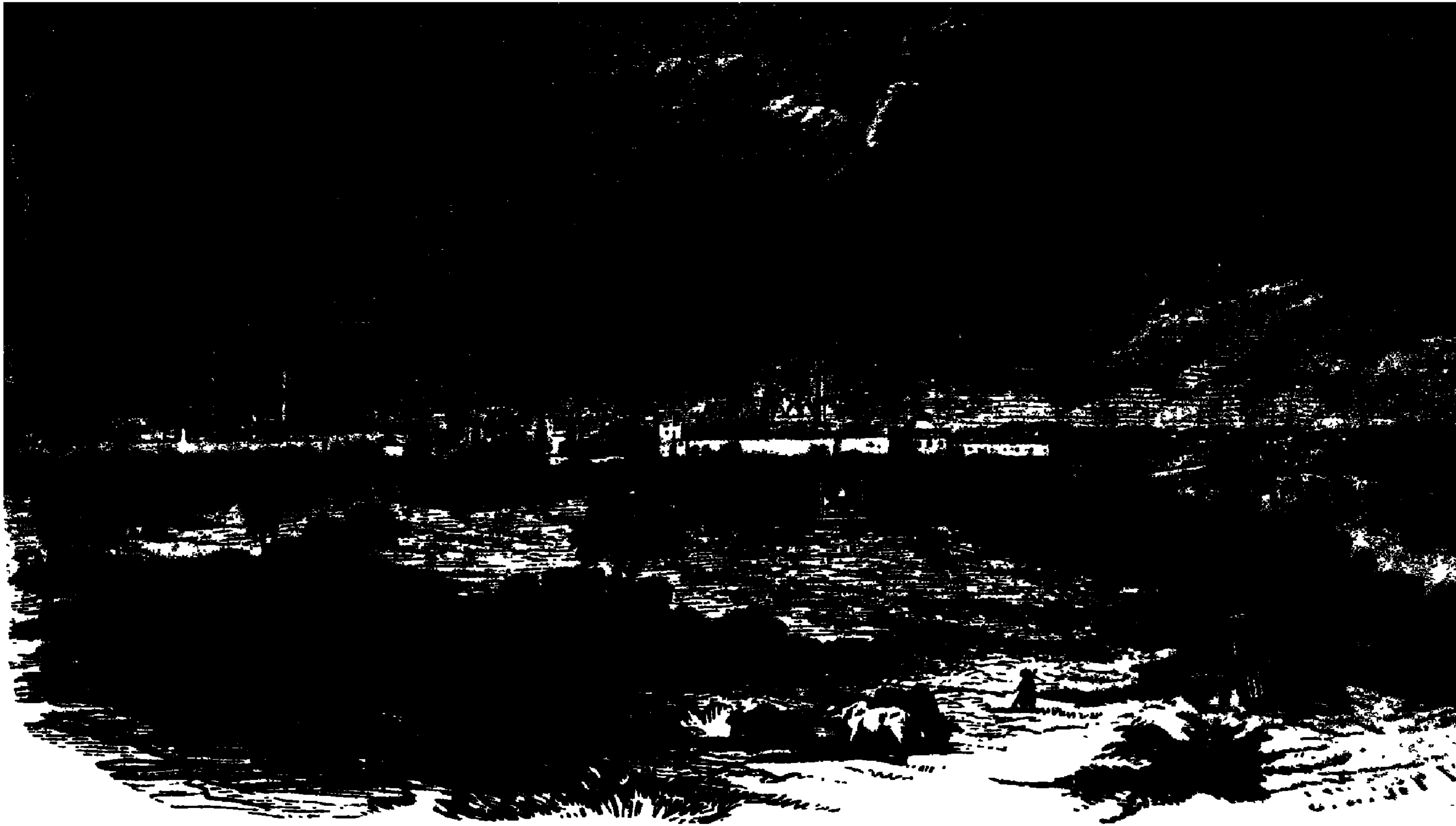
This afternoon Major, Mrs. P——, and I drove out; as were coming out of the house the king's prime minister cal to see Colonel S—— on business—he wore a sort of coron We heard the band play, there being a place here, as in eve station, where the fashion of the cantonment meet to hear t music and discuss each other. This evening Colonel S—— had a large dinner party.

Nov. 13.—Colonel S—— arranged this morning that] F—— should take me to visit the La Martinière, a branch a famous school or college at Calcutta, a third is in Lyons; th were established by General Claude Martin, a Frenchman, w made a large sum of money in this country as a military adve turer, and left it to be invested in public schools in the abc three places. It took the trustees thirty years to decide what intentions were. It was a species of "Gerard will" affair. the meanwhile the money tripled.

The building he erected himself. It is more of a palace in arrangements than a school or college; the architecture I w not discuss, tastes vary when a "composite" is attempted. E whatever the intentions of the builder were, they have been sad disarranged by the addition of two large wings, giving a mu more utilitarian than architectural effect.

The view from the top is very fine. On every side when y see a large building, to your inquiry of what it is, you recei the same reply, "the King's Harem," known under the vario names of "the Soul's Delight," "the Pleasure of the Heart," some other figurative term for the contributors to this besotl sensualist king's pleasures.

Then on to the old palace; as we were returning to the c we were passed by several elephants, tigers, cheeturs, a



Sketched by the Author.

lynxes, taking their morning airing on foot, led by their native keepers—I did not crowd them. This palace is not occupied. It contains the throne room, and throne, which it would be most inauspicious to move. It is covered with gold and silver, ornamented with precious stones, though not of much real value.

The throne itself is a raised platform of four feet high and perhaps eight feet square. The room is terribly dilapidated, carpet ragged, and pigeons flying about in fullest freedom. At one end of the room formerly stood a mirror; a few years ago during some difficulty, troops were brought in here to charge the people; in the excitement of the moment after the people had fled out of the doors and windows, they seeing themselves reflected in the mirror, supposed they were a part of the enemy's forces, and charged the imaginary foe—with the natural result.

The palace in former times must have been handsome. Here were held some of the interviews with Clive, Hastings, and other notabilities of those days. This afternoon the Colonel and I took a walk; his information on India, her history and affairs, is immense, and added to which his long experience and good judgment, renders his society most fascinating—the treasures of history combined with the charms of brilliant conversation.

Nov. 14.—This morning Mrs. S——, Mrs. P——, and I drove to the "Residency," they for business while I went on the roof and made a sketch of the city. Mrs. P—— has invited me to stay with her when I visit Agra. She and the Major are great friends of the missionaries. At Lahore she stayed with some of them during the Punjaub War, while her husband was in active service. This afternoon I drove back to the Residency to finish my sketch.

I then mounted an elephant and rode to see the "Choke," as it is termed, the wealthier and most curious part of the bazaars. It is singular to see these huge brutes thread their way through narrow, uneven, and slippery streets. When they meet each other there is often a very close squeeze to pass, and yet they are

guided by the slightest touch. Usually the mahout, or driver, uses a pointed iron, like a boat-hook; but on meeting natives (who must give way), I saw them several times backed into a narrow alley for me to pass, and yet, only by a slight pressure of the hand on the neck. They present a very singular appearance in approaching through a narrow street, with huge black bodies and mottled trunks which swing about, often on the ground.

The horses and cattle in passing evince great alarm, and yet I am told the elephant is much the most frightened. Among the sights was the Rajah from Gwalior, his horse covered with gold embroidered housings. There is a very great resemblance between all bazaars in India and the East generally, and I am very fond of wandering through them—the only advantage to-day was being on the "Resident's" elephant, with rich housings and servants. I rode "en prince," every one salaaming me, people on elephants backing out of the way, and people on horseback dismounting. This evening Colonel Sleeman had a large dinner party.

November 15th, CAWNPORE BUNGALOW.—At daylight I took another walk with Colonel Sleeman; as we returned my transit carriage drove up, so I bid good-bye to all, and started off again on my wanderings after a most delightful visit, in which Col. and Mrs. S——— did everything possible to render it agreeable.

The journey to-day had nothing to interest, neither the country or people I was constantly passing, and now I am stopping at this place until nine this evening, when I shall start for Meerut, where I have a letter to an officer in the 14th Light Dragoons, a Queen's regiment, and also expect a letter from Mr. F——— at Lahore, with directions as to my route.

Last evening I had a long conversation with Captain L———, who has recently returned from Cashmere, of which he gave me a most glowing account, and especially of the scenery in the

Himalayas, which he says far exceeds that of the Alps, and he assured me my utmost expectations would be equalled.

As to the natives, their oppression is almost beyond belief, the king having absolute authority, and merely paying an annual tribute to the East India Company. Colonel Sleeman says that two or three centuries ago, Cashmere was the summer resort of the Indian Moguls or Emperors, and their nobility, each having a small tract granted to, or purchased by him, and it was under the protection of those days that the celebrated shawl factories arose. But after the emperors' rule had passed away, factions rose, and as each obtained power, he governed with despotic sway, and in that way matters have come down to the present day.

In Runjeet Singh's time, the rulers paid tribute to him. During the Punjaub war they offered and promised assistance to the English, but, native-like, held back to see which party gained the day, and when the English did, they were most profuse in their excuses for not giving the profferred aid sooner.

But of all the countries in or out of India, I think none can exceed or even equal this, where misrule is the order of the day. The king passing his time between the sensuality of the Zenana or witnessing combats between elephants, tigers, and everything that has got the least fight in it, down to a poor little quail—the country a hotbed of revolution, and the government as dangerous to India, as it is destructive to the prosperity of the people. The taxes are collected by an army. No native under such rule ever pays if he can avoid it—he is never very willing to pay, but most positively opposed to it here, for should he pay willingly, the tax collector would only pocket the money himself, and report he could not collect it, when he would be furnished with an armed force, who would plunder, torture, or murder the men in every way a refined brutality could suggest, besides violating all the women they could find—an outrage they all look upon as perfectly justifiable under the circumstances—in fact they look upon these "little excesses" as their perquisites.

Every petty chief makes war upon his neighbors, plundering or getting plundered. In fact there is no security for person, or property. The English have enlisted great numbers of these high caste people in their army, who join to gratify their belligerent tastes, as most of the people of the better or fighting caste look down upon the ryots or laborers, and consider the sole purpose of life to be fight and plunder.

The English, by enlisting so many of this class, have rendered the Bengal army the most turbulent and least efficient in the three Presidencies. All soldiers are expected to work in the trenches or assist in such labor in war, but these rascals positively refuse to work, though the soldiers in both of the other Presidencies work with the Queen's troops. The men make a fine show on parade, but have never fought better, or as well, if I am correctly informed, as those of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies.

When they enlist, they agree to do and go as required, and in most instances, when ordered down to Calcutta to embark for China or Burmah, they have positively refused to go, and the government, with singular imbecility, have ordered them up country again, almost apologizing for having asked such a thing of them, instead of compelling them to go, and making an example of the mutinous soldiers by shooting some of them down.

In this way the Bengal soldiers have almost come to the belief that they are the rulers. Besides all this, they are treated with much more lenity than the English soldiers. An English soldier may be severely flogged for any dereliction of duty—a native soldier cannot be touched; and in this way they have almost got to despise the European soldiers from being so much better treated themselves. Their pay is from six to seven dollars a month, and though obliged to furnish his linen and materials, and to keep his arms and accoutrements in order, still there is a balance in his favor of twice as much as he would earn in any other way. The English respect their castes, though by taking

so many from Oude, they have weakened the effect that was formerly produced from having every variety of creed and caste more equally divided, to counteract the influence of any one sect or caste.*

November 16*th*, BUNGALOW.—Last night I started for this place; to-day over an uninteresting country, mailed a letter for you, and this afternoon, while stopping at the bungalow, saw a gentleman, lady and child, like myself enjoying the felicity of travelling.

November 17*th*, MEERUT.—Travelling all day with no new sight except the bed of the Great Ganges Canal, not yet quite ready for use. It is a stupendous work, and intended to irrigate the country principally, though partially for transport. It has been built in the hopes of preventing the frightful famines that sometimes afflict this part of India on the failure of the usual annual quantity of rain. Reaching here at eleven this evening,

* After I left India, the lawlessness of the government having exceeded the last possible point of forbearance the East India Company could permit, consistent with its own safety, they annexed Oude, pensioned the king, and took possession of the country. A large number of those I knew at Lucknow have perished in the rebellion. Sir Henry Lawrence was appointed as Resident after the resignation of Colonel Sleeman, and died during the siege of Cawnpore,—I was in correspondence with him while in India. General Havelock, another of the heroes who perished during the insurrection, I knew personally, and General Neill, who was killed during the siege of Lucknow, I was most intimately acquainted with. He, like Havelock, had seen much service; both were in the Afghanistan campaign, where they were highly distinguished, and latterly Neill was much distinguished in the Burmese war, and it was after his return to England to recover his health in 1854 that he volunteered for the Crimean campaign, where he commanded in the Turkish contingent. He was a splendid specimen of a soldier in every respect. He and Havelock were most unmistakable types of the true soldier, and could not be mistaken, under any circumstances, for anything else.

The "Residency" I allude to in the city was the building that stood the memorable siege until relieved by the army under Havelock, Neill, and Outram.

I was soon enjoying a cup of tea, and presently I hope a comfortable night's rest after the two past nights of transit coach joltings.

November 18*th*.—Sending to the Post Office this morning, found a letter from Mr. F—— at Lahore, with directions what to do. So drove to the Post Office and laid my dâk for to-morrow for Lahore, a journey of 450 miles. A five days' and nights' consecutive jolt by dhooly, a sort of skeleton palanquin—being of wood covered with canvas, instead of all wood, and net bottom for bed instead of cane, so is lighter, and from its construction more springy, and makes less jolting. They told me four men were the complement to carry me, instead of the eight allowed a palanquin, which makes considerable difference in the expense, for everything in India is commensurate with the high pay of the officials, exchanges, bankers' commissions, etc., to which are added constant exchanges, for as silver and not gold is the currency, one can only carry a small amount with him for the weight, and he is necessarily obliged either to get hoondies (native drafts), drafts on the up-country banks, or drawing a certain sum on your London banker, deposit it with your Calcutta banker, and take a general letter of credit from your Calcutta banker on the banks and bankers up country.

I did the latter, and they all charge a heavy discount, for, like the Calcutta shopkeepers, they "did not come out here for our health." My servant and heavy luggage I shall despatch to-morrow night by the government bullock train of waggons for Lahore, which he will reach in three or four days after me.

I then drove to Mr. J——'s, a lieutenant in the 14th Light Dragoons (one of the Queen's regiments), to whom I had a letter from M—— of the 15th Hussars at Bangalore. He at once proposed introducing me to his mess, and being on the sick list, wrote to the surgeon for permission to dine at the mess this evening, for which he invited me. He then introduced me to his chum, Major W——, of the same regiment. After a while

W——— proposed my going to the mess for tiffin, and see the news by the late steamer. Then I was introduced to the colonel and half a dozen other officers of the regiment.

This afternoon W——— called at the dâk bungalow, and drove me out, I having declined their invitation to stay with them, as I have some packing and repacking, for the servant is to take all my heavy luggage. During our drive we saw all the "beauty and fashion," and the station, which is one of the prettiest in India, with distant views of the Himalayas; it also has a very healthy and agreeable climate. Even at this season, the weather is rather cool. At dinner I made the acquaintance of more of the officers.

Then to my bungalow and off for Sirdana, the capital of the celebrated Begum Somroo (Begum means queen or widow of the king), who was a half-caste Portuguese woman, or else descended from the Mogul family (descents are very queer in India). I believe the latter is the correct version. She is the widow of a French adventurer by the name of Sombre, who attained much celebrity in the time of Hastings by his cruelty to all the English prisoners who fell into his hands. After this husband's death she had numerous temporary husbands, being rather given to "fancy life," like her great predecessor Catharine of Russia. Among her lovers or enemies, as circumstances dictated, was an Irishman from Tipperary, a deserter and adventurer, who had a rival kingdom near by, for which he fought a battle three or four times a week for three or four years, when he was forced to fly and give up altogether his attempts to Hibernicise these natives, who obstinately preferred St. Bhudda to St. Patrick. The Begum was more politic, and maintained her kingdom until her death a few years ago, though it was much curtailed by the English, who held the actual rule, though she possessed the nominal one. She became a Roman Catholic, and built a cathedral at Sirdana. The Dyce Sombre, about whose property there is a lawsuit, is her son. Being a "great catch" as to fortune, Lord St. Vincent's family being poor, took him for one of their daughters, and then

found he was crazy, and shut him up, and thought him still more crazy when they found he had left his property to the East India Company at his death, instead of to his mercenary wife, who did not mind "amalgamation" with this native to get a prospective chance at his money, now likely to be consumed in the lawsuit maintained by the East India Company for its recovery as his heir by devise in the will.

Nov. 19th, SIRDANA.—I reached here at daylight, and while making my toilet (at the cathedral door where the men had planted me) in my dhooly, a priest passed in the gates for morning mass. Breakfasting on the spare diet of water, a cold egg, and dry bread, I started for the chapel, when an Irish priest informed me I could not see the tomb until after service. He invited me into the church, and gave me a seat; going in I passed the Begum's old Italian doctor, who, with his dogs, were enjoying the service at the church door. The dogs seeing me, set up a tremendous barking *in the* church. I watched the Hindoo converts, who were as much puzzled as I was at the service, and I suppose their Christianity was very much on the same principle as the New Zealander's, who declared, "I am good Christian. I don't eat no more missionary on Sunday."

The church is pretty and neat, with tesselated marble pavement, and a few tolerably good paintings. After the service, by dint of much entreaty, and assuring the priests that I was an American traveller, and not an Englishman, I succeeded. About a week ago a large party of officers, their families and friends, were here on a "pic-nic," and brought their hampers into the church, and made their "spread" in the nave; after which some formed a cotillion and danced, while others went to the confessional, the ladies pretending to confess their sins, while the men did the priest. And what made the matter worse was, that many of the men were high in the civil and military service. After this the Bishop forbad that the tomb should be shown to strangers. However, I succeeded at last.

It is a square monument of two blocks. At each corner of the lower block is a figure of life size: on the right front her son Dyce Sombre, on the left a Mussulman, on the rear right side a native, and on the left the Archbishop. On the front of the upper block, is a tablet in alto-relievo of the Begum presenting some church vessel to the Bishop. On the right side of this block, is an alto-relievo of the Begum in state on her throne. On the left she is on an elephant leading her army. On the top of the block the Begum, life-size, is seated on her throne. She is small, dressed in the oriental costume of trowsers and short full skirt with a scarf. The whole is of white marble, executed in Italy, and sent out here.

She looks most peculiar in this costume. Her face indicates some cleverness, and much decision. In an adjoining chapel is her tomb, in true Mussulmanic style, of chunam, with spears and banner in each corner.

I then went to see her palace—a fine large building in the Italian style, and very like an English gentleman's country house. The main and front room was in a very dilapidated condition, with a billiard table. The walls were hung with portraits of herself, son in a court dress, besides English and French officers. I next went to the ladies' room in the rear; there is, however, nothing to be seen there. Her bath-room was very handsomely fitted up in white or grey marble. All the rooms are shown, except the one in which, in a fit of jealousy, she is said to have buried one of her dancing girls alive. In front of this house, were two tents of some gentlemen, and two bears chained to trees. There is nothing more than these things to be seen. The town is small and uninteresting. Back to Meerut, a three hours' ride. Called to see J——— and W———, and this evening shall be off on my little trip of five days.

Nov. 20th, SEHARUMPOOR.—After a bitter cold night, I reached a bungalow for breakfast about eight this morning. At Dolund I saw some irregular cavalry. The place was apparently at one

time a good-sized city. This afternoon I saw a pond or "bund" (a place where water is confined for irrigation) in the distance, with hundreds of wild geese flying about. I saw a tent standing near the road, and heard some one's gun near the pond. This afternoon, while enjoying a sandwich dinner or "tiffin" in my dhooly, with towel and sandwiches in my lap, bottles of catsup, chutney, and beer at my side, and I in my shirt-sleeves and red "bonnet de nuit," with one hand to my mouth with a sandwich, and a big hunting knife in the other, I was suddenly surprised by the apparition of a pair of bright eyes gazing very quizzically at me—a lady going "down country" in her palanquin, a gentleman walking behind with his dogs and followed by his palanquin.

Usually on approaching, the bearers set up a grunting chorus, which apprises you of the approach of any one. At dusk this evening I reached this place. Two officers passed me on horseback as I came in. Saw two churches, and then was planted in the road for a while to collect my next set of bearers. The place seems small.

Nov. 21*st*, UMBALLA.—Last evening I passed through the principal street of Seharumpoor. The shops looked very curious, all being lit up. At daylight had a glimpse of the Himalayas. Arrived at this place at three. I passed an occasional walled town peering through the trees. Umballa is a cavalry station, without many houses. The bungalow is full. I just got a chance for a dinner. I have letters to some American missionaries here, and an officer in the 9th Lancers (Queen's regiment), but shall wait until my return to present them.*

After leaving the principal town of Umballa, in about three miles, I came to another, the native town I suppose, though it had a few European bungalows. At dark I saw the tent and camp-equipments of some officers moving up country; shortly

* Umballa was one of the first places where the revolt broke out.

after, a small, well fortified Mussulman town, with a fine portal at each end.

Nov. 22d, LAODIANA.—At daylight I passed another small fortified town, which I sketched. I reached this place coming over much bad road, which is now being graded, and as soon as that is finished and the kunka put on, it will be beautifully smooth, like the grand trunk road to Meerut.

The town is situated on a small sandy elevation. It appears to be very dirty, disagreeable, and thinly peopled. Outside of the town was a company of irregular cavalry, with part of a regiment of Europeans moving up country to Peshawur, and the whole place full of baggage-wagons. I had a letter to Mr. Porter, a very highly esteemed missionary at this place, from Mr. Burnet, a missionary I met at Damascus in the autumn of 1852, who said Mr. Porter had been a classmate of his at the seminary. But I hear he has fallen a victim to the climate and died this morning, so felt my absence would be preferred to my company at such a time, as several of the missionaries at Lahore are here with his family.

After dinner I started again and crossed the Sutlej, a sand bed for the most part at this season, and two thirds of a mile wide. The first war with the Sikhs in 1845, was occasioned by their crossing this river and attacking the English.

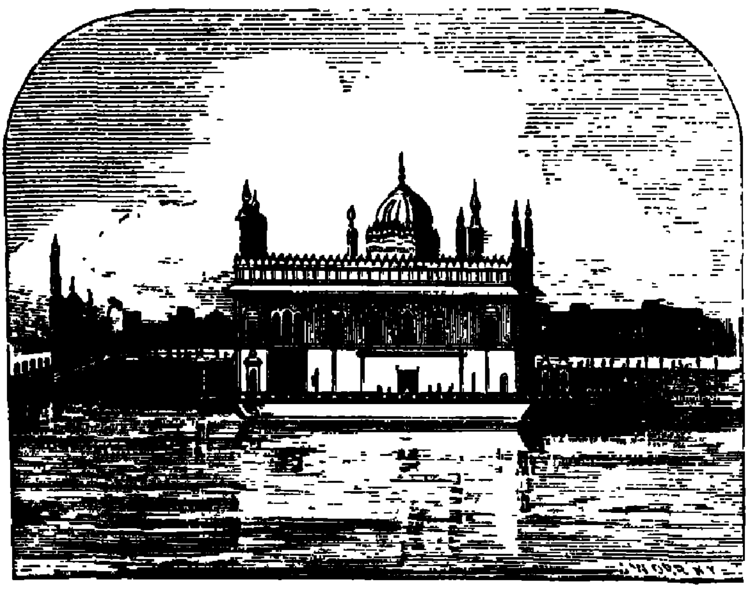
Runjeet Singh managed to control their warlike ardor during his lifetime, but after his death they could not restrain their desire to measure arms with "John Company," when, after several very severe battles, the Sikhs were defeated, and the country occupied by the English troops, and an English Resident, Sir Henry Lawrence, stationed at Lahore. About eight miles out, I passed the strong native fort of Falour, now used as a powder magazine. About three hours after I crossed the Beas, called by some the Hydaspes, where Alexander the Great terminated his wanderings eastward; I believe that place is more to the northwest.

Crossing the bed of the river, I saw many of the carts imbedded almost to the hubs in the sand; the soldiers, some walking and others sitting and looking quietly on, while the women were talking, scolding, or looking the picture of despair. On top of one cart I saw one hard at work washing clothes. The boats used for bridges are curious, very flat, and with high pointed fronts or bows like a sail. Then on with but little besides an uninteresting country to see, only bad roads and hundreds of native travellers.

Nov. 23d, UMRITZA.—Over a flat level country this morning; at five passed the small town of Jellendir. Saw a wing of the 61st, Queen's, moving up country. I reached this place at four. I wrote a note to Mr. D——— to inform him I was here, and ask when it would be agreeable for him to show me the place—F——— having asked him to "do the civil" and show me the lions of the place, viz., the Sikh tank, prison, etc. I found he was off on his circuit, being a civil officer; so I got a chupprassy (an out-door attendant or messenger) and started on foot, being only a few hundred yards off, first to the "sacred tank."

This is the largest town in the Punjaub (the Sikh country), and the most important commercially. Here are probably made more Cashmere shawls (or camel's hair, a name they are better known by among you, though for no reason, as they are made from the wool of a goat that is found at Ladak in Thibet) than any place out of Cashmere. The city is walled, and presents a fine appearance from a short distance. The streets are mostly paved with brick, and some are quite wide. The fronts of the houses display considerable taste. After a circuit of the principal bazaars, and seeing them working at the Cashmere shawls, etc., I reached the entrance to the great tank, *the Mecca of the Sikhs.*

Here I was obliged to remove my shoes. In the East, where every man shaves his head, he, of course, never uncovers it, but takes off his shoes as a matter of respect; and a native, or your servant, if he wishes to be impertinent, will come into your



Sketched by the Author. See page 3'9

SIEKH TANK, UMRITZER, BENGAL.

presence with them on, except in travelling, when in the hurry of the moment he may forget it. But at all other times, it would be as much a matter of premeditated impertinence, as a gentleman entering a parlor in the presence of ladies with his hat on; and then the proper way of noticing the insult, is by quietly taking your cane or whip and laying it vigorously over their backs, which is safer in assisting their exit than by giving them the "loan of your foot," as they are so subject to spleen the latter might kill them (officers thoughtlessly adopting the latter mode of punishment occasionally get themselves into difficulties).

Stepping into a pair of thick woollen socks, I entered the great quadrangle or court, of about four hundred feet square, with a terrace or walk of forty feet in width of tessellated marbles, surrounding the tank. The rear of fine and picturesque native houses, encloses and forms the exterior wall to the place; these, with overhanging verandahs, sculptured windows, and peculiar oriental look, and in some parts temple domes and spires, all lend an additional charm to this fairy scene.

In the centre of the tank stands a temple of white marble, from fifty to sixty feet square, with a small dome rising from each corner, which is supported by eight columns; and from the centre of the building rises a large dome. The upper half of the external part of the building is a mass of exquisite gilding, even to the very dome itself; and as if to make it more brilliant from contrast, the lower half of the building, from the edge of the water, is of the purest white marble, beautifully inlaid after the Florentine style of mosaic, with designs of vines and flowers in agate, cornelian, jasper, and other similar and beautiful stones.

The doors are covered with plates of silver, and the walls are panelled from floor to dome, and all of the richest sculpture, the whole of marble. The temple is divided into two parts, with a passage-way between. In one sat the high-priest, in front of him a cushion which appeared to form his desk; he was performing some kind of service or devotion, with the Grunth (their Koran) before him on the cushion. At his side, and

around the temple on a lower step or terrace, were worshippers sipping water and meditating. This beautiful temple is connected with the terrace or walk around the tank by a bridge of white marble. The pavement tessellated; the end nearest the temple is decorated in mosaic with birds and fish. At the opposite end, the entrance to the bridge, is a most elaborately and richly ornamented portal, gilded and plated. Beyond this, on the opposite side of the terrace to the portal, is a temple, where some of the officials or priestly dignitaries took me. Altogether this is the most exquisitely beautiful thing I have seen thus far in India. I have made a sketch, which, I am sorry to say, can give you but a very meagre idea of its beauties; nor can anything but the sight of the original itself, surrounded by all its oriental accessories. When illuminated, it might serve as an illustration of an Arabian night fairy scene.

Then to my bungalow again, which is the portal to a large garden, two stories high, and at present, from the number of travellers, looks like a small hotel. Before the door in the plain, is a large body of the Seikh local corps drilling. They are a drilled militia and very fine-looking, as the Seikhs generally are as far as I have seen them in my wanderings through their country and this town. They all have more of the Arab and Syrian look, with the bright complexions of the Egyptians, than any race of people I have seen in India. In their wars with the English during the Sutlej campaign of 1845, and Punjaub war of 1848, they always despised the Sepoy troops, and put all the force of the attacks against the English. I am told they are really a military race, and enlist most willingly. The English have availed themselves of this disposition, and sent regiments of them to Burmah, for the double purpose of getting rid of those who are the most anxious to fight, and because the petted Bengalees refuse to go.*

* The Seikhs and Goorka regiments, I believe, are the only regiments, during the Bengal mutinies, that have not been suspected or disarmed—cer-

Dinner was my first meal, except a sandwich or two, for *thirty-two hours!*—my appetite was good!

Nov. 24th, LAHORE.—I started last night at eight for this place, getting here at six this morning. I caught F——— enjoying his "last nap." After a cup of tea we were off to the Post Office, where I found a letter from Hall, inclosing one of introduction from Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Provinces, to John Lawrence, Esq., the Chief Commissioner (or Governor) of the Punjaub.

Then to the town, where I climbed to the top of the minarets of the Great Mosque, which gives a fine view of the city and country. The city formerly had high walls, tolerably fortified under Runjeet Singh, the late Maharajah (great king), who consolidated the Seikh power. His Palace buildings were on an enormous scale. They are now converted into infantry barracks. There are few noticeable buildings here.

To-morrow I am to drive out to the tomb of Jehan Ghir, one of the five great Emperors. On our return, we stopped at the Post Office; but the Calcutta mail had not arrived. I saw the ice-house establishment. The water is frozen in flat dishes during the night, collected before sunrise, thrust into the house, and pounded down by Coolies. They often get of a morning in this way, from 2 to 6 tons. After breakfast, F———'s chum, Mr. Wedderburn, joined us, having just returned from the district where he had been some days on official business.

This morning I called on Mr. Grenville, the Chief Commissioner's Secretary, for a permit. It passed me on my way to his house. He is a fine man; he said that the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Colvin, had written to one of the high officials here about me, and wished them to render me any assistance in their power. Mr. Lawrence has gone to Peshawur to quell disturbances. This

ainly the only ones that have remained faithful to "the Company's salt;" and during these trying times they have borne a high reputation for their courage and zeal in the Company's cause.

is a nice little district of about a thousand miles square, which he has under his charge. To-morrow we dine with G———.

Nov. 25th.—F——— and I started off this morning to the tomb of Jehan Ghir, which is about three miles from the town. I crossed the river, which is about a mile in width now and fordable, though in the wet season it is a deep stream.

Like all Mussulman tombs of any pretension, it is a large square building, with four lofty minarets, and situated in a pretty garden. The tomb is now going to decay, though government occasionally lends a watchful eye to its preservation. The tomb is in the interior of the building. Passing through the tessellated hall, with stucco walls, or chunam painted to represent tiles (an art now lost like that of the art of making azulijos or painted tiles in the Alhambra, which they much resemble), around the tomb there is a white marble floor, in mosaic, of Florentine style, with agate, lapis lazuli, cornelian, and jasper. Beyond is a marble lace-work screen.

The tomb stands under a small, but beautifully painted dome, which, like the other parts, shows visible marks of age and decay. The minarets are of brick, with a covering of chunam, with many parts painted in various colors, in "herring-bone style."

Ascending to the top of the main building, I found a flat roof about 200 feet square, and paved with marble in various patterns;—scollops, stars, and almost every possible device, in black and white marble—principally the latter.

Lahore presents a fine appearance from the minarets. Then home, and after breakfast F——— and W——— went to hold kutcherries (courts), while I am passing the day midst maps, routes, and accounts. I bought a book of a native artist, with views, costumes, artizans, etc.—very neatly done, and I am sure, notwithstanding the bad perspective, it will afford much amusement to all at home.

This afternoon F——— and I drove to the Botanical Gardens, to hear the band, but they did not play. We afterwards dined

at Mr. M——'s—a dinner given to me. We met a pleasant party of six; Captain R——, one of the Afghan prisoners during the war—a Deputy Commissioner, and a Captain D——.

Nov. 26th.—Off early to the city. *En route* I stopped to see the great gun, of enormous size, made by one of the early sovereigns. Then on to the city to see a pretty mosque, built by Jehan Ghir, who sent to China for artists to paint it. They were most profuse in their views, flowers, and gaudy colors. But the effect is very pleasing. On the top of the minarets (which are oddly painted) the view is fine. The Golden Mosque with gilt minarets, and the Palace in the fort succeeded. We visited the Hall of Audience; it is a large court, with tessellated pavement and fountain, and opening on to it is the Great Hall, the ceiling and walls of which are inlaid with convex bits of glass, cut in various designs. When lighted it must be brilliant and gaudy.

It was here that, after the Sutlej campaign of the first Seikh war, Lord Gough, the Governor-General, and the rest of the dignitaries, met the young Maharajah, with a guard of only one hundred (but picked) lancers, much to the amazement of the Seikhs.

After breakfast I called to see the missionaries who had not yet returned from Loodheana.

At home I have been practising rifle-shooting in the area of F——'s house, an old mosque about one hundred and fifty feet square. This evening I dined with the 15th Irregular Cavalry mess.

Nov. 27th.—This morning had the usual daylight drive. We drove to the Shalimar Gardens. They were laid out by Shah Jehan, and are very extensive, and ornamented with numerous fountains, arranged to form successive cascades, with tanks and jets. In their pristine beauty, they must have been exquisite. They are now being repaired under F——'s supervision.

When I return from Cashmere they will probably be completed. The basins of many are of white marble. They are taken care of by an hereditary gardener, who backsheeshes his opponents with flowers and fruits, to mollify their indignation, at the loss of so much rent.

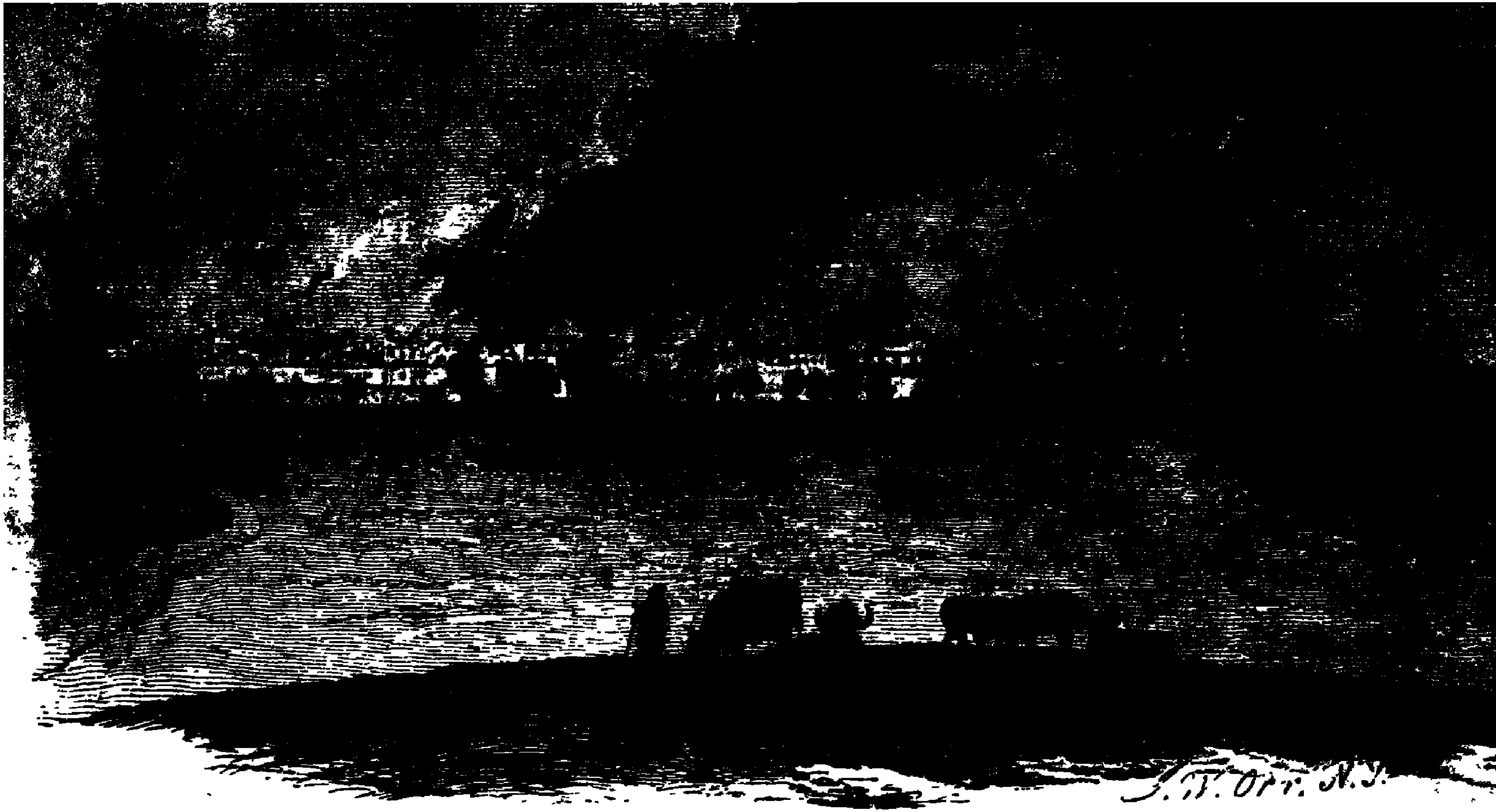
They grow trees here for transplanting—tree-planting now being quite "the rage" in India, especially the Jamur, which is most valuable for manufacturing into various articles for carriages and other vehicles. The Seikhs, during their wars, cut down most of the fine timber for gun carriages, military wagons, etc.

Back to the city, which was the ancient Lahore, when conquered by the Mussulmans, and even during their day it is supposed to have been many miles in circuit. On getting home I found a cousin of F———'s, one of the A———'s, a numerous family of six brothers, all here in civil or military service.

To-day to church; quite a turn-out morning and afternoon, for so small a place. The church is a tomb, like most of the residences here. Our house is a tomb, and in the rear a Fakeer (religious beggar) occasionally gives us dulcet strains on his tom-tom drum. A——— dined here, and has invited us all to dine at his—the artillery mess—at "Meer-and-Meer," Wednesday night.

Nov. 28th.—This morning went out looking for saddle and bridle for my tour, but I was quite unsuccessful. The servant has arrived with my things. At the Botanical Garden we saw some new-fashioned wells and flowers, and I am now packing up for my Cashmere trip. Unfortunately I could not get the Coolies off with my things to-night.

The preparations are almost for a Siberian winter. In crossing the Himalayas the cold is felt so severely from the snow, and the transition is so sudden from these low, hot countries. It is tolerably cool here now, however. Winter clothes and fires in the evening are very necessary for comfort, though out-of-doors in the day-time the weather is warm.



Sketched by the Author.

LAHORE.

See p

Nov. 29th.—My people were all *en route* for Cashmere this morning by a little after daylight. They were Cashmerians, who are stout, able-bodied men, and like to return to their country, when certain of coming out again; or are under the protection of Europeans, for Goolaub Singh has guards stationed in the mountains to prevent his people escaping from the country. He exercises such tyranny, that all escape who can.

I shall start on Thursday at mid-day for Goojrat, by dâk, and thence in the saddle to Bimber, where I shall overtake my men, about one hundred miles ahead, on the border of Cashmere. After starting my men, F—— and I walked to the jail. It is inspection day, and his turn to visit the place. I saw some of the men twisting grass rope by hand. One prisoner complained to F—— that it blistered his hands—evidently a gentleman vagabond. Others were grinding grain, and many were spinning or weaving cotton. The weavers sat on the ground, with their feet in a hole. Most of the prisoners "are up" for cattle-lifting, a profession as honorable among them, as it formerly was for the Scotch borderers. I told F—— that he, W——, and the Governor-General should have a strong sympathy for so home-like a profession.

The cattle-tenders attain great dexterity in tracking the cattle and thieves, like our Indians. Now that Thuggery has been discovered to exist in the Punjaub, the cattle-tenders are of much service among the police. W—— and F—— are both engaged in trying Thuggery cases. One Thuggery was committed nearly before their door, the other about half a mile distant; in both cases on natives.

After breakfast, I called on M—— to bid good-bye. He is to send me a Perwanur from his office, and obtain another from Goolaub Singh's Vakeel, or agent, here, to facilitate my journey.

Nov. 30th.—This morning a sunrise walk. After breakfast to the Botanical Gardens for a sketch; but the sight of the prettiest

native girl I have seen in India, drove all artistic intentions out of my head. I then wandered through the garden, pilfering some seeds for you.

This evening we all three drove down to the artillery mess at Mere-and-Mere, to dine with A———. It is five miles distant. That place being healthier than this, has been chosen for the cantonments. Around Lahore, there is very little foliage to be seen —barely a green leaf. We had a pleasant dinner. The mail is in, and no war as yet.

F——— says just before I arrived, there was a grand meeting of all the high civilians and native dignitaries at Umritzur, to settle a tariff of dower, which is the most troublesome matter to be arranged in the country, and the great cause of female infanticide, as it is considered disgraceful to have unmarried daughters: and the inability to give a dower with a daughter prevents her being married. After much discussion, it was settled that the scale of dower should be reduced, and the lowest be two shillings (four shillings of our money)!

This subject is one of frequent litigation. The parents engage the children, and the family of the boy make presents from time to time to the girl. She perhaps dies before she attains fourteen, and is married. Then the boy's family insist on the presents being returned, or the girl's family giving another daughter in the place of the one that has died; or if the boy dies, then his family require the presents to be returned, unless the girl's family consent to take his brother, if he has one. Sometimes they are married as children, and the boy dies before they have grown up and lived together as man and wife, which is not done until the girl is fourteen and the boy older. In this event, as a widow, she cannot marry. This state of society produces much of the licentiousness so prevalent in India. This morning F———'s butler returned after an absence of several days, instead of one day as he had asked leave for. F——— asked him, as we sat at breakfast table, what made him stay away so long. He said the girl his son was to be married to, had "gummy hogard"

(gone dead), and he had to stay and arrange for another sister to take her place, and it was "arranged all right now."

Dec. 1st, 1853.—This day last year, I was half-way to Palmyra, with a raging fever; and the year before, I believe, I was on the same day, enjoying quarantine penance at El-Arish, in the Short Desert, half-way to Cairo. This morning, being again unsuccessful in my efforts to get a saddle, I will have to try the bare back or blanket, on the ponies over the hills of Cashmere. However, I expect to walk much of the time. Now, after I despatch all business, getting money from the bank, etc., I shall post northward by dhooly after my men.

I believe I forgot to mention, that all Sikhs bear the name of "Singh," as an appendage to their names. They have no very special kind of religion, but more of Hindoo than anything else, and venerating the cow more than the Hindoos do. They are very fanatic, and swear on the book of rites called "Grunth," to observe the rules of their religion. Although not very numerous, they managed to get possession, and sovereignty of this part of the country.

A large portion of the forces Runjeet Singh and his predecessors brought into the field, were from the hill country, where the tribes delight in a "scrimmage," as much as if their first breath was drawn in *Tipperary*.

Dec. 2d, DOLTA-NUGGUR.—I was jolted along slowly all last night, and reached Vizeerabad at twelve to-day. Passed two of my Coolies coming into town, and continued on to Goojrat about six miles further. Not finding the Commissioner at his house, I hunted him up, and found he was holding cutcherry; so I saw F———'s other friend, the Deputy Commissioner, who took me to his bachelor quarters, in one of the portals of the city-gate—a building three stories high. He gave me breakfast at the fashionable hour of half past one o'clock, and sent on my other traps that I had brought in the dhooly, by some Coolies. As I had

prevented from getting servants at Lahore, he sent out a man to look for some, who soon returned with a very nice looking fellow, a beastie, (a sort of man-chambermaid) who brings water and does general work. He had lived with F———'s brother and having an excellent character, I took him.

The other servant, a kitmagar, I could not get, as the only one in the place had gone to Vizeerabad this morning. C——— offered me his horse as far as Bimber, and sent the syce (groom and grass-cutter on ahead. He then despatched my dhooly on to Rawul Pindee to meet me as I come out of Cashmere—quite a lot of business arrangements!

Then we went to the top of the house to see the battle-fields of Chillianwallah and Goojrat. The former, in which the English under Lord Gough were defeated, though the natives did not understand military matters sufficiently to take advantage of it, for the English did not run away as the natives do when defeated. The other, the final battle, fought during the Punjaub campaign of '49. Mounting my horse, I was off after my people.

I shortly after crossed the Chenaub river, the greater part of which is now dry, the balance bridged by boats. In the wet season, it is three or four miles wide, and sometimes occupies *eight hours* in crossing. I overtook my men just after dark. At seven we reached a small village, where after waiting a quarter of an hour, the cutwal appeared, spear in hand. He said this was not a good place for camping, and marched us to another village a mile distant. Entering the gate, we passed through the town, where I saw a man sitting in his shop reading to a gaping crowd—a realization of the Arabian Nights Tales. Here we encamped on the opposite side of the town, and got the tent pitched by nine,—the wind blowing a gale and threatens rain.

Dec. 3d, Bimber.—This morning at daylight, it was not *only* cloudy and threatening, but did rain a little. However, by the time a "murghi grill" had been disposed of, the clouds had cleared away and the sun shining brightly. The road was a

straight line for miles, and turnpiked. My new man is a capital fellow. On a distant hill in the mountains, I saw a country-seat of Goolaub Singhs. There is plenty of snow on the mountains, and I fear it will be awful cold.

This afternoon crossed the borders of the Punjaub into Cashmere—a wide expanse of uncultivated soil. Riding by the side of a small stream, I saw a beautiful, plumed king-fisher not much larger than a humming-bird, dive and bring out a mummy. I rode through the valley to Bimber, a small town on a low hill. After some wandering, I found the travellers' stopping-place, a regular stable-looking affair. So I amused myself eating an orange until my people came up. While waiting, I had a visit from the two sons of the Governor of the place—I supposed from their rich necklaces. They were boys about 16 and 18. Soon after the cutwal arrived, and handed me three rupees, which for the moment I did not understand, quite forgetting the custom of these people of making a form of presenting a visitor with money, which he always declines. My tent was soon pitched, and just as I am finishing my journal, a jackal serenade has commenced, one brute having taken up a position not 20 yards from my tent.

Dec. 4th, NOWSHERA (20 coss, 24 miles).—This morning up and off by half-past seven. My people were lazy. I've got a horse for to-day, who has the charming habit of kicking every few minutes, at all sorts of real and imaginary objects. A mile out of town I found the chokidar was not in the party, and I had to wait and send back for him, and thus lost an hour. Continuing on, crossed a small stream, and an hour after we were climbing up the straight side of a mountain--a regular pull over slippery rocks and loose stones.

Two hours later, reached the pass, where we found some police officers stationed to prevent the Cashmerians from leaving the country. I can't say how many hills we have ascended and descended in reaching it. At this place I found a man with Madeira nuts, and bought some to pass time with until my people

came up. We then descended into a sweet valley, and sto
to lunch at a miserable, deserted mud tenement, used by tr
lers. At half past three, pushed on much against the inclin
of my people, passing an old deserted serai (caravansary), w
fine entrance; and just at dusk began to ascend the mountain.
we reached the top, it was perfectly dark—literally "dark
visible"—not a star to be seen, and the only sign of life
torches of wanderers looking like fire-flies in the distance.

As we began to descend, we met a man with a torch. The
immediately seized him, I persuaded him by promise of pa
accompany us. After we had gone a mile, two of the Co
were missing; and going back to look for them, the man, (th
Cooly,) let his light go out and escaped; so we became our
torch-bearers, and trusting to the men joining me in the morn
we proceeded, with an occasional illumination from the dry g
on the roadside, which the men set fire to for lighting
difficult path for those in the rear. Luckily there were g
numbers of pine trees, from which we got cones to burn, and
on up and down.

At eleven o'clock, we stopped at a fakeer's (a religious beg
solitary tenement, to buy some firewood for torches. Wit
stirring from his bed he shouted that he had none, and so o
went, collecting what we could that was dry; for with our
troubles we had sundry heavy showers, and appearance of n

At half-past twelve, we crossed a small stream, and in a
minutes more found another fakeer whose door happening t
open: we pushed in and helped ourselves to torch wood, and
came on to this building—a bungalow I suppose, its dign
title, though very airy on all sides: and now we find the mis
Coolies have all my cooking utensils, and the greater part of
provisions. However, I prevailed over my servant's caste
plea [illegible]e a little meat biscuit soup in his tin cup, an
half past [illegible] in the morning I've just done dinner, and
getting ready for bed.

All of us are well fagged out, having come twenty-four m

wenty-three of which I walked. The horse was too fatiguing, besides the risk of breaking my legs or neck, for twice he fell on he rocks, and rolled over on me—luckily with no damage, but a ew bruises and tight squeezing. And yet he was a wondrous lever brute too, in bad roads; but I've never seen any quite as bad as these. Though a good walker, between the bad road, ny bruised legs, and slow walking, I feel pretty well "done up" or one day.

Dec. 5th, BARADYAH.—(10 coss.)—This morning I had an nterview with the cutwal before I rose, expressive of my lifferent wants, horses, Coolies, etc. I rose at half-past nine, the lay beautifully pleasant. I find the house is in the midst of a ruit garden, with great numbers of apricot, plantain, and other ıot and cold climate fruits. The flower beds are brilliant with narigolds and artemisias in full bloom, and the entire place a oretty little valley. Half a mile distant the town, and towering bove all else, an old fort.

Early this morning my two Coolies came in, together with ome friends, who, to get in and out of Cashmere, had put themelves under my wing, as the best chance to come here and see heir families.

At twelve I started my people off again, while I waited for one of my new Coolies to go and get his breakfast; and I made him leave his blanket as a pledge of his speedy return. Waiting patiently an hour for the chokidar to arrive, in despair I started off with the Cooly and my head servant.

We found a guide by the way, and while waiting for him to get his blanket, the Cooly laid down the bedstead he was carrying, and when we were not looking he bolted; thus we lost another half hour, and while the servant looked for another Cooly, I watched the guide: for the rascals run off without the east reason, even after they have sought the employment and not received their money.

Presently the servant appeared, lugging a Cooly along with

seemed to be quite reconciled, when I assured him he should be well paid. So off we went, I on foot, unable to procure a horse by buying or hiring.

Nearly all day we have been travelling by the side of a stream, which the natives call Mungle Dehar river. On over the hills, and again coming to the river, passed a small fort, evidently built to guard or command the valley. But unfortunately it is itself commanded by every hill.

At dusk I stopped and got a bundle of faggots to light us on the way. After trying in vain to get fire from my rifle, I discovered a hut, and so on, and at eight stopped at a fakeer's to beg some more fuel; and then on to a large caravansary or serai, where, to my surprise, I did not find my people. I told the guide he must take me to the next place. He coolly observed we would have to cross the river, and I had better sleep here—a proposition I negatived immediately, not relishing the idea of sleeping on a charpai (native bedstead without bed or bed clothes, and that, too, supperless). So we started back, and he stopped, as I suppose, to arrange his torch, and the Cooly seated himself by his side, while I and my servant took seats on a couple of stones.

I sat shivering, until I thought they might have arranged half-a-dozen torches, and going to see what was the matter, I found they were enjoying a fire they had kindled; I soon put an end to that. Soon after, the guide lost his way, and then said he did not know it, but there was a jemindar (landowner) near, who did know the way, and that we had better go to him.

We retraced our steps; reaching his house or hovel, the guide pushed open the door "sans ceremonie," when I saw three or four men sleeping on charpaies around the room. In one corner stood some cattle feeding, in the centre a few embers burning, and by the side of the fire, a nearly naked native ryot (tiller of the soil), enjoying his hookah. The guide made known our wants, when, without a word of objection, he resigned his pipe to the guide, began to chop up faggots, and throwing an old

cotton cloth over his shoulders, started out to pilot us across the river. What "a precious row" a man would have made in the United States or England, at such a midnight summons!

In a few minutes we reached the bank of the river, and walking across the dry bed, came to the water, about one hundred yards wide, and from two to three feet deep. My people were on the opposite side, and seeing us, rushed down the bank with arms full of straw, which they soon had in a bright blaze. My last guide, taking me on his back, carried me across the stream; and the water being deep and rapid, he was very near giving me a ducking, just as we reached the middle. But I luckily got over dry, and gave him what the natives considered a munificent present, a day's wages, two annas (six cents)!! I expect you will smile at the amount, but the poor wretch's gratitude was amusing and painful. He appeared as though he had never seen so much money before in his life, making all sorts of salaams, and touching his head to my feet.

Our crossing would have made a fine sketch in oil. On landing, my beastie, whom I have converted into a bearer, from having little occasion for his services otherwise, and having been in that capacity before, is very useful, with great glee took me to see what nice rooms there were in the house.

Making my way over sleeping Coolies and cattle, with an occasional blazing fire threatening a general conflagration, we reached the rooms, which, from appearances, had lately been tenanted by cattle. I ordered my tent to be pitched forthwith, much to beastie's amazement at my want of taste, and knowledge of comfort. And now this roaring little torrent, that has been sounding so pleasantly all day, will be a freezing lullaby.

I took out my journal, and Hugel's Tour in Cashmere, made at about the same season of the year, but had only got a few lines of my journal written, when I fell asleep, and was woke by the clatter of knives and forks. How you would have laughed at what I call pleasure, to have seen me coiled up in the middle of my bed, with two coats on, and a thick great capote around me,

my head adorned with a red night-cap, eating my sumptuo dinner, of a plateful of what a Frenchman, or any other ma would have called *soup maigre*, made from the remains of a grill fowl that had done duty at three previous meals, eked out by t liver and gizzard of another. I was too cold to get off the b to carve; and the whole topped off with some raspberry ja and a tough dough cake, which the very servants at home wou not have touched; and instead of *café noir*, it was *thé noir*, f the cows had gone to bed.

Such are some of the pleasures of travel. I've just be interrupted, by my guide of to-day coming in to ask for cloth I told him I had none to spare, and I was myself a shiverir evidence of the truth of the assertion.

Dec. 6th, Rajowrie.—I had an awful cold night, the win coming down from a range of snow-covered mountains, visib about thirty miles distant. After trying in vain to get a hors or a cutwal, I set off on a fifteen-mile march, half-disabled by sore foot.

Our march to-day has wound through valleys, and by the sid of the same stream as yesterday, crossing it many times in it meandering course. Three times my men were obliged to for it, and I too—but on the back of a Cooly. I saw quantities o fish from twelve to fifteen inches long in this stream, and a numbe of men—sporting ryots—perhaps, catching them with nets. Th only thing that looks the same all over the world!

I've just been instructing my servant how to broil me a fish for my only kettle is appropriated to soup, and I've not yet go to using the tea-kettle for more than one purpose.

I saw a water-snake in the stream to-day—it looked like hom scenes. This afternoon saw one of my Coolies with an armful of radishes, as large as my wrist; he had begged them, and I levied tribute on him.

The Cashmere valley differs in one respect from every part of India. In India they *always* live in villages or towns, while here

on every side peering from among the trees, on the mountain side, or boldly conspicuous on some naked rock, are the huts or hovels of the present ryot occupants and the ruins of former ones. Occasionally a large house will indicate the residence of a jemindar (owner of the land). The country is badly cultivated, and almost depopulated by the tyranny that has existed for some years past.

I've passed but one village to-day, and that about two hours ago. Reaching this place, a small town, I find the usual resort of travellers occupied by the Rajah's troops—a cut-throat-looking set of noisy rascals. Not having any professional business now, and perhaps having heard that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—they have found occupation in singing choruses in "Dick Swiveller's" style, "each man to the tune he knows best." I managed to get shelter by fastening up my tent in one corner of a shed, where I am enjoying "otium cum dignitate" as best I can, half suffocated with smoke.

Dec. 7th, TUNNER.—After a noisy night, I rose at six. The cutwal not coming when I sent for him, I went and brought him along. After sundry threats I reduced him to terms, when he started off, saying he would try and find me a horse—the last I saw of him. So off I went again with my lame foot.

The path to-day has been pretty good, winding through a valley, and several times crossed by a mountain stream. Though the snow-clad mountains were full in sight, I found my umbrella a pleasant relief from the sun—dangerous even in Cashmere in mid-winter.

For several days past I have been in the habit of cooling my head by wetting it as I crossed the streams, though I am wearing one of the best kinds of solar topies (hat), a sort of casque, made of thick straw, with sloping rim, a hole in the top, and pad under it to protect my head; an inner ring with pad to rest on the head and connected with the hat itself by small straw rings, and the whole covered with cotton batting, and a roll of cotton batting

an inch and a half thick around the hat where the crown joins the brim, to protect the temples—the part most liable to be affected by a coup de soleil.

In the snow on the mountain sides, I saw great numbers of cypress-looking trees. Some people were literally thrashing grain, by beating small sheaves against a board. Towards night we passed a very large "serai," and came on to this place which I reached by dusk, where I share the second story of a shanty with my servants, and a lot of Sepoys, who until my arrival had held quiet possession.

The place is so full of smoke (tobacco and wood) that I present a most dolorous appearance. In the march to-day I passed a tree with flowers resembling the common red honeysuckle. Our march was about the usual length, fourteen or fifteen miles.

Dec. 8th, KOORTEE.—This morning I had a difficulty with my men, who refused to stir till I advanced half-a-month's pay besides what I had already given. Not being able to get them to come to my terms, I had to agree to theirs, as I could not get enough new Coolies to take their places, especially in this spot. However, I got a miserable apology for a horse, and off we started, my two servants ahead of the train, and I bringing up the rear.

Quite a respectable number, since with my two servants and self we count seventeen, as everything, tents, luggage of clothes and provisions, eatables and drinkables have all to be carried on the Coolies' backs. In a few minutes the beastie came running back to me, saying one of my hired Coolies had run away; so I sent him to look up another, while I watched the "traps."

While waiting I discovered an old tank with some curious pictures, representing a procession of knights in armor mounted on horses with housings, which I hastily sketched. Then up the mountain. Just as I, bringing up the rear, was commencing to ascend, the men set up a shout, and there was such a rustling and shaking I could not imagine what the difficulty was. I thought it might be a land-slide.

Presently I caught a glimpse of distant monkeys scampering off—of which there must have been over a thousand when my men first shouted. As I approached the summit I saw a patriarchal monkey "taking an observation" through some branches about two hundred yards off, so "drew a bead" for his head—the only part visible, and dropped him, the men also dropping their loads, ran and picked him up, and we all started off again, the men having an afternoon's topic before them—my skill in rifle-shooting.

To-day we have crossed the "Arutna Punjal" mountain. It was covered with deep snow, half melted, making the ascent and descent horribly disagreeable, being very steep, besides wet and slippery.

Crossing this mountain, I saw great numbers of horse chestnut trees and others resembling the white oak and elm. I have collected three more varieties of seeds, one of which I found near a stream—a curious cluster of red pods, which I shall try and preserve in its original state.

Descending to a valley, I wound along between mountains covered with verdure to their very summits. The sides of these mountains were dotted with numerous little cottages, in terraces, all looking as if they would take a slide together.

I reached this place at six. It is a quadrangle surrounded by buildings of the poorest kind. They wished me to pitch my tent in the centre—perhaps the place of honor; but as it was a mass of deep mud I feared I should not get out again. Besides, I might get damp feet; so I declined, and have got a room—such as it is, dismal and dirty, and nothing in the way of eatables to be bought. I have had to satisfy an appetite whetted by twenty miles of mountain climbing, with some poor soup and a little rice, half of a "murghí grill" and a dough-cake lie on the table—but they must make the "dejeuner à la fourchette."

The scenery to-day has been more beautiful than usual. At one time, on the top of the snowy range, it was absolutely magnificent. A single *coup d'œil* was the valley I had just passed

[illegible], side by side with the foaming torrent rushing through [illegible] meads for many miles, and on either side range after range of lofty snow-capped mountains, with forest-clad sides, the distant view terminated by the blending of mountain and misty horizon.

The setting sun, this afternoon, as it gilded the mountain snow summits, cast momentary rainbow tints that strongly reminded me of a beautiful view I once had of the Bernese Alps from the terrace at Berne, after the clearing up of a storm.

Dec. 9th, PUNCH.—Off again at eight. Our march to-day has been through beautiful valleys, many of whose hills are terraced to the summits, though at present but thinly peopled. The work shows strikingly the labors of a former and denser population. The valleys are also terraced, and now flooded for rice and grain. We got here at four this afternoon. The day has been very warm. Only one incident; I fell into the stream, the source of the Pir-Punjal river, while trying to step from one slippery stone to another with my rifle on my back. Luckily the water was only two feet deep, so I did not get very much wet, but too much so to be comfortable, with the wind coming down from the snow mountains. In coming in I passed an old Mussulman fort now in ruins,—formerly it guarded the plain.

I am quartered in one end of a very civil old fakeer's establishment. He kindly brought me plantains and nuts; then showed me a number of certificates, among them one declaring him to be a "humbug" (a stupid display of wit on an ignorant man). Soup maigre from murghí grill remains, and new murghí grill for dinner. How would you like to have them generally twice a day for months, and badly cooked at that? They are the only thing to be got. I have been trying to persuade one of my servants to go to the town and hunt up a butcher, to set him [illegible] sheep, offering to pay handsomely for half of it. But [illegible] lazy, and not wishing to go, presents some invincible [illegible] the way of their doing it. The other servant is sick

—but as his symptoms are not in my doctor's book, I administer by guess—he takes medicine beautifully! Overhauling my medicines, I find the damp weather of last summer phizzed off all my seidlitz powders.

I have been repeatedly interrupted in my journal by stopping to drive out a big cat—part of the fakeer's family—whose disposition is evidently predatory, notwithstanding the holy character of its master, and I fear it may be to the detriment of to-morrow's breakfast. Once I started after him pistol in hand, and would have shot him, only I feared I might kill two brutes, the cat and a Cooly, by mistake, instead of one, which would delay to-morrow's travel. For I hold it is not sacrilege to kill a fakeer's cat that steals. A holy man like him should have an orderly, decent, and well-behaved family, of which I hold this said cat to be an unworthy member. All the evening my Coolies have been making up shoe leather, of straw rope, for sandals, as this kind does not slip on ice or snow.

Dec. 10*th*, ALLAHABAD.—I was woke up this morning long before daybreak by the noise of my Coolies, who were hard at work cobbling their straw-rope shoes. After lots of trouble I started them off. The roaring of the mountain torrents in the neighborhood of Punch, being like the ocean surf after a storm.

All day we have been winding through mountain passes and ravines, or climbing mountains. Owing to the slowness of my men I am obliged to stop in this place, which is only three quarters of a day's march, as it is too late to attempt to cross some snowy mountains ahead. However, not having been able to-day to obtain but one horse, I gave that to my sick servant, and was not very sorry to stop after sixteen miles of such travelling as we have had.

Really I fear my trip into Cashmere is to be a pedestrian one. To-day it has been damp and cool. I have been trying in vain to instruct my servant in the art and mystery of making "Johnny cake," but I can't get him to make it of the proper materials,

considering it beneath the dignity of his master to eat Indian meal (they grow Indian corn here) like a Cooly, and so brings in a compound of grease and flour that would give a Rosedale darkie convulsions!

Dec. 11*th*, HYDERABAD.—This morning I found the horse of yesterday and owner had both vanished without any reason, though only half paid; so sick and well were all off on foot.

We had a slippery scramble for four hours over muddy hills and snowy passes before we were able to reach the summit, though we had lodged last night half way up. On our way we passed a number of Coolies and petty traders.

The snow was from two to three feet deep, but the air was mild, with very little wind.

The view was magnificently grand, though slightly varied, mostly of range upon range of lofty snow-covered mountains, whose sides were covered with lofty firs called "deodars," or "Gifts of God;" which grow large, and vary in size from two to three feet in diameter.

Our descent was rapid; the path steep, slippery, and winding, so we came down *per* force on a trot, though great care was necessary, for if we had missed the short sudden turns, we would have had a disagreeable leap into the ravine, a thousand feet below.

Much of the snow had turned into glazed ice, and descending at an angle of forty-five, it was rather difficult to keep the centre of gravity. By luck, we managed to get here in safety at half past two, passing great numbers of chestnuts, firs, and other fine forest trees. Arriving thus early, I have kept the rest of the day for Sunday, and ordered a sheep to be killed. But I had to inspect the cutting up and division, as I promised the men a part.

My stupid butler spoiled one of the legs by cutting it in two, so I gave him a lesson in the butler's art, by wallopping him alongside of the head with the said leg, and then gave it to the

nen, thinking, perhaps, it might lose me *my caste*, if I eat it after t had touched him! I then told him to get up the best dinner ıe could, while I digested two of Dr. Edwards's sermons.

The Coolies are having a regular jollification over the mutton . gave them, and having dined, they are doing their psalmody n Hafiz's songs!

What do you, good people, who pay a shilling a pound for amb, say to the pick of a flock for thirty-seven cents! True, t is neither South-down nor Fulton market, but it is Cashnerean, and especially good after a fortnight of soup maigre and nurghí grills.

Dec. 12*th*, URI.—I passed a very comfortable night in my 'erandah, with tent and bed-cover for screens, notwithstanding ny *vis-à-vis* was a snow-covered mountain and a noisy mountain orrent between us to "keep the *peace*."

This morning the people of the house were making a great ıoise—alternately battling with the Coolies, then turning to me vould exclaim most supplicatingly, "Sahib, Sahib." I asked the ıead servant what the difficulty was, he coolly replied, without ooking up from his work, "Nothing, only they humbuggy very nuch." On inquiring of the people, I found the "humbuggy 'ery much" was that the sixteen Coolies refused to pay for their ırovisions of yesterday and this morning. So I made them 'settle up."

Our march to-day has been up, down, and over slippery, icy, nuddy hills; often requiring hands, feet, and cane to keep one's ooting.

I passed some people threshing Indian corn with a single long tick—the old style with us. Part of the road lay along the ırink of magnificent ravines.

At half-past one we reached this place, when my rascally Coolies refused to go a step further. I tried to get others, but I ould not, the people all taking the part of my men. So I have ıad to stop and thus lose half a day! They have already made

lose three or four, which I can ill afford, as the wet season sets in at the north the early part of January, and makes travelling very bad.

There is a curious bridge here, made of twisted twigs. There is one rope very large, about a foot in breadth, for path, and two side ones, as a rail, occasionally connected with the one you walk on, by short bars—as it is a suspension bridge over a rapid, rushing torrent, the Jhelum or *Ancient Hydaspes*, about three or four hundred feet wide, I have not a head quite steady enough to attempt crossing it.

Opposite my domicil is a very lofty peak of the Pir Punjal. There is quite a village here. Most of the places I have heretofore stopped at have been only collections of fifteen or twenty houses, sometimes not so many.

Dec. 13*th*, NOWSHERA SERAI.—At sun-rise (seven o'clock) I was off again, as usual, on foot; my two purwanurs have been of precious little service to me. I have scarce rode altogether a whole day since I entered Cashmere, and I think the only day I had a horse, my servant was sick, and I let him have it. There are two forts here—one on either side of the river, which borders the place, and in fact our route, until we reach Shrenuggur, the capital of Cashmere.

Crossing by a bridge a small stream that rushes foaming and fretting into the Jhelum, we ascended a steep hill, and for several miles after, our path lay along the verge of an almost precipitous bank of two or three hundred feet in height—below the Jhelum glided swiftly, except as it furiously foamed and roared as it swept rapidly over and through occasional rocks. The scenery was superb—lofty mountains, some with snowy crests and others a mass of green foliage from the lofty deodars, bounded the view on all sides, except where some rugged rock boldly jutted out, or isolated hamlets with their scanty patches of vegetation.

About four miles from Uri I passed the ruins of a very ancient Hindoo temple, now overgrown with jungle, which I sketched.

Then some Cashmerean merchants with apples and pears, which I soon scented out. Stopping, I got a supply, and delicious they were after an interlude of three years, "barring" the few which I got at Madras and the steamer cockroaches eat up.

Shortly after I passed the small village of Bonea, and then another ruined Hindoo temple, which I stopped to sketch, joining my men again just as they reached this kennel of a serai—damp, dark, and dirty, but warmer than a tent. I have been consoling myself with a saddle of mutton! As I have sat long enough, coiled up in the middle of my charpai, shivering while I write with my portfolio on my knee, I'll try if the inside of the bed is any warmer, and so bid good night.

Dec. 14th.—BARAMULLA AND JHELUM RIVER, (the Hydaspes of old).—Off by daylight, and since I have been passing through valleys and rocky formations, the latter in such regular layers they looked like huge masses of petrified wood, my khansama, a Cooly, and I leading the way. The Jhelum grew more tranquil and less rapid as we approached Baramulla, which we reached in about five hours on foot, a distance of twelve or thirteen miles.

We crossed two or three hills, one giving me a beautiful view down the valley, while the distant snow-capped mountains and fleecy clouds seemed almost one undivided mass.

Baramulla extends some distance on both sides of the river, and is quite a large town, with large houses, many having projecting roofs. The second story generally recedes about two or three feet, and the space being covered with earth and green grass presents a very odd appearance. Here is where the few travellers or officers who visit Cashmere, embark for a sail down the river.

Engaged the best boat I could find, which is a long, narrow, flat-bottomed affair, with a peaked roof of rush matting; the front half thus roofed I occupy and locomote half crawling and half walking from end to end of my domicil—my cloak or tent forms the seat—the table two battened boards resting on the

room of my gun and rifle, and the balance is appropriated to the Khansama and beastie. Here they cook and sleep. Behind them is the end where the boatman, his wife, and three children lodge; and on the deck, in front, two of my Coolies enjoy the midnight, with a mingled canopy of sky and blanket—the latter, though less beautiful, is probably warmer. The rest of my Coolies I have dismissed to get out of Cashmere as best they *can*—the vagabonds!

The river here is about 150 yards wide, a smooth but rather rapid stream at present. The boat is "tracked." Shortly after dark we stopped for the night on the borders of a small lake—the Wallar. The wild geese and ducks are giving us a charming serenade—quite delightfully reminding me of home and sporting there.

Dec 15th, Jhelum.—This morning we passed along the borders of the lake—a sheet of water about eight miles by two. The light breeze that ruffled its surface, somewhat retarded our speed—for these aborigines *row*. Thousands of birds, cranes, geese, ducks, snipe, and gulls darkened its surface or made the air discordant with their (to me) delightful music, a "music of the spheres" that's crazing to an aquatic sportsman. Passing through the lake, and a small island with a ruined temple, were again in the Jhelum—and now—at anchor for the night.

The day has been lovely. The dark clouds of the morning as they sat behind the snowy range, left, by their sudden disappearance, an additional charm to this snowy barrier that encircles our view.

I quite astonished my people to-day, with a bit of condescension they were not prepared for. The poor wretch of a Cooly boy sat shivering on the deck, with half a spark of fire in his earthen pot (the people here carry a small earthen pot, like a flower-pot, in a small basket, which they fill with coals and ashes, and carry about with them wherever they go; and it answers the purpose of a fire and fire-place with most of them),

trying to keep himself warm with its imaginary heat. So I took up the affair, and carrying it through my cabin to the cook room, told him to fill it, and I then took it to the boy again, who was about as much puzzled what to make of this simple act of good feeling and sympathy for the poor wretch's misery, as the servants were.

In India they have no word or synonyme for gratitude, or word for "thank you," as before the English came to their country they had no occasion for either; and when a kindness is done them by their own people, it is for some ulterior object; and thus, they suspect every one else of the same interested motive; and instead of really thanking a European, they clasp their hands and say, *Ha! Sahib;* but, nevertheless, they generally suspect he has some ulterior object in view. This system is carried out in all their relations of life. No native ever tells the truth *because it is the truth*, but because it happens to suit his purpose best. He may perhaps gain something, or it makes no difference either way! Nor does he ever suspect an European (I use the word European as being the distinctive word here for every person who is not a native, as the word "Frank" is sometimes used to express all but Mohammedans) of telling the truth for any other reason than self-interest.

Dec. 16*th*, CASHMERE, KASHMÍR, or properly SHREENUGGUR. —At last I've reached this long anticipated scene—the pet project of my tour! This morning at sunrise there was a thick haze, and as it cleared off, though I was only ten miles from the city, I could see nothing but the snowy range that forms the background of the valley.

At half-past eleven I came within sight of the Tukht-i-Suliman (Throne of Solomon—a lofty hill on the farther side of the city), and the Hurri-Purvat and its fortress-capped crest.

With this view before me, I made a bird's-eye sketch, and included in it a forest of tall poplars, that I mistook for the groves which Aokbar planted.

A few minutes after, I passed one of the first marks of civilization—the skeleton of some poor murderous wretch, I suppose, who had been starved to death in a cage suspended from a gibbet. Then passed under the seven bridges, made by logs laid transversely for piers, and with bridges connecting them; they form main avenues of intercourse for the two parts of the town, which are situated on the two sides of the river.

The houses generally present a miserable appearance; occasionally the residence of some wealthy man with his extensive zenana (harem), whose apartments are closely latticed, like an immense aviary or state prison; mosques with tall spires or minarets, built of cedar (the deodar).

Then the Delawar-Khan-Bagh, where Jaquement, Vigne, and Hugel successively lodged in the middle of the city, supposing it to be divided equally by the river. By the side of this building stands a mosque. The river is narrow, perhaps an eighth of a mile wide, and confined by stone walls and houses on both sides, built on these walls to the very "extremest verge." Stone steps frequently lead down to the water; and near these steps are great numbers of boats, many like the one I have; others without the covering, but in other respects the same; and others again, down to the smallest quantity of buoyancy capable of floating man, secured to the banks. In the water are boxes for men and women to bathe; for ablutions, if one of their virtues—often the only one.

I then passed the Shaherghur, formerly the residence of the governor, now the treasury of Goolaub Singh. On up the river by the city, I came to an open place, the approach to the country, where were half a dozen small bungalows for the officers who visit this place, and built by Goolaub Singh for their use, perhaps to gain their good-will—no one knows but he, and doubtless an ulterior object to be gained. He is too great a villain to work without some object.

[illegible]; my beastie picked out the best that was not occupied. [illegible] had been here with F———'s brother, and knew them



Sketched by the Author.

all. None of them are prepared for cold weather, so I bou three new mats of my boatman for 2*s*. and 6*d.!* to eke out scanty furniture. They nearly cover my *parlor!* Then hi a boat, with two oarsmen or paddlers, for my stay, at tw cents a day for boat and men; and that is a high price too you may imagine the scale of wages here. F——— gave a month last year for the same affair. I then sent my servan the bazaar for a chair or two, some provisions, and wine or b for owing to the warm weather when I left Lahore, I had lected it. When the man returned, he said he had asked storekeepers, and they did not have any beer, but one man he had a bottle of wine at his house he would send me. As the other things (native like), there was a holiday to-day, could get them to-morrow. It being so late when I got loc —to use an American term—I have not been out to see anythi

I have two neighbors—officers—who are spending the wi here shooting. From my window a few minutes since, I sa fire on a distant mountain. It was either winding up or do but in this way—the blaze extended for half a mile, looked like a huge fiery serpent.

To-morrow I shall commence my sightseeing, after s shopping for comforts in the bazaar. At present the tent is fauteuil, which, with a hot stone, supports the dignity of y humble servant! The stone is my substitute for furnace and

There are no fire-places in Cashmere! and a brazier is of the purchases in prospective.

Dec. 17*th.*—This morning, after waiting in vain for Gool Singh's moonshee, who was to have been here, I started with servant and the boat, for the town and bazaars, where I bou a lot of chatties (earthen pots) for cooking, etc., and one for then a lot of eatables.

I was in a native sugar manufactory—a curious affair. I in vain for chairs, and have only a chance of some being for me by to-morrow.

I then passed under the various bridges (seven), built with layers of cedar wood, the crevices being filled with stone; the wood being laid transversely, they look like a funeral pile: it is said they have stood in this way for more than five centuries! Leaving my servant to do the marketing, I went home, and took a walk through the avenue of poplar trees—two-thirds of a mile long, and planted more than a hundred years since. They are not more than from one and a half to five feet apart; they differ from ours in the way they branch out, and in not having dead wood. The avenue leads from the city to the foot of the Tukht-i-Suliman, and the Drogshuh—the flood-gate of the canal leading from the lake of Cashmere to the Jhelum.

Then to my Cashmere domicil, where, with a capital dinner—soup, canvas-back duck*—and a chatty of charcoal under my feet, and feel I am in a fair way to be comfortable; a prospective chair—as peculiar as imagination can well picture—a new blanket to wrap up in, a hot stone to my feet, and a chatty of coals to heat the room by day, and to go under bed and keep that warm by night.

Dec. 18th.—Last night was the most comfortable I have passed since leaving Lahore. Walking out, I made the acquaintance of my neighbors—a Mr. P———, of the Queen's 87th Regiment, Royal Irish, Lord Gough's; Mr. P———, of the Company's service, a grandson of the Marquis of A———; and C———, also of the Company's service. They were engaged in superintending the trying of some bears' grease, and in Indian fashion. I introduced myself. After a pleasant morning together, they asked me to dine with them, and said there was to be a review of the Maharajah's troops in the afternoon, and they would call for me on their way.

They went with my servant to town. I left him to shop,

* I found, to my great surprise, that this luxury of the American market is one of the privileges of this terrestrial paradise, so that Cashmere is endurable [illegible]

while I went to see the Budh-shah Mosque—an old ruin with a granary. In the yard attached to it is a tombstone with a Persian inscription—said to be Moorcraft's. Afterwards, on to an old Hindoo temple in ruins.

Here is the tomb of Seynul-abd-al-Din, the second Mussulman king of this country. He introduced the art of making glass, weaving the celebrated shawls, etc. Then to the Jumma-Musjid. This is a large, square building, of some 130 yards square, with a fine portal on each side, supported on the inside by cedar pillars. The building has a curious tower and spire, more like a Presbyterian country church, than a mosque. This building is very old, and built of the deodar cedar.

On the opposite side of the river is the Naya-Musjid, or New Mosque, commenced by Nul-Jehan. It is of veined white marble, and unfinished. The interior is low and arched. It is now used as a granary.

On my way home I met P——— and C———, going to the review, and joined them. The place was a large open plain near the river, just below the Shahurghur—the old residence of the kings and governors, and now used as such by Goolaub Singh, the present Maharajah (Great King)—a half-fortified palace on the river side.

On the ground we found the troops arrayed on the four sides of a plain of perhaps six acres. There was cavalry, regular and irregular, foot, and artillery, in every possible shade, color, style, and cut of uniform; some had the skirts of their coats separating behind and closed before, like a frock coat wrong side before. One fellow had a regular European black frock coat; others, yellow trowsers with gold stripes, blue coats, red foraging caps with green band and peak, etc., etc. My memory serveth not to relate all their odd fancies—however, the most of them wore very sensible uniforms (in cut) for the hill work, and with the usual leggings to strengthen the calf, and straw shoes to prevent slipping on the ice.

In a few moments after we arrived, the Maharajah appeared,

in a palanquin, accompanied by his eldest grandson, a chubby little fellow of five or six years, in whom he takes great pride. P——— and P——— both cautioned me not to praise the child, or notice him particularly, as the natives consider it bad luck, and that you may give the child the "Evil Eye."

The Maharajah *salaamed* all of us; I was formally introduced, and we all shook hands with him. After he had gratified his curiosity, asking me all sorts of questions when he found I was neither in the military nor civil service, for he is most suspicious of all strangers, we mounted, he providing us with horses and Sikh saddles. The stirrups were so short, my feet were nearly tucked under my arms. The Maharajah had several beautiful horses for his own use, and had but just mounted, when his grandson refused to go in anything but a crazy-looking English phaeton, and then, only with his grandfather, who *sent to ask our permission* to drive in it, and for one of us to accompany him. P——— got in with him, and we followed on horseback, for a turn around the field. On the way we passed a little boy-general, a natural son of the Maharajah's; then we all dismounted, and sat in chairs, while the troops passed in review before us. The time of the music was so slow, it was quite ridiculous to see the men balancing on one foot, while they were waiting the note to put down the other.

Some of the men had guns with double bayonets—almost a military Neptune *à terre.* One had a gun with the *barrel eight feet long!* After they had all passed, the Maharajah conversed with us some time, while the grandson took a ride, escorted by irregular cavalry. Returning, we started for our respective quarters. There must have been about 5000 men on the field. The cavalry wore brass helmets and horse-hair plumes. Besides the regular troops, there was a more useful body—a militia, who were dressed in the ordinary Cashmerian style—a short sack-coat, with loose trowsers, and leggings with straw sandals. Then, many mountain howitzers, and a very large style of blunderbuss to be fired from a "rest." Most of the arrange-

ments of the soldiers were adapted to skirmishing in the mountains.

The Maharajah was in his ordinary style of dress. He had a loose, red gown and trowsers, both of pushmena (the unembroidered material of Cashmere shawls). His gown was lined with flying-squirrel fur. The gown and trowsers were very richly embroidered, and worked with gold thread and gold braid. The trowsers were tight-fitting, with leggings. His cap of pushmena, lined with fur, and over it a white-and-gold puggery (turban), with a long white handkerchief around his neck.

The eldest son is at Jamoo, one of his fortified resorts on the mountains, on the border of India. The second son was on the field—a small, thin, active man, dressed in scarlet, but apparently with little of his father's ability.

Goolaub Singh is of medium height, stout, and his naturally white hair and beard dyed black, but is fifty, or fifty-five, I am told.

We all dined with P——, who has got his house in order for winter quarters, and arranged with a fire-place, and other accessories of comfort. C—— will start to-morrow, having leave from his regiment, for England, and I am to have his house, where is also the luxury of a fire-place.

P——, who has been here almost every winter, shooting for a month or two since '50, says this winter is remarkably mild; last year, at this time, the ground being covered with two feet of snow. The thermometer now stands at about 20° at sunrise. In the middle of the day it is almost as mild as our Indian summer, but at night very cold. We are on the river's bank, which makes the air rather colder for us. The valley is a table land, 5000 feet above the sea, surrounded by a snowy mountain barrier, varying from 14,000 to 18,000 feet.

To-morrow morning we are to breakfast, by invitation, with Mookti-Shah, the great shawl manufacturer of Cashmere, and we expect a right jolly time. Each of our kitmagars has been ordered to take knives, forks, spoons, and napkins, for their

spective masters, so I presume it will be somewhat of a pic- ic.

Dec. 19th.—This morning we all started in our boats, the prin- pal locomotive *vehicle* here, for Mookti-Shah's. He received in a miserable little room, about fourteen by eighteen, and after me conversation breakfast was served,—and such a lot of sweet ngs. I felt as if my whole breakfast consisted of a pot of jam. e then asked him to let us see his chogars (cloaks, admirable ladies to use at parties or operas), shawls, scarfs, etc.

The chogars are made of "pushmena," which is the ground- rk or body of Cashmere shawls. Some of his shawls were y beautiful, especially two of new patterns: one of $300, the er of $325, costing about $540 and $590 in New York, with hanges, duties, transport, and care thrown into the profit and account. But the shopkeepers in New York and London ke the profit and loss account a very heavy item in their or, for the shawls, when they reach either of those places, are l at about 500 *per cent.* profit on the original cost in Cashmere! wholesale dealers in London paying Mookti-Shah £200 for at he asks but £50 for in Cashmere!

n a day or two I am to visit his house and manufactory, en he will show me some that are handsome, and one being le for the Empress of France, when I will tell you more ut the matter. He had only a small collection in his house ay, and we could not wait for him to send for more.

——— and I started for the Hurri-Purvat, a fortress on a about 500 feet high, that commands a fine view of the city, , and surrounding country. The fort has not a single gun nted, and at present, its strength is in its height. At its , Ackbar built the old, and now ruined city of Nargur-Nar- ; from here we saw the Char-Chunar Island, named from its plane trees, of which only two are now standing.

he Shalimar garden is seen in the distance, and a snowy belt ountains on all sides, varying from 12,000 to 18,000 feet in

height. We then rowed across the lake, whose beauty is spoiled by the shallowness of the water; we stopped at the Neshad-Bagh (or Garden of Bliss), which has been very handsome. The summer-house is light and airy. There is a succession of fountains from another and distant summer-house, all falling from one into the other, until they reach this, when they pass through the house into the lake.

We only stopped here a few minutes for C—— to cut some canes, so I had not time to see it well. The view from the balcony, or upper piazza, is charming. I find Cashmere, or Shreenuggur, grows daily in beauty, even at this dull season of the year, when hardly a leaf is to be seen.

The sunset views are lovely. The parting rays, as they gild the snowy peaks, impart a pinkish tinge to the atmosphere, that is exquisitely beautiful.

At home, and messed together. P—— gave us an amusing account of some cannon practice of the Maharajah's he had been witnessing this afternoon. To-morrow I shall ascend the Tukht-i-Suliman, which is on this side of the town.

I suppose you are anxious for an account of the far-famed Cashmere beauties, perhaps fancying I'm enamored with some fair maid of Cashmere. But don't be alarmed; I shall not lose my heart with any of the dusky beauties of this country—blondes or brunettes being more to my taste. The men are generally of medium size and usual build of country people among us, only not quite as strongly formed, with a mulatto complexion, but with considerable of the "Moses" in their face. The women of medium size; very pretty figures; full and round; their complexion is rather lighter than that of the men, from less exposure. Many are pretty, but it is a beauty adapted only to their style and dress, like a pretty squaw with us.

Cashmere beauties would not become our dress at all. They all have bright dark eyes, which light up almost any face, however ugly.

This being purely a Hindoo and Sikh town, the killing of a

cow is punished by death. The wretch I saw hanging in a box as I arrived, had been hanged for that offence, and so rigid is the East India government, that *no officer* could kill, or have killed, a beef of any kind, *without very great danger of losing his commission.*

Dec. 20th.—After breakfast we all examined, and passed an opinion on some chogars which C——— was buying to take to England. Then they went to the city, and taking P———'s horse and my portfolio, I gallopped to the foot of the Tukht-i-Suliman (or Throne of Solomon), a lofty isolated hill, which I climbed up. The summit commands a beautiful view—the best panorama of this part of the valley of Cashmere.

Often gazing while I sat down to sketch a *general* view. The cold and wind were so great in this exposed position, that every minute I had to stop and rub my hands, they got so numb, and every few minutes take a run, to get my feet warm.

The lake seems half filled with marshy formations, most of which have been caused by the "floating islands" becoming stationary, and extending their dimensions. I saw the Char-Chunar, and its surviving trees, beyond the Shalimar, celebrated in Lalla-Rookh, for its Feast of Roses. On the top of this mountain or hill, is a small, but curious old Bhuddist temple, which I sketched descending the hill. In returning to the bungalow I saw some of the Maharajah's troops here practising with small hill guns at a mark.

After dinner, at P———'s, I had a grand packing up and good-bye; as C——— starts to-night for England, on a "three years' leave," P——— accompanying him part of the way, as he is going off on a shooting excursion for some days, and to-morrow P——— and I start in the opposite direction, on horseback, for Islamabad, our things starting to-night.

C——— gave me a letter of introduction to an officer friend of his, in the 9th Native Infantry, at Peshawur, with whom he wishes me to stay, and P——— has mailed one to Rawul-Pindee.

to an officer in his regiment (the 87th Queen's); and P——— wrote another to a civilian, to have an escort meet me on the road the day I expect to return, for protection from the hill-people, between Mazzefferabad and Hazara, the country being a little unquiet there. I've truly fallen among friends.

Dec. 21*st.*—Last night I turned into C———'s room as he turned out. The rats making the bed-room a "race-course" at night, are more than a fair offset to the luxury of a fire-place. This morning I rode to the city with P———, to order some seals to be cut for me, with Persian letters, during my absence. I believe I have recollected nearly all my relatives and friends, the others must excuse me.

We then gallopped after the boats, which we overtook about eleven. While breakfast was preparing, we amused ourselves watching some natives who were fishing in (to us) a most novel manner. Four men were in a boat rowing, and a fifth, naked, stood in the bows watching for fish. The moment he saw one near enough, he leaped overboard, and *caught it in his hands!* We bought some of them, which weighed from one to two pounds.

After breakfast we took our guns, and went after wild ducks, of which there were great numbers in a marsh near the river, the men continuing to "track" the boat. The ducks were so wild from being shot at by the natives and the officers, that we could not get near them. We saw two jackals, and a fox. At dusk we stopped to dine, when we had a quarrel with the villagers because they would not sell us firewood, eggs, and milk. However, we got these commodities at last, after a fight, in which we raised a "general muss" in the town, knocking in doors, and thumping the people about. Invigorated by our performances, we gave the cook no cause to complain, as we disposed of his viands before a large fire in the open air.

Dec. 22.—Reached another ducking ground this morning, or

after breakfast, before a large fire on shore, we started off. Saw thousands in the several marshes. To get shots we had to plunge into the marsh, mud, water, and ice, above our knees, and not particularly comfortable, as we only had on shoes, and the water *rather cold* at this season.

We wandered about in this style for three or four hours. I got a distant shot at a jackal which I wounded. We returned to the boat with eight ducks, not very good luck, but we had the fun and sport.

While we were eating breakfast, our chicarries (hunters), and P———'s horse, and syce, came in. They had been marching, looking very melancholy, and said they had been beaten by some villagers because they had asked for feed and lodging for the horse, and one untied the corner of his blanket and produced a bunch of hair which he said had been pulled out of his head in the fight. They did not meet with much sympathy—for we laughed at them for allowing the villagers to beat five stout men who had a double-barrelled gun to defend themselves with.

After we returned from shooting we tracked on, amusing ourselves with rifle practice on the Pariah (wild or common cur) dogs that were on the shore, two or three hundred yards from us. At dusk, we stopped and dined on the bank.

The sunset was beautiful, and the lofty "Pir-Punjal (18,000 feet), looked magnificent as the setting sun gilded his snowy summit. This evening P———, who has been here nearly a year on sick leave, has been reading extracts from his journal, incidents and matters he has seen, and heard from his friends who have seen or known about them. Among other matters, the avarice, oppression, and cruelty of Goolaub Singh, who is admitted to be the wealthiest man in India, and which he has scattered all over the country for safety. Part is in a secret place in the fort at Jamoo, which was constructed a few years ago, and to preserve the secret, the men who built it were destroyed.

Wood is a monopoly, belonging to Government. On the birth of every lamb, the owner must pay a tax of one anna (8 cents, a

full-grown sheep being worth but about 36 cents)—the birth of a calf is four annas. For a marriage one rupee (50 cents, 11 days wages)! Every shop in the city pays a tax of three annas a day. A fishing boat four annas a day. Walnut trees ten annas a year for the oil, and if the crop fails must be made up with Ghee (a kind of butter). It is computed that seven-eighths of the land produce reaches Goolaub-Singh's pockets.

The shawl-manufacturers pay thirty-three per cent. of their value, in addition to the raw material which comes from Ladak in Thibet, paying three hundred per cent. duty, on coming into the country. After the grain is harvested, it must be stacked and remain, until the government assessors report and the King chooses to fix the rate of the tax. Sometimes it is two or three months. In the meanwhile the poor wretches, if they have none of the old crop left, are obliged to subsist on turnips (almost the only vegetable) and herbs.

A month or two since, an officer, in passing through the country, saw in one of the villages, three persons being punished because the donkey of one had broken loose and eaten from a stack of grain, and the other two for taking a little from one of their own stacks before the stack had been assessed.

The first was punished by having his hands tied tightly together over a stick, and then hung on the branch of a tree, the bit of stick resting on the branch; the blood was flowing from his nails. The other two were tied back to back, and each obliged to hold the other on his back for a certain number of hours, and if he allowed the man on his back to touch the ground, he was severely flogged.

Two or three months ago another officer had his carpet bag cut open, and 150 rupees taken out. Suspecting his boatman, he made a complaint against him, and he was taken in custody, and it was afterwards ascertained that a confession was extorted from him (it happened to be a true one in this case, he being the culprit), by an incision made in his side, and chillies and red pepper put in until he confessed and restored the property.

A year ago, three Sepoys were flogged to death for killing a cow. No native dare appear before the King in a handsome dress, for fear the King will beg it away. He has been known to beg a dress from a Nautch dancer.

The sale of the country by the English to Goolaub Singh, was a most extraordinary piece of misgovernment, and ill-judged strength.

After they had conquered the Punjaub, this, as a dependency of that province, fairly belonged to the English; but Lord Gough had made such bungle of the war, and was so near an utter defeat, that the Governor-General and Council were frightened for fear the scattered Sikhs would rally around Goolaub Singh, so that when after the war he offered to pay the whole expenses of the campaign if they would confirm him as King of Cashmere, and let him have the country, *they gladly consented!* And now he tyrannizes as he pleases, and keeps the people in the most abject poverty, not even allowing them to leave the country. P——— says about fifty escaped in a body a month ago, by bribing the chokidar stationed at the Pass. The country is very fertile, and well watered, and admirable climate for a military sanitarium. It might have been the main avenue for all the commerce of Central Asia, which the high duties now drive away. There are no savage marauding tribes to interfere with it, as on the western borders.

Dec. 23*d*, Petigoo Camp.—This morning, reaching Bigbahan before daylight. We sent off the chupprassy for Coolies and a horse, staying our appetites with a crust of bread and cup of tea. While the Coolies were being arranged one ran away, and we had an amusing chase after him. P——— jumped on his pony and spurred off at full gallop. My bearer was putting on my shoes as I sat before the fire eating. I started off on foot with crust of bread in hand, with one shoe and a slipper, while a part of the servants joined in the hue and cry, assisted by the village authorities.

The dholy (*washerman*, a part of one's usual establishment) caught him, and Harriet Beecher Stowe was freely quoted by him and the authorities. (When the officers flog their servants or the Cashmereans, who are such rascals they are very apt "to catch it" every few days, they term it quoting that dear delightful woman Harriet Beecher Stowe, or else giving them Uncle Tom.)

We then started part of our people for this place with tents, etc., the rest for Mattun, half way, six miles, where we breakfasted, stopping en route to shoot ducks, getting eight or nine. We breakfasted under some noble old plane trees—the same as our sycamore. I saw a sacred fish-tank. They are so numerous that when food is thrown in to them they come in such quantities they can hardly move. On our way we stopped at some rather celebrated caves; one is in the rocks about a hundred feet above the road, some eighty yards in depth, and from three to five wide; dark, damp, and disagreeable, with nothing to see but a Mussulman grave in a Hindoo cave, with an old tombstone of a knight in armor and caparisoned horse. The other cave just beyond has been converted into a Bhuddist temple, and the front walled up. It has a door and sculptured portal. The caves are both fissures in the rock.

Then on here, at the foot of the mountains. When we arrived we found the tents pitched, and a fine fire before them. The tents being well *carpeted with straw*, we hope for a comfortable night. Unfortunately two of our chicarries had to stop on the way, one of them having lost a child by the small-pox, which is very prevalent among the children here.

Dec. 24th.—This morning up with the sun, though the thermometer stood at 22°, and was soon rigged out in a suit of P———'s hunting clothes, consisting of a flannel hunting-shirt, a pair of flannel pejamurs (loose dressing trowsers), tight in the lower part of the leg, around which, from ankle to knee, was a close bandage to support the leg in climbing hills, a pair of thick woollen stockings with a thumb for the great toe, then a pair of

straw shoes (as they are called), being only a straw-rope sole and rope-band, in fact sandals, secured by a thong between the great toe and the others, and then around the instep and heel.

After a cup of tea before the fire, we were off, each with a long staff, our guns and rifles being carried by the four chicarries. Two Coolies led the three dogs, another brought the breakfast, and another our coats and shawls for us, when we stopped for breakfast. For one has to dress very thinly when they have such mountain-climbing to do, and yet get in an awful glow going up hills of from five to twelve hundred feet; or if by any accident we should be kept out all night.

I found these sandals most comfortable to walk in, the *only* safe ones in bad places, icy cliffs, and steep slippery hill-sides, where one mis-step might give you an unexpected slide of a thousand feet, or a somerset over a cliff. It is astonishing how you stick to the snow with them, like a pair of hands. Our game is to be anything we can find, particularly barasingh (a species of stag with immense antlers) or bears.

We heard a *musk-deer* call on our way up the mountain, but could see nothing of him. After climbing and wandering about for three hours, we took a cold breakfast, and off again. The hunters started a stag, but he was four hundred yards away before we could get a glimpse of him.

Just as we reached the base of the hill our best dog sprung loose, and plunged into the jungle. Fifteen minutes after we saw two barasingh come out of the jungle near the summit of the mountain and separate. The dog ran after one and followed him into the jungle again, the other, a very tempting object to us, even at a distance of fifteen hundred feet of hard climbing, and half an hour of sun. But we deemed prudence best, and left him.

On our way to the tents, where we arrived shortly after sundown, we heard a leopard call. So much for my first day—terribly severe climbing for a level-ground man. The snow melt-

thin four days driven most of the deer away. The burners ; fire to the grass that grows during the summer three feet. 'e have been trying to console ourselves for the fatigue and d luck to-day with a good dinner, whiskey toddy "night-p," and toasting ourselves over a blazing camp-fire.

P———'s chupprassy, who had been sent out for eatables, ne back and reported that the head-man of the village had 'used to sell him anything, saying, "he didn't care for the o officers." "What," says the chupprassy, "not when the iharajah himself salaams them?" "No, the swine eaters." Tou abuse the man whose salt I eat," with which he applied his iff à la "Uncle Tom" to the fellow's shoulders, whereupon he wered his tone and body too, for he went on his knees, and gging pardon, sold all we wanted, and sent a horse for to-orrow, and a cow for milk. This Afghan chupprassy is a lendid fellow; he don't often use blows, but when he does *it with effect.*

These Cashmereans are most singularly insolent, lazy and sobliging. The travellers (officers or civilians), for they are the ly travellers hereabouts, and then only when they get sick, ive and "do John Company," and so much in debt usually, ey come here because their creditors will not let them leave e country. Within the past two years they have scattered so uch money in their shooting excursions, they have nearly ubled the price of everything (the English do wherever they), sheep, poultry, grain, etc., besides paying cash at nearly uble the value of every article.

Dec. 25th.—As my day is twelve hours in advance of yours, I nd you the first "merry Christmas." P——— and I did not .ng up our stockings last night, as the tents have no chimneys, id "Santa Claus" has never been known to enter a habitation any other way.

But P——— and I shouted "merry Christmas" to each other, ng before we were disposed to leave our beds.

After a cup of tea, we rode over to the ruins of Koran-Pandan (called Temple of the Sun) though actually a Bhuddist temple. It is situated in a court-yard, with fine portals, and cells on every side, the temple being in the centre. On the brow of a hill overlooking the plain, stand two columns, to which was suspended a large drum (formerly) to call people to prayer. It is the first *ruin* I have seen in India.

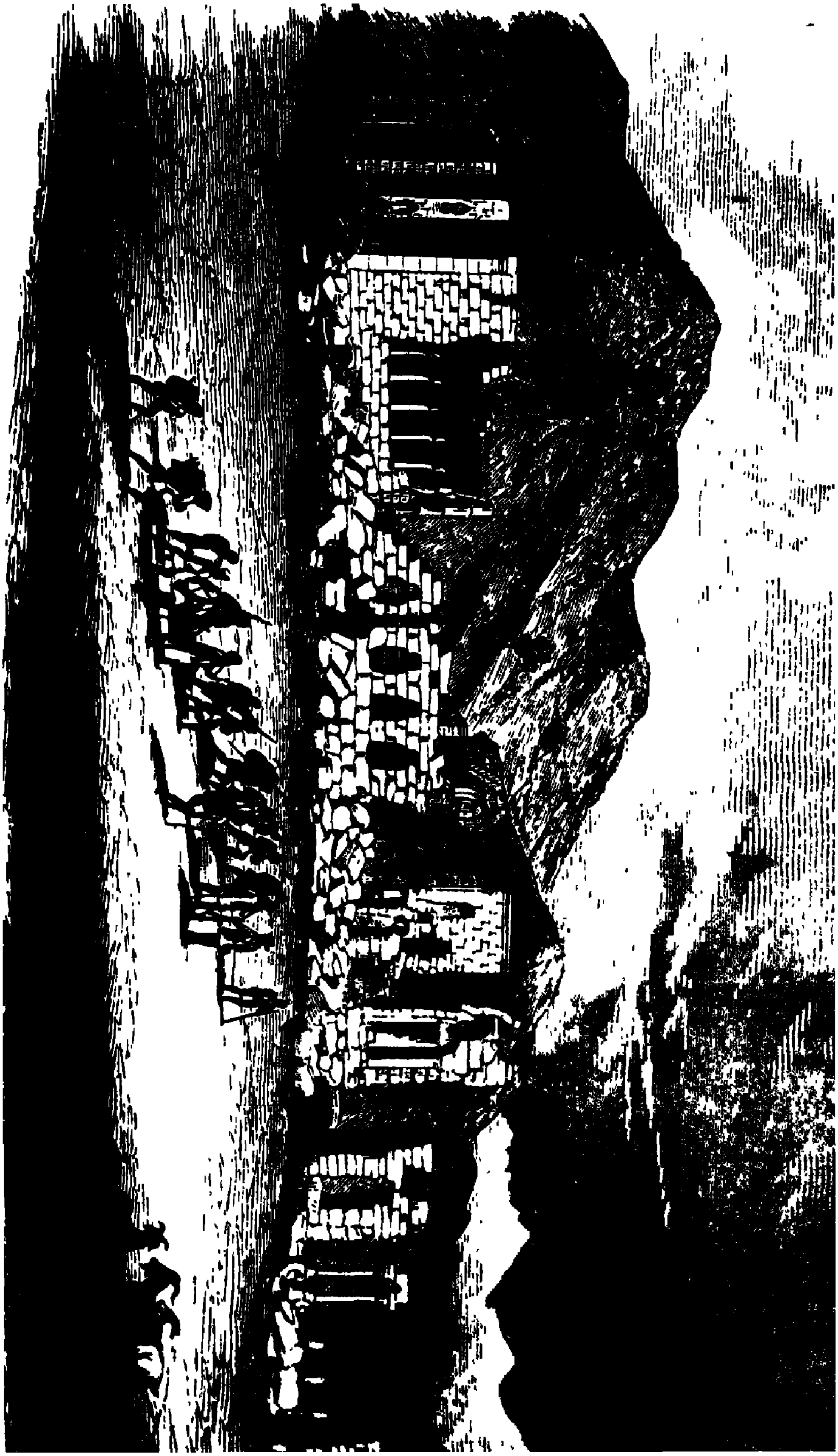
According to tradition, it was one of the last works of the Pandan dynasty, who disappeared 2500 B.C., after a reign of 1800 years.

Hugel supposes the ancient Shrenuggur (Kashmír) to have stood here; Cashmere, or Kashmír, being the new name given to the city and country by the Mussulman conquerors. We breakfasted among the ruins, and after some sketches, returned to our tents in the afternoon, where we found a man waiting to sell us a musk-deer—a beautiful little creature, about eight months old, and eighteen inches high. But its hind-quarters were almost as muscularly developed for its size as the kangaroo's. They are astonishingly active.

At dinner we did the best we could to celebrate the day; made our cook "lay himself out" for "Soyer touches," and when we had gratified his pride and our capacities with knife and fork, we drank toasts to our absent friends and the healths of our present selves, many returns of the day, and all the stereotyped sentiments which two fellows with nothing to do but kill time, and pass the evening pleasantly with fun and jokes, could get up.

After we had exhausted our wit and—the bottles, we adjourned to the drawing-room—the camp-fire for coffee,—made of hot water, sugar, and whiskey, like paddy's "tay" "that he made of the coffee he stole."

Dec. 26th.—Off early this morning with a lot of Coolies to beat the jungle, and to help the number, one of my men who was seized with a sudden lameness when he found he was detailed for



so subject to sudden illness when any disagreeable work is to be performed.

On the way to the hills we stopped at a house and made a levy of three more Coolies. We consider it a matter of humanity to these poor abused wretches, to make them do wholesome work for *us*—when we come here for pleasure and health, and pay them triple their best wages here.

P——— has been in an awful fright all day. He has heard that a child was sick with the small-pox in the house where we made the levy to-day. Just before reaching the stalking ground, one of our dogs broke loose. We soon heard him barking. I followed with two of the chicarries, the others with P——— and the fifteen Coolies stopped; P——— having given up in disgust, thinking the day's sport was spoiled.

After an awful scramble of a quarter of an hour, at a rapid pace, up a high hill, in which a Mississippi high-pressure steamer would have been child's-play to my puffing and blowing, I got sight of seven barasingh, two of them bucks. They were more than 400 yards up hill, but I could get no nearer, so I fired with a heavy single-barrelled rifle of P———'s, and missed, then with my little German rifle, I dropped one, hitting him in the shoulder. They had not caught sight of me, so I loaded the same rifle again and fired. The ball struck the ground just behind the forefoot of the other buck. I saw the dust. The noise frightened them, and they started off over the hill, the wounded one managing to hobble along. We hurried up another hill, to head them off, but we were too slow.

I had a beautiful chance at another, only 250 yards, while waiting for P———; but unfortunately my chicarrie had gone a short distance with the rifle. Then came a tedious scramble up another hill, about fifteen hundred feet high, when wandering through the snow and burnt grass, I met P———. We then beat another jungle without success.

On the snow of this hill there was one of the most beautiful views I ever saw—a valley on either side, spangled by winding

streams, while the snow-covered mountains that surrounded us appeared loftier than ever. Descending, we had just reached the bottom, when we saw three stags, and two hinds, on an adjoining hill about 1000 feet high. There was only half an hour more sun, but P—— said he must try, so up we started at an awful pace, and just before reaching a reasonable rifle shot distance, they "winded" us, and scattered.

We got sight of a hind calling, but too distant to shoot, and as we were descending the hill, saw a barasingh 300 yards off. I took a "snap-shot" and missed, and was just loading again when I saw two others at about 200 yards. I waited for P—— whose rifle missed fire, and when we shot they were 300 yards off, snap shots at that, and we missed again, it was so dark we could not see the sights to our rifles. We turned homewards much disgusted with our luck.

Shortly after reaching the plain, as we were going in Indian file through a bridle path of low jungle (thick brush), one of the dogs gave an awful howl of terror; the men shouted, so did we, he soon came in, having had a narrow escape from a leopard. We then had all the dogs tied, and led. A hundred yards farther on, we were startled in the same way again, the brute having crawled on ahead and lay close to the road, and not a quarter of a mile from our tents, where I was as usual met by my servant with his customary salute and "Kadaun Sahib" (Sir Prince). As the snow is melting rapidly, I fear we shall not have any success.

Dec. 27th.—I have been out all day alone, with three chicarries. I had a walk equalling yesterday's in fatigue, and have not seen a single barasingh for nine hours. This afternoon P—— went out and got one shot at a barasingh at 350 yards, wounding but not killing him.

Our leopard trap is set, 200 yards off, we have a puppy for bait, who is doing all we could wish by his horrid howling to attract the brute.

This evening we have two sick men, the chuprassy and

P——'s kitmagar. So I got out my doctor's book and medicines, and after dinner we studied it over, and decided that one had a rheumatic fever, and the other some kind of fever we did not quite understand, and we concluded to give him a dose on guess, unless we could understand his symptoms better than we could the book. So picking up the medicines and book we went to pay *our "professional visits."*

They were in the second story of an adjoining building, the cattle occupying the first. The ceiling was not more than *five feet high*, and in the room were twenty-two people and three dogs! As P—— is Hindoostanee interpreter to his regiment I let him do the conversational, while I personated Æsculapius, with pockets full of phials and spoons. Examining the patient's pulse and tongue, and with due professional gravity, his various symptoms—a picture for Cruikshank—this sick chuprassy with a torch-bearer on either side, Drs. P—— and I, one reading the book, while the other, watch in hand, studied the patient's tongue and pulse, surrounded with a triple circle of Coolies who gazed with wonder at the learned Sahibs!

After this display of professional skill we returned to the camp fire, where P——, in a chogar, drowned care in his hookar (pipe), and I in my capote with a nap. He finished off the evening with some *pills and brandy pawny*, as they go together! and I with a whiskey toddy. I suppose you think this savors of dissipation indulging in "nightcaps." You would change your mind if, after a hard day's tramp, you enjoyed a fire in the open air, with the thermometer ten or a dozen degrees below freezing point, and then had to retire to a tent to sleep, where, when the floor is covered with straw and a mat, a large chatty of coals under the middle of the bedstead, a hot stone at the foot, and so many bedclothes and things on the bed you could not turn after getting in, and only just warm enough to sleep, with, at daylight, the thermometer about 18° or 20°. P—— has retired to bed, I to my tent to journalize, and the servants in our late places enjoying the fire.

Dec. 28.—This morning we took matters more comfortably, and breakfasted before starting. After getting half way up the mountain the dogs started a barasingh which we could not get a good sight of. We then had a distant glimpse of a bear, and on to a hole which we heard held three bears; but they had thawed out with the warm weather, and the hill we were to have hunted on was on fire.

We returned to the tents in disgust. Just as we arrived a woman came in with a calf bleeding at the throat and head. A leopard had sprung upon it not gunshot from the tents in mid-day, and been frightened off by two little boys who were guarding the cattle. This morning an offering was made by the chicarries, and all was eaten by the various members of the establishment except the syce, who, they afterwards discovered, had not touched his. So this evening a formal complaint was made to us on the subject.

Giving our chuprassy an additional dose this morning we find to-night he is much better, and the kitmagar well. The chuprassy's friends called in a native doctor, but—we were of different schools, and so could not consult together, though he did have an Æsculapian "twist of the face." We sent him off, threatening to "bore him" with a Minnie bullet if seen within rifle shot, as we did not mean to have our patient trifled with, and have a "crowner's verdict" against us to bring *our* profession in disgrace. A fellow has been hanging about all day, with such faith in my medical skill, he has got quite angry because I wont try and cure *his consumption!*

Dec. 29, RIVER JHELUM.—I started my things off early for the boat. Then stopped and breakfasted with P———, who gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his at Kohat, near Peshawur. I have had a grand time paying off chicarries and Coolies. Then off via Islamabad, passing through the remains of an avenue of grand old plane trees, with trunks at the ground varying from eight to fifteen feet in diameter. There is nothing

to denote antiquity about the town, save an old tank full of trout, darker and not as pretty colored as ours.

It is the site of the ancient Anatnagh, to which tradition gives an antediluvian date, 3700 B.C. In the fifteenth century the Mahommedans changed its name to Islamabad, or "City of the Faith."

I found my boat had been carried a mile down the river by some Sepoys; however I got it at last, and with the tide, good luck, and the men paddling all night, if they don't fall asleep, will get me in to-morrow morning.

Dec. 30, CASHMERE.—Though the men worked all night, yet, from the lowness of the water in the river and frequent shoals, we did not sight Tukht-i-Suliman until nine; at twelve I left with my rifle, and took a short cut across while the boat continued on down. I shot a hawk and a cat, the only *game* I could see. I saw a small boat opposite the bungalow towing up stream. I got them to put me across. I found P———'s bungalow locked, and his bearer gone to the bazaar. While meditating housebreaking the postman came with some letters for P——— and P———, and some papers, but nothing for me.

I amused myself reading the news until my boat arrived, then borrowing P———'s horse, rode to the Post Office to make sure there were no letters for me. Then to Mookti-Shah's, who, of course, in four days beyond the time, had not touched the chudders; only two shawls were finished for me to choose from, and the scarfs were in the wash, so I "raved a few." Then to the seal-engraver's and got the seals; on my return, finding the bearer still absent, I entered *vi et armis*, and took possession of P———'s own room, which would not warm notwithstanding all the air-stoppers.

Dec. 31.—This morning P———'s old bearer made me very comfortable with a fire, and after breakfast going into town, I ordered some more seals. Then to Hadji-Mohammed's. I saw no shawls to suit me, the chudders are dear, and there are no

chogars. On my way back I stopped and bought a chess-board and pen-box both of papier machè; I then went to the gunsmith's to have a bullet mould made.

Going to Mookti-Shah's, who had managed to get several of his shawls ready for me to see, I bought a beautiful one of a new pattern, with a centre in four colors, and one of the very prettiest patterns he had, and far handsomer and much superior to any I could find elsewhere. He is the *great manufacturer* in Cashmere of Cashmere shawls, and has much the largest and best assortment. I don't think he makes any that could be bought for less than eight or nine hundred dollars in New York or London, I have seen none at any time when I have been at his house or manufactory.

I also bought a chogar, and five chudders, three for F——— and W———, at Lahore, and the other two for myself, they are purely of pushmena except a very narrow embroidered border of about an inch. They are white, and about ten or twelve feet long by six wide, and very much liked as sick-room shawls by the English ladies, then half a dozen small scarfs for the neck, of different patterns and colors, white, red, and blue.

Mookti-Shah then took me to his manufactory, a miserable dirty building, the working department one large room, about sixty by thirty. Here were some forty men and boys of all ages from six up to fifty, arranged in twos and threes, at different looms, each one a loom to himself, for all the most valuable shawls are made in looms, in small pieces according to the pattern, and then sewn together. The pattern is not put in colors and squares like our patterns of worsted work for chair-backs, seats, or slippers, but the directions written. When the patterns are made they are all sewn together.

At some looms where they were working there appeared to be four or five hundred small pins of wood with rolls of different shades of woollen thread, to be used in the different parts of the pattern. It was astonishing to see the dexterity with which the small children worked these handlooms and understood their

written directions. Most of the people were at work on a magnificent shawl for the Empress Eugenie of France, a white ground or centre, and it will be the most elegant one he has ever made. He says thirty men have been steadily at work on it for six months, and it will require three more months to finish it. The price, when finished will be about 1,300 rupees or $650, and is such a shawl as would sell for about $4,000 in London or New York—so you see the shopkeepers, even if they don't come out here to make money, are enabled to realize a *little* when they stay at home. My shawl took fifteen men seven months to make. The workmen only receive one and a half annas (4¾ cents) a day.

Mookti-Shah is quite a rara avis among these people in being an honest, reliable man, as every one tells me. He says if labor was as cheap in France they could make them as well as he does, and that the water here is supposed to have peculiar properties, and so does not affect them in washing, is all in the imagination. I can't imagine where all the one, two, and three hundred dollar shawls in your stores come from—certainly not Cashmere.

I took leave and went through one of the canals, in which there were hundreds of domesticated ducks and geese belonging to the Maharajah, which it would be death to kill; and continuing on to the lake without being able to find the old Temple of Kali-Salam—a Hindoo place of pilgrimage—I went on to the Nishad-Bagh, the pretty summer-garden and summer-house I visited once before with C———, but hastily.

The gardens are very extensive, and immediately on the lake. I wandered through them and then took another view from the balcony of the Pavilion.

"O! to see it at sunset."

A brilliant sun was setting, and mellowing the air with its golden rays. The glassy waters of the lake were reflecting each mountain, hill, and tree on a background of fleecy sky, on either side of the city. The Tukht-i-Suliman, and Hurri-Purvat, towered in

solitary grandeur, each bearing on its crest the emblematic rul of God and man—love and strength—a temple and a fortres On the opposite side of the lake was the forest of plane tre which Ackbar planted, the Char-Chuner Isle, and the Shalima Gardens, and in this place the relic of a once beautiful fountai

Some years ago a wealthy Pundit constructed a dam or bun across this part of the lake from Shrenuggur, which destroye much of its beauty. At present the water is very low. I reache home long after dark, and half-frozen.

New Year's Day, 1854, KASHMÍR.—A happy New Year to yo all! This morning up early for a long day on the lake; but m stupid boatmen cost me an hour, by coming to the house insteа of going to the Drogshuh (sluice-gate), so I employed the interme diate time while they were going around there, in writing note to P—— and P——, and sending them their letters an papers, a servant of each being in from them. After a long row through one of the numerous canals, I passed within a hundre yards of Ackbar's famous grove, and on to the Char-Chuna Island, where I landed. Two of the trees are standing; th summer-house is gone, and the water-wheel that supplied th fountains has perished like the rest. I picked up a piece of marbl for myself, and some plane-tree balls for romanticly dispose friends.

Then to the Shalimar Gardens, so famous in Lalla Rookh They are at the far end of the lake, and the approach is througl a long, narrow canal. A few steps from the boat takes the visito to the outer gate. There are three, each forming a small pavilion. Through a large open space between the two parts of the pavilions, like a gateway, flowed a succession of fountains, com mencing at the large pavilion. The place is now dry, and being well paved forms a good walk.

These pavilions are each about two hundred feet apart. In front of the principal one is a large fountain, with walls five feet high. In the centre of this, and connecting by a marble



ished by the Author.



ketched by the Author.

CHAR CHUNAR ISLAND, CASHMERE.

See

bridge with the pavilion, is a raised floor or platform, evidently arranged for a seat of state, or throne.

This last and principal pavilion has a portico surrounding it, supported by beautiful pillars of black marble, highly polished, with very heavy capitals. The base on which the pavilion is erected, is also of black marble, polished. The building is surrounded on three sides by a basin for water, with a hundred and twenty jets. The structure is of one story about fifty feet front by forty deep, and divided into a large hall, and two side apartments shut off by a lattice screen of marble.

A fine avenue of plane trees leads to the pavilion—many of the trunks measuring from twelve to fifteen feet in circumference. There is nothing very attractive about the place, nor can it compare with the Nishad-Bagh for beauty of situation: the principal elements of beauty are due to the hand of man, and the imaginative to the halo of enchantment with which Moore, by the charm of his wonderful poesy, has encircled the vale of Cashmere. All this will doubtless conflict with the pre-conceived views and air-castles of this beautiful valley, and especially with

"His magnificent Shalimar;"

But Moore wrote his description in England, without seeing Cashmere, and probably without seeing any one who ever had been there, borrowing his descriptions from Bernier, who saw it under some of its most favorable auspices, the Emperor Aurungzebe, the last of the Moguls: and what he did not see he received from tradition, told in native hyperbolic style of description, commensurate with their exaggerated respect for the great Emperors: and Moore, with all the privilege of poetic licence wrought it up as only his beautiful poesy was capable of; while I, a humble matter-of-fact traveller, give "a plain unvarnished tale" of what I saw, written and sketched on the very spot, and under the very roof where

"The imperial Selim held a feast
In his magnificent Shalimar."

Moore's description of the scenery, and all that nature contribute are perfect, and poetry ceases to lend a charm when nature h furnished the perfections of loveliness. But where nature stoppe Moore's poetic dream took up its lay.

But to continue the practical. Back of the Shalimar, I sa a heavy curious flour mill, worked by an overshot wheel; th paddlers or arms about as wide as carriage spokes, and arrange in the same way. This turned a beam, to which were fastene two other spokes; one on either side. As they revolved, the alternately raised the handles of two heavy hammers whic pounded the grain, taking about a week to *grind* a barrel o flour.

Down the lake passed the Nishad-Bagh, to the foot of the hil where stands the Purvi Mahal—an old Mussulmaun College— which presents a fine appearance, as it stands on the brow o the terraced hill. I contented myself with a view from the boa as there is nothing more to be seen after all the trouble of climb ing up. I continued on to the foot of the Tukht-i-Suliman, an across to an old Hindoo temple in a tank, called the Pandritan On reaching my bungalow, I learned from P———'s servant h would be in from his camp in an hour; so I delayed dinner, an sent him my salaam. In a short time he came in, apologizin for his shooting clothes, and thus we both had a very respectabl New-Year's dinner, instead of he alone in his tent, and I in th bungalow. He had had better luck than P——— and I he had killed two barasingh, an ibex, and two bears; but ha been living in the snow, and he is one of the best shots in India

Last spring he had a very narrow escape from an avalanche He and the surgeon of his regiment, Dr. R———, were ou shooting on some of the snow ranges, when avalanches were con stantly coming down on all sides. He had given up the shoot ing there, as too dangerous, when his friend persuaded him t go once more, and while out that day, and they were sitting o a cliff looking at some ibex, they heard a crash,—on looking up they saw the top of the mountain coming down with frightful

velocity. P—— sprang up, and exclaimed to his friend, and the three chicarries who were with them, "Come along!" and rushed along the cliff as fast as possible. In a minute he reached a cleft in the rock eight or nine feet wide, and extending down hundreds of feet—a fearful chasm to leap, but his only chance; and without stopping to look, he took it and landed safely on the other side, although three feet higher than the place he sprang from—such are his great activity and strength. He said he never saw his friend or the hunters after he started; whether they were horrified at the danger, or when they reached the chasm, were afraid to leap, he did not know.

The Dr. fancying from these frequent avalanches some accident might happen to him, had written his will in his journal only two days before.

Jan. 2.—P—— and I went to the baths this morning to try them; and the way they manage the thing in Kashmír, having sent word last night that we were coming, and to have the place cleaned for us. We found it a dark dismal hole, where we got awful manipulations, poundings, and disjointings—quite excruciating, which we endured with Spartan fortitude, being determined to "see the thing out," though each occasionally emitted a groan, which the other laughed at—though we both believe the rascals, thinking we were novices, put us in all the pain they could to see our grimaces.

While we were at breakfast, Mookti-Shah came in with my things. P——pronounced the shawl one of the most beautiful patterns he had ever seen; besides, it was an entirely new pattern of which there were only two others like it, and they made at the same time—the chogar of white pushmena, the chuddars, and scarfs, besides a very pretty dressing-gown for myself, all of pushmena. P—— is considered an excellent judge in these matters, from being so much here for three years past, and going with friends so frequently to the shops and manufactories, besides lounging in them when nothing else to do, for

they are always glad to see Europeans, feeling their visit a compliment, so that he knows the stocks of the people almost as we as they do themselves.

Mookti-Shah then packed them up in several cloths, and sewe them up in double wrappers of oil cloth—I hope they will g safe. We then went to the sealman's and got the seals.

We continued on to Safa-la-Baba's shawl establishment, wher I saw four very pretty shawls he is making for Lady Gomn the wife of the Commander-in-chief, for 600 rupees each, an several others very handsome; also a beautiful small one h offers for 250 rupees, which is much below the price—don to induce P——— to bring his friends as now he always tak them to Mookti-Shah's, and this man wishes to get a celebrit P——— is persuading me to buy it as the cheapest one he ha seen in Cashmere. Though I don't quite like the style of manu facture, the pattern is beautiful; but the work is embroidere with a needle after it is made—a new fashion that is being intro duced, and less beautiful than the woven fabrics. To-morrow he is to bring it to me pressed, that I may see it to better advan tage; now it is rough from having just been made, an washed.

The great beauty I find in their shawls, and what makes them so expensive, is not only the softness, but closeness of the work Shawls may be soft, but of loose and flimsy texture; while th better ones are almost stiff from the closeness of the work. From there being so much more work in them, they are very muc more expensive, though the others may be softer; and in tha way people are deceived as to the value. When I was goin home he offered me his horse, as P——— had his own, and had come in the boat. The horse was very good, but the saddl and housings, "awful swell" of crimson pushmena, embroidere needlework, silver, shells, and all sorts of ornaments.

Jan. 3d.—This morning, I went down early in my boat to th city for a sketch from the river of the bridges, river and houses

also to finish one I had commenced of the Shaam-Dam mosque, built of deodar cedar.

The interior is very prettily painted and inlaid with colored woods. I saw some pretty Hindoo women, who are easily recognised by their red woollen frocks or gowns. Many of the children, both Hindoo and Cashmerean, have beautiful and aristocratic faces. The women have a composite face of Greek, Jew, and Indian; many with the low forehead and Grecian features. The men have much the same style of face as the women. On my way down I saw many men bathing in the river, a rather objectionable performance, I should think, with the thermometer six or eight degrees below freezing, though P—— says he has always done it until within a few days past, when it made him sick.

Going in the bazaar, I saw some men from Ladâk, the northern part of Thibet—about ten days march from Islamabad—where I should go, but for the deep snow. The men are almost white, and wear long hair, while the Cashmereans are sallow or very light mulatto, except a few of the lowest class, who are nearly black. Either they are a different caste, or else low caste Bengalees; but they are quite distinct, both in color and feature.

At home to pack up. This afternoon Safa-la-Baba brought the shawl, which looked so handsome when pressed, that I bought it, thinking you might like it, as so different from the style of those you have, and I had it packed up in various cloths.

The Maharajah and his agents keep watch of every shawl that is made, to get the thirty-three per cent. tax; and as soon as finished, the shawl is shown to them, and the Maharajah's name marked in thread in one corner—the curious scrawl you always see in a corner of all Cashmere shawls!

Then P—— and I took our farewell dinner. I bid him good-bye—but that everlasting procrastination in the East, my "help," had not got all my things ready, so I patiently waited. P—— says when a man dies and leaves a widow, it is cus-

sidered very disgraceful if his brother does not marry her in preference to any other person.

My bearer has just come in, with a long face and "Kodaun Sahib" (Sir Prince), "the kitmagar has cut up my water rope, that I paid eight annas for." So I said I would make the kitmagar give him a new one, and blow him up. He folded his hands, and after repeated "ha, Sahibs" (their only style of saying thank you), said, "I will follow your excellency to the end of the world, and I will pray to God Almighty that you may die a lord." God is first in their ideas, under whatever name they worship him—God, Allah, or Brahma, and a lord is next—an odd mixture of the spiritual and worldly.

P——— intends going to Ladâk in a few weeks, if the weather continues mild, and then in disguise penetrate into Thibet, a forbidden country to the English. They don't quite cut your throat, as in Afghanistan, but they put you in prison to while away your time, as they did ten or fifteen years ago an English officer, who has since inherited an estate in England of between £10,000 and £20,000 a-year, and yet cannot get out of Thibet to go home and enjoy it. Sometimes they only subject you to the inconvenience of retracing your steps, or perhaps imprison you until it suits their convenience to send you away. P——— understands Hindostanee admirably, and Cashmeree very well, as one of them found out a day or two ago, when he made some infamous remark about P———, who gave him "Harriet Beecher Stowe." He is a tremendous big fellow, though only twenty-two. Six feet one or two, and splendidly set up; and yet the smallest of a family of five brothers. You can, *perhaps*, imagine what the others are. He regularly walks the Cashmerean chicarries off their feet—and such a jolly nice fellow!

P——— says in conversing with some people from Ladâk, they speak of a wild animal with one horn in the forehead, which he thinks must be the unicorn of Scripture, and has proposed to government to take the risk of the journey, if they will pay his travelling expenses. They refuse!

And now, having seen Kashmír and all its sights, even though at this most unfavorable season of the year, yet I have been singularly fortunate in finding it so mild, and the ground generally free from snow. The people are quite alarmed, and P—— says there will be a famine in the Punjaub next year, unless there is some snow to fill the rivers. P—— and P—— both say that beautiful as the country is in winter, it is still more lovely in summer, when the trees are in foliage, and the valley almost a mass of roses and other flowers, teeming with every variety of luxuriant vegetation.

I leave the country quite satisfied with what I have seen, faint as the realization of what it is in summer, when every spot from mountain to mountain again, is "bursting with heaped up plenty." The now muddy canals, then bright pellucid streams, the rough banks variegated with grass and wild flowers, and the noble trees that shade its banks luxuriant with varied foliage.

It is the environs of Kashmír that are so beautiful: the shaded walks, canals, lake, islands, gardens, the valley, and mountains, with their perpetual rosy-tinted snow—so refreshing a view when turning from the midsummer sun faint with the heat of the plain.

The city is much like all others in the East—filthy streets, and a mass of dilapidated mud or stone houses, new or old all together; and apropos of this, there is an absurd superstition that prevails throughout India, that when a man dies leaving a house unfinished, it is considered *bad luck to complete it* or have anything to do with it! So it is neither sold nor pulled down, but remains an unsightly object until it falls of its own accord.

The gardens and summer palaces that were formerly among the charms of the place, are now gone to ruin. The gardens are nearly a jungle, and, with the exception of the principal one in the Shalimar, the palaces are almost ruins—Goolaub Singh attending more to substantial realities in the way of filling his coffers, than creating, or even keeping in order, the artificial beauties of palaces, gardens, and fountains.

And now good-bye to Cashmere!!

Jan. 4th.—RIVER JHELUM.—This morning, when I thawed out of my cabin, I found, with current and rowing, we were half-way to Baramulla. I saw a great number of geese in the river, on the land, or wing—so, after breakfast, I engaged for the day a shooting-boat and two men, whom I saw paddling in a gunning "punt," for the enormous sum of three annas (nine cents). Having occasion to cross the river, I got in.

A more ticklish craft I've never seen—no washboards, a flat-bottomed scow, only eight inches deep, long and narrow; as it floated, the gunwales were only two or three inches above the water, when on a level keel. From the centre to the bow of the boat, was trained a long gun-barrel, old, rusty, and patched, with a matchlock. The barrel was at least seven feet long, and must have carried an enormous charge. The geese were very wild. I fired several shots at them, with my rifle, from 250 to 300 yards—the nearest I could get.

We soon reached the Waller lake, when I paddled off in the shooting-boat to look at the ruins of the old Bhuddist temple, on an island at its entrance. Then on into the continuation of the Jhelum, which took several hours. At dusk I waded through a morass for a shot at some geese; but they were too wild, even at this hour. I've just heard a gun, so I suppose some native has run against a goose, for they never fire unless the gun almost touches the bird.

To-day I saw one of these boats work up to a flock of ducks; each has a paddle, as large at the end as the head of a small keg, and looking very much like one. They worked up until within 120 yards, when the head man laid down and trained the gun, while the other, leaning forward out of sight, used his hands as paddles. They did not fire, though they had a beautiful chance.

Jan. 5th.—NOWSHERA.—I reached Baramulla just before day-light. After sending, I went myself to the cutwal, and the thanadar soon followed. After being delayed until half-past ten, I got my eight additional Coolies, whom I despatched with

the kitmagar and traps, while I waited an hour more for a horse. Part of the time I spent in sketching the pretty face of my boatman's daughter, who was so modest she never looked the same way two seconds.

The horse arrived; so, saddling him with my cloak and plaid, I mounted, and left the legs to take care of themselves, and reached this place just at sunset. Gave the kitmagar the room that had the fire-place, to cook in, while I depended upon a hot stone in the cold room, preferring it to the smoke of the other.

I've just pushed aside the curtain separating the two rooms, to speak to the kitmagar; I found him asleep, and my to-morrow's breakfast being cooked by two dirty Coolies—a prospect *not altogether agreeable*, although travel has made me familiar with dirt.

Jan. 6th.—URI.—This morning I was woke at daylight, and had the disagreeable news that my Coolies had all run away. So I sent to the thanadar for more. My servant not liking to awake the *great man*, I went to the fort myself, and had some Sepoys sent out after Coolies. Yesterday my sympathies were awakened by seeing the Sepoys try to force some Coolies to take my things, and throw down their own loads in the road. But as they are all such a precious set of vagabonds, I don't care much what the Sepoys do to them, nor did I inquire how my complement was made up.

I stopped on the road to finish my sketch of the old Bhuddist temple. The sides of the enclosure wall are full of cells, with the trefoil arch over each entrance. I arrived here at four, and delay my sketch until to-morrow.

Jan. 7th.—This morning I started my Coolies off with one of the servants, while I took the other, the horse, and a Cooly, and sketched the suspension bridge.

Leaving all but the Cooly at the fort, I descended three or four hundred feet to the bridge, which is a braided rope, made from twisted twigs. It consists of three parts—a place about

eight inches wide to walk upon, and two twisted-twig rails, one on either side. They are about three and a half feet above the foot-piece, and at every ten feet small wooden bars or bannisters connect the rail with the foot part.

The Jhelum, or Hydaspes, is here about a hundred yards wide—a rapid, rushing, foaming torrent. The bridge is secured on either bank about sixty feet above the water's edge, and in the centre, the arc of the circle is so great, it is only about eight feet above the water. I asked the Cooly to cross, intending to follow; but he was afraid, and as my head turns at times, I did not like to venture alone.

I went below and sketched it. While there, I saw a man cross with a sheep on his shoulder; he walked carelessly along, the bridge vibrating very much, and yielding at every step. Then I went on after my people, descending into a small valley beyond the fort, and then up and down hills and over ravines, reaching here about nine this evening—the distance some fifteen miles.

On the way I saw a *basket on a rope* cross the Jhelum, the banks being nearly 200 feet above the river. At about two-thirds of the journey to-day I passed my men, then sat down to rest; when the first men overtook me, I heard that three of my Coolies had thrown down the luggage and run off. I hurried back, and found it too true. The bearer was in full pursuit of them, but without success, as a lot of women had hid them in some huts. I felt much disposed to revenge myself on them by setting fire to one of the huts, or pressing some of the women into the service, and making them head the procession until the Coolies were produced. However, we managed to get the things on the horse, and off we started again.

About half way to this place, I got three other Coolies. This is a village in name, consisting of only three houses. My tent is pitched, and with plenty of *straw carpeting*, I hope to be comfortable, though I am feeling feverish, but with light dinner, tea, and a good night's sleep I hope to be all right by to-morrow.



Sketched by the Author.

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE JHELUM AT URI, CASHMERE

The road has been along the banks of the Jhelum all day, much of the time on its verge, which descends perpendicularly from 200 to 400 feet. On the opposite side it is nearly the same. The river is so narrow, it seems like an immense chasm. This evening I stood for some minutes in front of my tent, gazing on the Jhelum as it rushed foaming and chafing by.

I've just suspended my rifle to one of the tent poles, my portfolio and the shawls to the ridge pole, for fear the mice in the straw may fancy them, or light-fingered gentry peep under the tent. These valuables are over my head. I hope they will not be disturbed, as I might suffer considerable inconvenience therefrom.

Jan. 8th, HUTTEA, 15 miles.—Another late start this morning. The bearer was up by daylight to see the thanadar who lives *six* miles off, and then Coolies had to be looked up. They had not gone a hundred yards with their loads, when as I was mounting my donkey, I heard a cry of a "Cooly run away." I had to get another. The road, or path, was very narrow, and several very deep ravines that made bad crossing.

I reached this place a few minutes before sundown, when I pitched my tent. There are only about a dozen houses. Three miles from Chakote, on the opposite bank, passed a fort named Kila. I also saw a wedding possession which was preceded by a drum. The people denied having any chickens, which I wanted for dinner. I at last discovered two, and set some of my people to catch them. The owner was discovered—an old hag, who, by way of revenge, though I paid her double their value, took up a position in front of my tent door and howled until I threatened to have her taken to the river and ducked if she did not clear out altogether. This threat succeeded in starting her. I find I was near having a private conflagration in my tent last night, the hot stone having burnt through the sheet, blanket, and bed, without my being aware of it until this evening.

Jan. 9th, MAIRA, 18 miles.—This morning as usual detained

for Coolies. We left the Jhelum, and in four hours ascended to Chikar, where is a fort. Although I had sent a servant ahead to ask for Coolies, I was obliged to wait an hour and a half more, as all my other Coolies refused to go any further, though all were very lightly loaded.

Leaving Chikar, descended into a valley and then rose a hill about 2000 feet high, the summit commanding a magnificent view; we then descended to this place, consisting of half a dozen houses.

All day I have been enjoying the luxury of a horse, saddle, and stirrups, the saddle with a horn in front five inches high. The only use I could apply it to was to crack some nuts on it. Arriving here, the cutwal only half supplied my wants. When I requested more and produced the Maharajah's purwaner, as my authority, he coolly walked off home, as I found a few minutes afterwards. Now a hungry traveller can't dine, with less than some soup, a roast or a grill, and some dessert,: and I started off with a Cooly, and my big cane to look the "gent" up. Finding he lived too far, I made known my wants to some of the villagers, who pretended not to understand, and indulged in some witticisms at my expense, as I judged from seeing my Cooly enjoying a quiet laugh. So I eked out my Hindoostanee with my cane, which produced instant civility, and a comprehension of my wants.

In very few minutes a pair of chickens and some eggs were produced. As soon as I got into my tent, I heard the Cooly relating, with much glee, to the servants and the Coolies, all the proceedings, which they seemed to enjoy highly.

To-morrow I shall have to assert the dignity of the Maharajah and myself, by pulling the cutwal's beard, and giving him a drubbing—for pardoning insolence is never appreciated here, but looked upon as meanness or cowardice, though the man may escape a flogging by it.

As we are encamped in very open ground, there is a great preparation against robbers, everything being packed in my tent

so that, however insecure it may be against being entered, it will take a quarter of an hour to get out. And then by way of sleeping comfortably, the servants have made their straw beds against the front of the tent.

Jan. 10*th*, DUNNA, 10 miles.—Though we were all moving at daylight, and ready for an early start, I had to wait three hours for Coolies, which was endured with native philosophy, and consolatory thought, that I should probably reach Rawul Pindee some time this week, or the next, and if not until the week after—why better yet. Enshallah! so took my rifle and had a little practice at target shooting.

The cutwal did not make his appearance, knowing what he deserved, and fearing he might get it. While waiting for the Coolies, my bearer went to secure the horses I had yesterday, and shouted out to me the boys were taking them away. So going up to the place I found they were nearly ready for a "stampede." However, I stopped that, and, after various other difficulties, at last we got off.

I descended to a deep valley, and crossed by a ferry the Ugga Muddur river; then rose about 3000 feet in five miles to Dumma, where we arrived at two o'clock. After waiting three hours in vain for Coolies I had the tent pitched. There is a fort here with square towers, and portal built of mud. The thanadar is off, and the cutwal is out shooting.

Jan. 11*th*, DEWAL, 17 miles.—After our usual delay for Coolies we got off at half-past eight, with a Sepoy to guard the Coolies, and prevent their running away. The path was a very rough one. We continued to ascend for some time, and then winding along the edge of hills descended to the Jhelum at Kwaollie ferry, a distance of seven miles. Here the river is from sixty to seventy yards wide. We crossed in a large scow, rowed with one oar by two men, and two steered by another, both made after the fashion of Polyphemus' club, from the trunk of a pine tree, hewn down to a sort of blade.

Then, with the exception of our descent crossing the Rawur Muddur, it was one continual ascent to this place. Half way we passed a great number of scattered houses at a place called Bogree. Here is a fort. I found the thanadar very civil. The Jhelum is visible about two miles distant, meandering through the narrow valley. On a high hill opposite is another mud fort, and a number of houses. On the right of this place, on the opposite side of a deep valley, is another village. This has quite a large scattered population.

I saw a party escorting a bride to her new abode. She was dressed in white, with a bundle on her head. The entire country through which I have come to-day, is terraced from the valley to the summits of the mountains, and apparently fertile,—but the population very inadequate to its wants.

The scenery, everywhere fine, has been magnificent to-day. The natives appear to grow a large quantity of Indian corn, and a coarse kind of radish; the two forming the principal food of the working class. I have been obliged to take to a donkey again, with my cloak for a saddle, and my legs practising pendulum work. It is just ten o'clock, and my efficient domestics having brought me the soup, I'll not delay the dinner any longer, so bon nuit.

Jan. 12th, MURREE.—I am happy to say I am once more on English territory, and I believe beyond all further annoyance from Coolies and village authorities. To-day, delayed as usual for Coolies, then starting on a donkey, my kitmagar ditto; our road was a narrow rough path with continued ascent to this place. I passed through a forest whose familiar trees—firs, pines, oaks, and shrubs, strongly reminded me of the United States. The valley looked beautiful, and very productive. England made a terrible and cruel mistake when she sold Cashmere, with a climate for almost every product except the especially tropical fruits. It produces sugar-cane, olives, and plantains, of the south; and the more northern fruits and grains, wheat, corn, apples,

peaches, pears,—and grapes from which a tolerable wine is made.

The forest trees are of the finest description, gigantic deodar cedars, walnuts, etc. To-day I've seen a species of holly and a number of daffodils in bloom. This place is a resort of the officers stationed at Rawul Pindee about forty miles south, a new station formed by Sir Charles Napier after the last Punjaub war, to watch Goolaub Singh.

There are numerous bungalows here, finished, finishing, and building. But as yet no travellers' bungalow, so I resort to my tent again. It is very cold, and in addition to my foot-stone, I am compelled to have one for my lap to keep my fingers warm enough to hold my pen, while I try and finish some letters to send off from Rawul Pindee.

Jan. 13*th*, Trait, 13 miles.—I am lodged in a tolerable bungalow to-night, and having had a comfortable dinner, I am trying to enjoy myself before a fine fire, getting here in a precious bad humor, from having been obliged to walk the entire distance, when I had a lame leg. The road is a continual descent all the way. It is good for riding or driving. The place is very prettily situated.

To-morrow I shall push through to Rawul Pindee, and let my people follow in two marches. I have succeeded in obtaining a lean horse, and a donkey, with Coolies for my luggage. One of these pleaded sickness, but I pulled out my hunting-knife and a cork-screw, and proposed making an incision in his arm, and removing a piece, as an admirable specific; whereupon he discovered he was very much better, and would soon be quite well again.

Jan. 14*th*, Rawul Pindee, 27 miles.—I started at half-past seven this morning, and my people too. I *only* had to pummel the horseman and thanadar for refusing to give me a saddle after they had promised it with their horse, and a little "Uncle Tom" besides, for keeping me waiting while they went after it.

The road, the first third of the way, half path, half native cart road. The country is rather wild and pretty. I passed several small tents of engineers superintending some bridges and new road, then some small villages, and so on into the flat country of the Punjaub, reaching this place at half-past three. Rawul Pindee is only a medium native town, though much improved since the English made the place a station. It is not visible until you have approached within two miles. The cantonments are nearly a mile beyond.

I rode up to the mess-house and found where Capt. C——— lived. I heard he had gone out for a drive, and was puzzled to decide whether to stop here or at another officer's, P——— had given me a letter to. However, I decided to stop here, and had only just dismounted, when an officer of his regiment came in, and finding C——— out, and me alone, he took me over to the mess-house to lunch.

On our return C——— came in. P———, with his usual forgetfulness, had not sent the introduction by mail as he said he should; luckily he had given me a letter of introduction, or I should have felt very awkward. C——— was glad to see me, and had written me a note which was with my dhooly at a station nearer Peshawur, the way he thought I would come by, to ask me to make him a visit. This evening dined with the mess of his regiment, the 87th Royal Irish, where I made a number of acquaintances, and had a very pleasant time.

Jan. 15th.—This morning breakfasted at Capt. C———'s, a brother officer of C———'s; they live nearly opposite each other, and, for companionship, breakfast alternately at each other's houses.

After breakfast C——— and I went to church. Then drove to the camp of Col. B———, C.B., 32d (Queen's), to whom I had a letter of introduction from his cousin M———, of 15th Hussars, Bangalore. I found him a very jolly old fellow. He and his regiment are marching down country from Peshawur

As he (of course) will not be at Peshawur, he gave me two letters, one to Major E——, C.B., the Commissioner, and another to the Deputy Commissioner at Peshawur, the two "burra sahibs" (great men) of the place.

In the afternoon we took a short ride, and on our return we dined at C——'s, where we met Col. B——, and several other officers, and had a delightful time. My servants came in this evening.

Jan. 16*th*, HASSAN ABDUL.—Paid off, and got rid of all my Coolies; packed up, and sending my servant off for Lahore, and to meet me at Delhi, while I start for Peshawur. I came on by mail-cart to this place with my luggage,—and such a drive I've never taken, and hope not to do again. The mail-cart is a vehicle on two wheels, without springs; a box to put the mail in, and on the top two seats, back to back. I sat on the rear one; we had balking horses at every stage, requiring to be pushed both up and down hill. As for the gullies, as we approached them, the driver gave an extra cut with his cudgel, and they were "taken flying," nearly smashing my head to a jelly. Sometimes the horses reared, and they reared so high, we rather feared they would fall backwards. But to crown all, we got within 200 yards of the bungalow, when horses and cart all upset—I luckily managed to land safely, when we got righted. No one was injured, though the driver and syce were somewhat jammed. After getting dinner at the bungalow, I was off in my dhooly.

Jan. 17*th*, NOWSHERA.—This morning I reached Attock at half-past eight; we came precious slow. The last lot of bearers, I found on waking up, had dropped me, and were enjoying a fire they had kindled, while the dhooly and I rested on the road. So I quoted "Uncle Tom" with my hunting-whip, for their having, by delays, disarranged all my plans. The road was horribly dusty, and bearers very bad—yoking themselves by

a cross-piece to the pole, instead of carrying it on their shoulders, like the other bearers. The consequence, an awful jolting, and an occasional jar, for by a slip the dhooly would drop on the ground. I passed a large number of baggage waggons and soldiers, going down to Rawul Pindee.

Attock is situated on a bend of the Indus, which is very wide above the town, but I will give a more particular description when I return. Then I shall stop and see it,—now I must hasten on, or I may lose my dâk. I came slowly on to this place, where there is a temporary force. Near here, the hill people come down in parties at night, and steal, often stopping travellers.

Jan. 18*th*, PESHAWUR.—I got here this morning at four, and not finding a dâk bungalow, I went to the Post Office, where, after putting my two carpet bags under charge of the Sepoy, and my dhooly under his eyes, I pulled down the curtains, and finished my nap; for owing to the various delays at places on the road, and last night, I have got here about ten hours later than I expected. Besides the roads are very unsafe at night; all last night I had a siwar guard, and with that, my arms and luck, I trusted to get through safely, and did luckily, without occasion for any of my safeguards; and as the siwar guard was by the side of the dhooly I went to sleep, knowing he would stick by me, and I should be awoke. Now I find I passed through all the bad part of the road before taking the siwar. On waking up at seven, I found that Capt. S——— was the officer who had charge of the Post Office, and that I had been sleeping before his door.

Now a word on appointments, which you probably do not understand. The service is divided into civil and military, who are or are not educated at home, in colleges for the purpose, according to circumstances. The civilians are termed covenanted and uncovenanted. The former are so termed from being appointed by friends or family in the Board of Directors

in England, and are usually educated at Halebury College. They come out at about nineteen, and are collectors of moneys, taxes, etc., deputies and assistants, according to ability and service. If lucky, they rise to judgeships, secretaries of state, councils of the presidencies, presidents at the courts of the native princes, supreme council, and Lieutenant-Governor of the north-west provinces, with salaries varying from 400 rupees ($200) a month, to £10,000 ($50,000) a year; and I believe the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces receives £12,000.

The uncovenanted are those who receive pay while doing duty, but can get no leave of absence without losing their position, and receive no pension when they retire from the country; while the covenanted civilians get sick leave to go to the "Cape," or England, and if compelled to retire after ten years of service, are allowed a certain pension, and after thirty-five years a very large pension. Always after ten years service they are allowed six months to prepare to leave the country, and two years' absence without losing their position or pay.

The military come out as cadets, from sixteen to twenty; often they are educated at Addiscombe; and if to go in the artillery or engineers, it is absolutely indispensable. Besides, when they get here, those who have ambition, qualify themselves in Hindoostanee and Persian, and by passing the examination, may be appointed interpreters, as they are called, for their regiment, and receive additional pay; or by cleverness get on the staff, which brings extra pay; or adjutant of his regiment, or luckier still, get a civil appointment, which carries with the civil pay the regimental pay, and promotion from time to time. Perhaps sometimes they get put in an irregular cavalry regiment, where the pay is high, sometimes postmasters, etc. There are a great variety of offices—an ambitious, clever, hard-working man may get if he works—and comes to India to do otherwise than merely drag along. Many get so in debt by horse-racing, or gambling, that they are obliged to borrow money of the banks. To do that, they must insure their lives, and the rates of interest

being high, it altogether makes about twenty per cent. on the sum borrowed, and they are thus prevented leaving the country.

A few years ago one of the banks broke, and there was great rejoicing, for lots of these fellows were released and able to go to England, when, otherwise, they would have lived and died in India.

But to return to my subject. I sent in my card, and Capt. S——— came out and welcomed me. Showing me my room, I proceeded to make myself respectable after my late dusting, for face and clothes were of an indescribable hue. Capt. and Mrs. S——— went out for their morning ride: at breakfast I was presented to her and was charmed. She has evidently been very pretty, but suffered in health from the Indian climate. She has the face and manners of E——— R———, whom we all think so lovely.

The climate of India, I find, affects women much more than men who are prudent, as they are prevented from taking exercise by the heat, while the men must take the exercise in performing the duties of their service. Ladies are obliged to go home every six or seven years to recruit. Mrs. S——— has been here eight, and is going home in a few months.

A letter from my banker at Calcutta informs me my boxes have been shipped for New York. I also had a letter from F———, at Lahore, who writes for me to hurry back, as "pig-sticking" has commenced, and he'll furnish me with a "mount" and spears.

In hunting the boar, here they go on the ground well mounted, and armed with a boar-spear with reed handle about nine feet long; the spear head is light and sharp. The brute is then beat out of the jungle by the natives, and the moment he is seen all put after him at full speed, and the man who can fix the pig with his spear behind the shoulder first is best fellow. Sometimes he stands at bay, then he is dangerous; but with a well-trained, bold horse, and steady hand, there is not much danger, as you ward off his attack by a thrust in front in his shoulder, and the

Arab horse appears to understand by instinct that this is his time to get out of the way. They are usually very careless and slouchy in their gait. But after a gallop their eyes sparkle, and they seem to have woke up. In hunting they are wondrous quick on their feet, and will wheel almost as if on a pivot if necessary, even when going at full gallop. They are most lovable animals.

After breakfast this morning, while I was sitting alone in the parlor, an officer of between forty and fifty (a Col. D———) entered, we bowed, and after a few minutes conversation about India, travelling, etc., he said, "I believe you are from America." I told him I was. "Well-ll I've lately received a letter from a lawyer near Fredericksburg, in Virginia, in which he says my brother and I have inherited an estate with some slaves, and he wants me to sign a power of attorney for him to act for me. Do you know what the land and slaves are worth?" I told him, although from New York, a free state, yet I had many southern friends and acquaintances, and from hearing them speak of the prices of slaves, I could give him a general idea if he could tell me their age, sex, ability, and capacity for particular work; but I suppose you mean to free them, perhaps send them to Liberia, as a ship leaves Baltimore, a neighboring city, several times a year for this free settlement of blacks. "No, no, I think I shall sell them, they will be *so much happier* in the country where they have always lived."

Having seen two copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" lying on the table (as Capt. S——— has the circulating library of the regiment at his house), I thought I would have a little fun. So I said, "Perhaps you are not aware of what a shocking system slavery in the United States is, and how repulsive to every sentiment of religion and humanity. You have been many years in India, and perhaps have never heard of all the atrocities committed on the poor slaves. If you will read a book lately written by Mrs. Stowe called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' of which I see there are one or two copies belonging to the regimental library, you

will probably change your mind on the subject of selling them." "No, I don't care to read the book, for I've made up my mind to sell them, they will be happier, and I would like to have the money." I argued in favor of freeing them, citing the Duchess of Sutherland, and talked of "shades of Wilberforce," while he argued in favor of selling them for *their* happiness and *his* money, for a few minutes longer, until I had carried the joke far enough to find an Englishman's sympathy for slaves very disinterested *as long* as it does not affect *his own pocket*. So he gave me the description of the land and slaves, Sam, Juno, etc., and I told him their value as well as I could by guess.

Notwithstanding all the pretended sympathy of the English in England, and some few in India, for slaves, the English in India, as a general rule, have very much the same idea, as to the natives, that we have as to negroes; and like all people who feel they wont be likely to be held accountable for their acts, they strike and kick the natives whenever it suits them. The kicking sometimes gets them into difficulty, as the native is so subject to spleen, which kicking brings on and kills.

I have been breakfasting with an officer and his wife when I've seen the officer spring up from table and strike the "child-man" (as the man-nurse is called), half a dozen hard blows with his fist, and kick him before us both, because the man, in playing with the child, happened to make him cry.

An officer told me, that at the fairs at Hurdwar slaves were bought and sold every year—only it is done quietly. *I know* that there are great numbers within a hundred miles of Calcutta, who belong to the soil, and are bought and sold with it. On the Malabar Coast in Southern India, there are great numbers of slaves.

While staying at the house of a Judge in Southern India, some ladies and gentlemen were deprecating slavery in the United States in the usual sympathetic style, and lauding England's disinterestedness and nobleness in freeing the slaves in Jamaica, etc., when the Judge interrupted them with saying, it was all stuff about England's disinterestedness; that she did so when *it*

suited her purposes, but that there were plenty of places in India where slavery existed, and that too with the full knowledge of government, and *he, as a judge, had often made out orders for the sale of slaves.*

After the slave-dealing Colonel had left, Lieutenant M——— of S———'s regiment came in, a very nice fellow. As S——— is overwhelmed with business, being on the staff, M——— has offered to show me the town to-morrow.

This afternoon Captain, Mrs. S———, and I, took a long walk, the buggy and S———'s horse following. We were soon joined by Major W———, of the artillery, a great friend of the Captain and Mrs. S———'s. Mrs. S——— getting tired walking, I drove her in the buggy, while S——— and Major W——— went off for a gallop.

Jan. 19*th.*—Captain and Mrs. S——— took their usual gallop this morning. I preferred remaining at home—the pressure against the saddle paining my lame leg, though I can walk half a dozen miles without inconvenience. Had a number of morning visitors (Mrs. S——— being a great favorite); among them a Lieutenant R———, of the artillery, son of General R———, to whom I have a letter of introduction from his cousin M———, of the 15th Hussars, Bangalore. He says his father has lately gone to England.

S——— went with me to call on Major Edwards, and present my letter from Colonel B———, of the 32d Queen's. He is the Commissioner of all this part of the country, and was appointed in the place of Colonel Mackinson, who was assassinated some months since. He is a young man for the position, but is very prominent, for he has always, under the trying circumstances he has from time to time been placed, shown fine abilities. The Deputy Commissioner, to whom I also have a letter, is out at the camp near the Kohaut Pass, which is closed at present, there being some difficulty with the hill people. So I shall not be able to see it, as I hoped.

Returning to S———'s, finding M———, we rode down to the city, which is a mile and a half distant. The principal streets are wide, but the weather being cold, the people did not "shine out" as in warmer days. The houses are common-looking, and of mud and stone, whitewashed. The wares and merchandise are of all kinds, the furs and silks being the most curious. I saw no really valuable furs. I bought one piece of silk, for curiosity; it is from Bokhara. One side is glazed, like chintz. I saw them winding floss silk; the colors were principally red, purple, and yellow (the favorite Sikh colors) which were very brilliant.

The bazaar is an octagonal place, with the shops around the sides of the interior, the rest being open. I saw them pounding coloring matter in stone and wooden pots. The red is a mineral dye, but of what substance I cannot learn. I then went to the snuff-makers. They grow very good tobacco in Islamabad, and here it is manufactured into capital snuff. The boxes are round balls hollowed out, with an aperture for the snuff the size of a large quill.

We got some fruit for Mrs. S———. It comes from Cabul, in boxes or bales, packed in cotton, and these bales again in larger ones, the size of cotton bales, and brought by camels. The grapes are in boxes like fig-drums, each grape by itself, with layers of cotton and grapes alternately. The apples were fine, but not as highly flavored as ours. They also had dried apricots and figs.

This afternoon I received an invitation for dinner to-morrow evening, from Major and Mrs. Edwards, which I declined, Mr. S——— having previously accepted one for me elsewhere. M——— dined with us this evening.

Jan 20th.—Raining to-day. This morning reading the papers, the steamer having just arrived. To-day several visitors, and this evening a dinner-party at Major L———'s.

Jan. 21st.—Raining again. Received an invitation from Lieu-

tenant R——, for dinner at the artillery mess, for Monday evening. This afternoon, having cleared up, M—— called and drove me out. It being his night for duty, we went half round the station, visiting the outposts; then to hear the band. This evening to the mess dinner of the 9th Infantry, S—— and M——'s regiment. I was introduced to Colonel L——, the commanding officer. I met Colonel D——, and several others I knew. When we left for home, Colonel D—— and M—— were about starting on an inspection tour of the station, a circuit of six or seven miles, the night very cloudy and dark, with a chance of meeting a Khyber with his knife—a medium between a butcher's cleaver and a broadsword, and sharp as a razor, being carried in a wooden sheath, like all native weapons—besides a sharp ear for the sentries' challenges, or a chance of being shot by mistake.

This place is only about four miles from the Khyber Pass, so celebrated in the Afghanistan campaign. It is thronged with Afghans and Khybers, a murderous set; and so unsafe, no one dares go near it. They are obliged to keep in this station, and within a circuit of 100 miles, 30,000 troops, 500 always being on guard here. The cantonment is a mile from the city. There are several European and the native regiments.

A year ago, while a lady and gentleman were riding on horseback, they noticed two men, apparently praying, by the roadside, and as they were about to pass, the men sprung up and seized the horses, killed the officer, and robbing both, rode off with the horses, leaving the lady to walk home. The officers always have their buggies brought to the mess-house before dark, and wait there, as they are afraid, if they are brought after dark, prowling Khybers will take them away from the syces.

Horses are constantly cut out of the stables by the Khybers during the wet season, though a guard is stationed at the door. The stables are built of kutcha, or unburnt brick, which, as it absorbs much of the moisture, is easy to cut. The Khybers take advantage of this, and quietly cut a hole, large enough for the

horse to walk out of on the opposite side from the guard, and as the ground is wet and soft, the horse's tread is not heard. Every house has its guard, who makes his rounds every five minutes, armed with loaded gun, fixed bayonet, and sword:—thus in entering your own compound, you give notice to your guard, or you may be shot, or get a few inches of bayonet.

Jan. 22d.—Sunday; all of us to church, morning and afternoon: the sermons dull, and ladies plain. The church, at present, is in the masonic lodge, an *earthquake* having destroyed a new one they were building. This afternoon I drove Mrs. S——— around the cantonment. This evening, Major W——— dined with us.

Jan. 23d.—To-day cloudy. Major W——— sent an elephant, and S———, M———, and I went to see the "Tamara" (crowd, as they call it), some native festival, the name of which we could not learn. As we passed through the city, we saw great numbers of women and children on the low flat roofs, many with an affair which formed cap, robe, and screen for their faces. They were of white, and the screen a sort of hemstitch grating or openwork. These people, and the Afghans, are very jealous of their women.

Then out of the city at the opposite side, passing into the country, and going about three miles. The entire distance was through a crowd more or less dense. Arriving at the spot the crowd became greater, and extended over a larger space. Here were streets of pastry-cooks making bread, frying chipatties, sausages, and kibobs. There were also fruit and toy venders.

Horsemen were trying to spear an orange as they galloped past it at full speed; jugglers were climbing reed poles with chatties (earthen jars) on their heads; one balanced himself beautifully on the centre of his back, on a pole not much larger than my arm. There were thousands of people in all colors and costumes, and on every sort of animal, from a donkey and buf-

falo to an elephant. The latter are capital for a crowd, raising you above everything, while they move so carefully through, you never need feel afraid of any one being injured by them, however dense the crowd may be. You have rather an odd feeling at first, when they descend a steep hill, or cross a wide ditch by stepping over.

This afternoon M——— drove me out, and took me to the artillery mess. There were great numbers present, it being guest night. I knew many of them, and was introduced to many more; among them Colonel Halifax, of the 75th Queen's, which has just arrived here; he reminded me much of father in appearance. I had a very pleasant evening. It rained as we came home.

Jan. 24th.—Nothing new—been raining all day. This evening dined at Colonel B———'s. Not being able to go to Kohaut, I am waiting impatiently for a grand review, which is to take place on Thursday. Friday I am to dine at Major Edwards.

Jan. 25th.—This morning a daylight walk to see the cavalry parade, which I found, on getting on the spot, was prevented by the wet ground. After breakfast M——— called and drove me to Colonel L———'s. I saw him and Mrs. L———. They invited me to dine with them on Saturday, which I was obliged to decline. This afternoon M——— and I took a gallop to the city to see some Sikh sword-blades, but could not find any worth buying.

Last night there was quite a severe shock in the place from an earthquake. I had sat down to the table in my room to write a letter, and falling asleep, was awoke by some little birds fluttering against the window. Just then S——— came in, in his chogar, and startled me by saying, "I———, if you feel another one, you had better scuttle out of your dressing-room door, and Mrs. S———, the children, and I will escape out of her dressing-room door." On asking what was the matter, he told me they had felt the shock of an earthquake.

Jan. 26th.—It rained very hard all last night and to-day. The rain for several nights past, has made great change in the grain markets. The poor natives, with their low wages, feeling it very much; besides which, there are apprehensions of a famine next year. This evening Major W——— dined with us, a family festival, keeping the birthday of one of the children—a pretty little fellow of four.

After dinner S———, his wife, and W——— were sitting around the fire, talking about Mrs. S——— going to England with the children, and the expense (considerable of an item from this extreme northwest of the country, for a party of a lady, three children, and nurse—somewhere between $1,500 and $2,000—when it has to be saved out of a captain's pay). In the midst of the calculation, one of the children, who were clambering on and over an arm of the sofa, fell down. I was standing by the fire looking at the children, and saw the boy fall, and that it was only an ordinary tumble. As they started up in affright, supposing he had broken his neck, I exclaimed there's £50 saved. Finding the child was not injured, they all laughed at my calculating Yankeeism, as they termed it.

Yesterday an officer rode into his mess compound, and hooked his bridle to the post. After a few minutes he heard a horse's hoofs, and looked out of the window to see if his horse was standing quiet, when, to his amazement, he saw an Afghan going down the road as hard as he could on his own horse, that he had just stolen.

Jan. 27th.—Still raining. The houses here are all built of unburnt brick, and so absorb much of the water. Our house leaks badly, and so does every one in the place. This morning I received a note from Major E———, postponing their dinner party; the weather is so bad, and mud so deep, the roads are almost impassable. While at breakfast, an officer came in to report a native had been found about a third of a mile from the house, with his throat cut—S——— is brigade major.

Jan. 28th.—More rain; partially cleared up, and I got a momentary glimpse of the sun for the first time in three days. I've been amusing the children, making them a humming-top.

Jan. 29th.—Last night almost a deluge, besides thunder and lightning. The roads are very muddy, and the clay soil makes them so slippery, the natives can but just move light, and certainly not with a dhooly. For three days past the mail has come in soaked.

Yesterday we were all very much amused by a note from the Brigadier of the station, who in his old age has taken to himself a young wife, whose first move, as soon as possible, was to start for England. Hearing most of the directions were illegible from the wet state of the mail-bags, he wrote S—— to open any letter he suspected as his, and look for the signature "Chickey," as he expected a letter from his wife, who never signed her own name. We thought it a very appropriate designation considering the disparity of years.

Jan. 30th.—Another rainy night; the house so soaked, every room leaking, and some fairly afloat; parts of the best houses are constantly falling, and if the rain continues, they will all soon be down, and the people tenting. Our house is leaking so that last night I had to get up several times to move my bed. The houses are all slightly built, the station not having been occupied very long, and the officers, when they built, were quite uncertain how long they would be allowed to remain.

All the houses in the different stations are private property, and real estate is not very desirable property to hold, as in most instances the money for building is borrowed of a bank, at the rate of 12 to 15 per cent., besides the life insurance, which increases it to nearly 25. I offered Mrs. S—— last night my life preserver, in case the water got very deep in her room.

I have been trying in vain to find out something of the history of Peshawur, but people here know much more of parades, drills,

kutcherry proceedings, and of such like, than of Indian history. If there had been an American missionary here, he would have told me all about it. It is very ancient, and for centuries was "picked and pulled" by the contending powers.

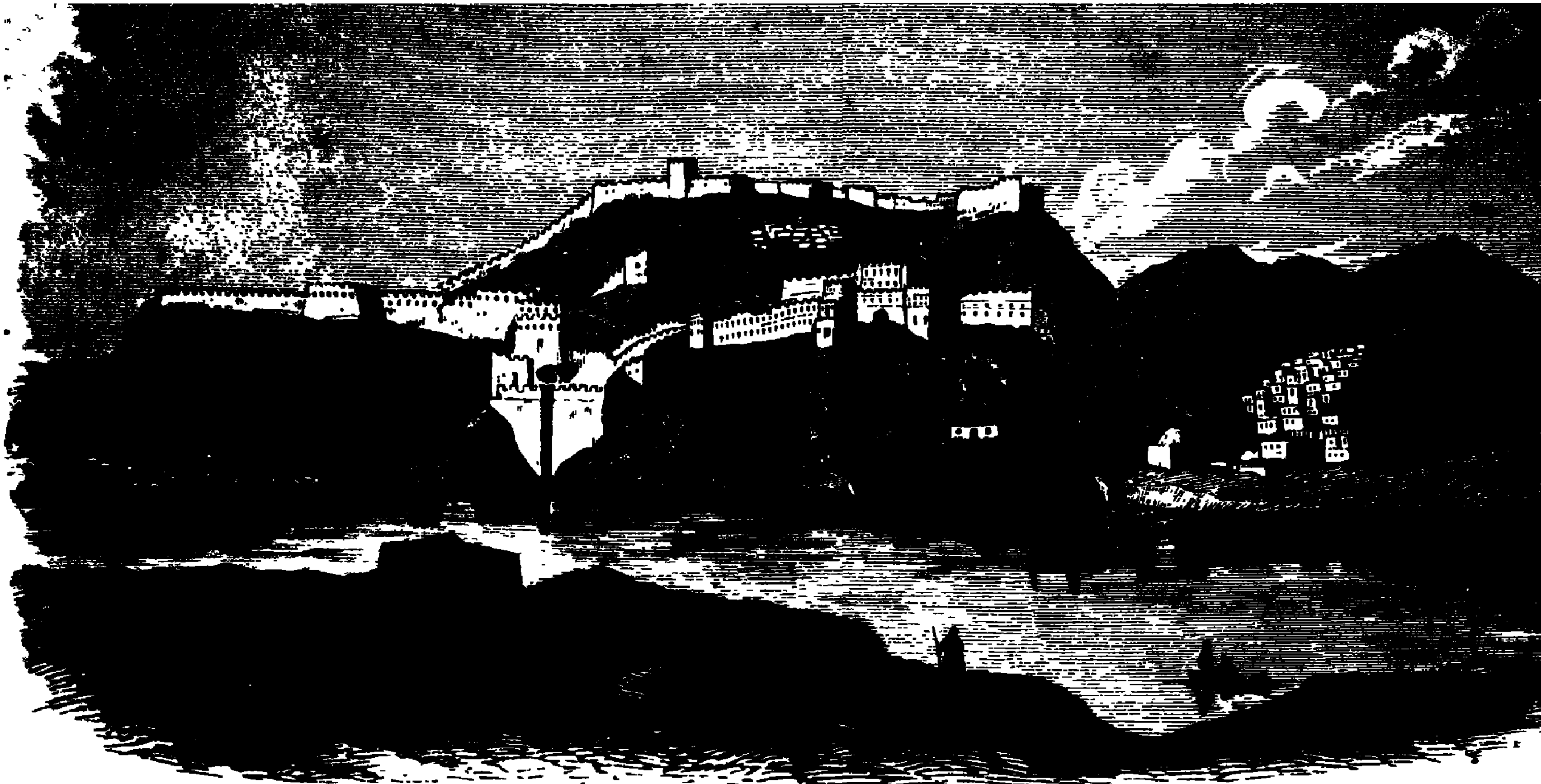
Of the earlier powers I know nothing, but of the later ones, Mussulman and Indian, Afghan and Mahratta, Afghan and Sikh, and now Afghan and Anglo-Saxon. There is nothing in the city denoting antiquity. But then it is the custom in India to build of such frail material, that almost everything perishes in a few years.

The English are expecting work in the spring, for it is known that 30,000 additional troops are on their way up, but whether as a precautionary move, or for another trip to Cabul is not known. Now that they are in possession of the Punjaub and Peshawur, they need not fear such a disastrous campaign as the former one.

Among the odd fashions they have introduced here, is that of having carpets of a peculiar kind of cotton-cloth stamped in patterns like Brussels and other handsome carpets;—being laid over mats, they would not be detected by strangers, except on close observation, and among the people here, they are quite the "mode," the first cost being small, and the transport cheap, they are so light, and over matting they last a long time. This afternoon, it having cleared up a little, I drove Mrs. S—— out, the horse, not having been in harness for nearly a week, and in his display of fine spirits almost spilt us in a ditch.

Jan. 31.—To-day it has brightened up a little. The carpenter who has been working at my dhooly having brought it home, I've laid my dâk, and shall try the road to-morrow morning. Mrs. S—— got some supplies ready for me, and they were much amused at my traveller style of arranging them.

S—— has been telling me this evening, what a "roasting" Colonel D—— has had at all the messes in the station, for



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See page 4

coming to see that American, to price and inquire about selling his Virginia slave property.

Feb. 1, ATTOCK.—At daylight this morning, I started off my dhooly and luggage, while I delayed for a comfortable breakfast, and then galloped after my things which I overtook twelve miles out. I have been stopping so long with Captain and Mrs. S——, they seem like old friends, especially Mrs. S——, who is by far the nicest woman I have met in India. The roads were very muddy. I passed numerous baggage trains belonging to officers and soldiers on the way to Peshawur.

At Nowshera (half way) I passed two or three regiments of infantry and irregular cavalry in camp, and then on to this place, a distance of 45 miles. At the last Polier station (it being dark) the man in charge inquired if I wished a siwar; I replied yes, and then he began to question me about my order in Hindostanee. I pleaded ignorance of Hindostanee, and asked in very bad lingo for the guard, whom he ordered up (probably supposing I was a Queen's officer), and then I started again.

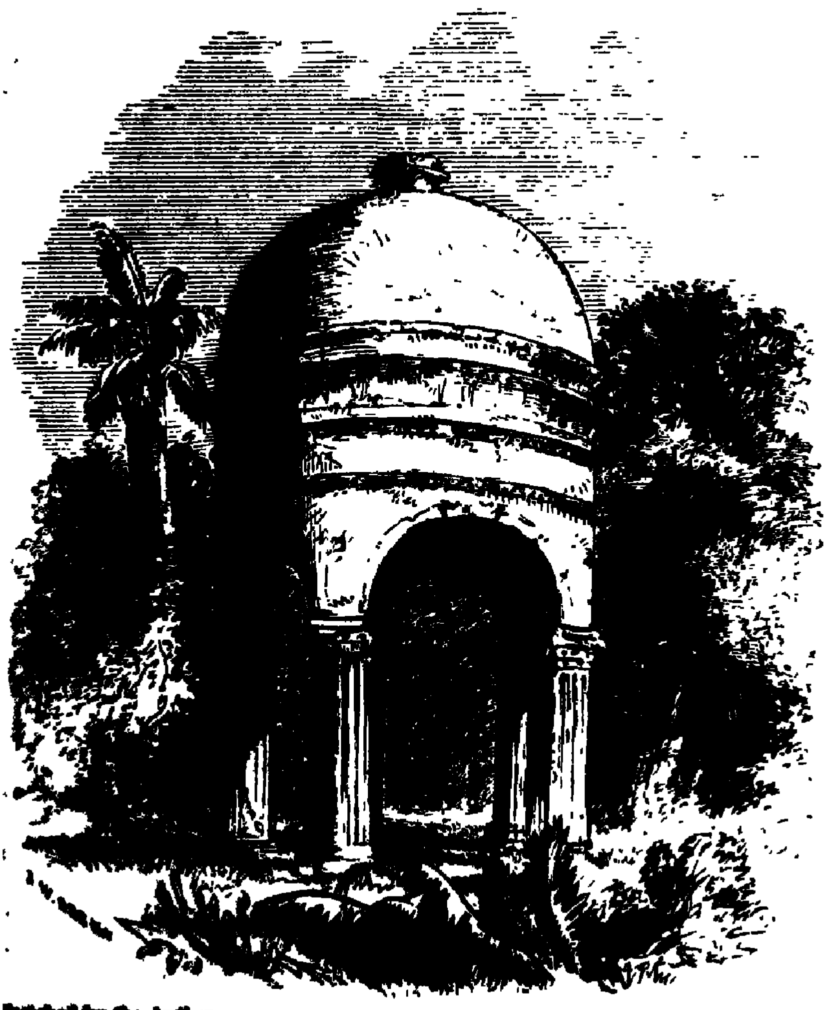
I reached this place at ten in the evening, and as the bridge over the Indus had been carried away, owing to the rains, the men took me to the fort, and placed the dhooly just inside the entrance, and luggage at its side, and I hope to sleep comfortably in the dhooly to-night.

Feb. 2, HUSSAN ABDUL.—I was awoke this morning by the noise in the fort. Starting the men, I stopped on the high bank of the river to sketch the town and fortifications on the opposite side, which looks imposing from this. Then crossed in a ferry-boat; the river running very rapidly. Ascending the bank, I passed through the town. It is an ancient city, but of what date I cannot learn. Then on to this place there being nothing in the city to see. Its chief curiosities are its old Mahommedan walls and towers. On the road here I passed a wing of the 75th regiment (Queen's), in camp.

This is the beautiful valley mentioned in Lalla Rookh, where the Emperors stopped on their way to Cashmere. How they contrived to get this in their route from Delhi, I cannot imagine. I think it must have been on their road from Cabul (one of their capitals) to Cashmere. There is a small valley and the remains of an old garden, also a few small and old tombs. I shall leave here at nine this evening, and then on by night dâk to Rawul-Pindee.

Feb. 3, Rawul-Pindee.—Nothing of note during the night. At daylight this morning, passing the lines of the 87th regiment, I saw them out on parade, so took possession of C———'s house, and had completed my toilet by the time he returned. This afternoon I took a walk around the cantonment with C———, to ee the improvements, barracks, gardens, etc. The soldiers receive welve cents (of our money) per day for working—most of them are very willing to do so, and it is of great benefit this cool weather, as by their drill they have very little exercise to keep them in health. When we returned, I went to the mess-house to see the papers, and this evening dined there—and being guest night we had the band.

Feb. 4.—It is quite cold here; we see quantities of snow on the mountains. We had an officer, Captain C———, of the 87th to breakfast with us. Then C——— and I rode to the town, and through the bazaars which are rather curious. The town otherwise is a very common affair. To the mess-house for lunch; and this afternoon C——— had his company out at ball practice, and shooting by sections. They shot very well.
His is the first company of this, which is a grenadier regiment. His company average 5[illegible]th feet—an extraordinary height. I am told the regimental average is greater than that of any regiment of the line in service.
On our way home, we met Colonel Tremanhere, a very distinguished engineer officer. C——— asked him to dine with



Sketched by the Author. See page 443.

MONUMENT TO BUCEPHALUS, PUNJAUB.

him, but he was engaged to the Colonel's, and said he would, if possible, go round to the mess to see me if he could get away; but not being able to leave the Colonel's, he called at C———'s. This evening I dined at the mess, and off at eleven.

Feb. 5, JHELUM.—We jogged along all night, and just at daylight I saw some old ruins, one of which was called Bucephalus' monument, half Mussulmanic, half Grecian—probably, in being repaired by the Mussulmauns, they have added a few daubs of their taste. However, you must judge for yourself from my sketch.

Part of the road we have come is horrible. At mid-day I reached a bungalow where I did the amiable to some of Mrs. S———'s nice viands she kindly prepared on my leaving Peshawur. At eleven this evening my bearers deposited me in front of the dâk bungalow at this place, where I have been waiting in a most unamiable humor for an hour, expecting other bearers and as they don't appear to be coming, I shall have my dhooly and self moved to the Chokree office.

About twenty miles south of this, the battle of Chillianwallah was fought during the last Sikh campaign in '49, the battle in which Lord Gough was defeated by the native or Sikh forces, only the latter were not aware of their success, and consequently, not taking advantage of it, the English army was saved.

Feb. 6th, Monday, GOOJERANWALLAH.—After a long delay I succeeded in getting my Coolies, and crossed the river Jhelum (the ancient Hydaspes), the same I sailed on in Cashmere. This is a large river, and the only one of all that intersects the Punjaub, that is navigable with safety to its mouth. It joins the Indus about fifty miles north of Moultan. The bridge of boats having been carried away by the rains, I went over in a large ferry boat at one o'clock in the morning.

Reaching Goojrat at twelve to-day, I stopped to see the Assistant Commissioner C——— who had lately forwarded my servants

and he gave me a "feed" and horse on my way to Cashmere. Then on a few miles further to Woozerabad, where I had a prospect of spending the night at the gate of the city, for the old villain of a cutwal would not give me Coolies. I then tried my luck with the bungalow kitmagar, and he would not do anything until I throttled him, and gave him a good shaking, and a promise of backsheesh if he got them quickly.

Four miles from the city is a cantonment and European regiment, but no Europeans reside at or in the town. I found the bridge over the Chenaub also carried away, and was ferried across in the rain. This is one of the worst rivers in the Punjaub to cross, sometimes occupying eight hours.

Feb. 7th.—Got back here at half-past twelve. I found F——— sick, and also his Cousin A———, of the Artillery, who is staying with him. W——— was just finishing breakfast. I was most happy to lend a helping hand at the meal, and I have been keeping company with F——— and A———, in the house all day. They have had a number of balls and all sorts of gaieties since I left for Cashmere. M———, the staid Secretary of the Chief Commissioner, having indulged in quite a magnificent affair.

Feb. 8th.—Drove out this morning. This afternoon took a long walk among the old ruins of the place. A———'s leave having expired, he has returned to his regiment. I have just received an invitation from M——— to dine with him to-morrow. To-night I have dined alone, except F——— keeping me company in the room, for he is sitting by the fire still sick, and W——— dining at one of the regimental messes.

Feb. 9th.—A long walk this morning to the race-course and other places: met two or three acquaintances, and saw one horse taking his gallop. After breakfast I drove to the Botanical Gardens and took a sketch of Lahore and the old Palace. Then

drove past the Palace, which is mostly built of brown stone, though with some marble, stucco, and a quantity of mosaic in colored tiles, the effect of which is both curious and pleasing in an Eastern country, but would be shocking anywhere else. The colors are blue, red, and yellow. This evening to M———'s. I met a very pleasant party of gentlemen, all civilians, with the exception of Captain R———.

Feb. 10*th.*—This morning wet and drizzling, but I was off walking, and on my return examined some Sikh swords that had been brought for my inspection—but I saw none worth buying. They, as a general rule, are curved like the Turkish sabres, and with an absurdly small handle, the blades are very heavy; the best ones are very thick until just before reaching the edge, when they are ground down very suddenly. The good ones are the best of steel. During the war an officer had a personal encounter with a Sikh, who struck a blow with his sword at the blade of the other—it slipped and struck the steel guard, cutting a gash quarter of an inch deep without turning the edge, as was afterwards discovered.

All the swords that were given up have been examined and re-examined, and those worth anything were bought up.

I then drove to see the American missionaries, only one being at home, the other having gone to Rawul-Pindee to establish a school. The Government having given them an allowance of 180 rupees ($90) a month, and a house for the purpose, and permission to several of the soldiers in the Queen's regiments stationed there to teach a certain number of hours in the schools, under the mission, and they expect large contributions from the officers in that place. The people here are very liberal, all giving from 5 to 100 rupees ($2 50 to $50) per *month*, the last sum being given anonymously.

The missionary establishment here consists of two missionaries, who have been here since '49. They have met with great success, having three schools; in the largest one they teach, and have [illegible]

scholars—the two others are taught by natives, but und superintendence. The scholars are mostly Hindoos, the less bigoted than the Mussulmauns. F——— says he oft one of the missionaries preaching in the streets of the city. all the other American missionaries in this country, th very hard workers.

Both of these missionaries are from Orange County York, and sent out by the General Presbyterian Assembl seemed very glad to see a countryman, and says I am tl American, except missionaries, he has ever seen in this par country, and the *only American* who has ever been in Ca I asked him if he had ever heard of a Dr. Harlan, from P phia, whom I recollect seeing in New York, when a chi hearing he had been opposing the English at the court c Eastern sovereigns, in some part of the East or in India.

He said, yes—that Sir Henry Lawrence, late Commissi the Punjaub, gave Mr. Forman (his associate missiona history, which was, that, coming out to Burmah as apothe board a ship in '25, at the time of the first Burmese can when, owing to the cholera, there was a great demand for su for the sick, he got employment from the East India Gover The war terminating, they had no further occasion for the s of these extra assistants, and Harlan was paid off with th He was much annoyed at it, and having learned Hind while in Burmah, he wandered up country, and found e ment under Runjeet Singh, who was then in the height prosperity, he remained there from about '27 to '35 or '36, risen step by step until he was Governor of Goojrat.

Runjeet Singh was opposed to capital punishment, exc rare cases, but contented himself by maiming, cutting off hands, arms, ears, etc.; Harlan attempted the same, but t an extent that Runjeet Singh and he quarrelled, and Harl but he took good care to have all his money out of the c before his final outbreak with Runjeet Singh. He then v Dost Mahommed at Caubul, where he got employment und

and rose high in confidence and command, being a clever man, with fine appearance.

At last the war broke out with England, and Dost Mahommed supposing him to be an Englishman, was distrustful of him, especially as he asked for command in the army. So he dismissed him, and gave the command to his son Ackbar Khan. But even to the last, Harlan gave them good advice, and tried to pursuade them to fortify the Bolan, and other passes, when they would have cut the English completely off, instead of their reaching Cabul as they did, for they supposing him to be acting false, did the reverse of everything he advised.

He then returned to the Punjaub, and stopped a short time at the house of Sir Henry Lawrence. While there, one of the servants stole 100 rupees from him. He told Sir Henry Lawrence, but he not knowing how to get it, told Harlan so. Harlan then asked permission to be allowed his own way. So Sir Henry said "yes," only he was not to injure any of the servants. Harlan had all the servants in the house called to his room, when he let them see him lock the door; then drawing his sword, and looking as fierce as he could, which "was some," told them he would cut the head off of every man in the room if the thief did not confess and restore the money. The fellows knowing Harlan's reputation, got in an awful fright, and the guilty man confessed.

F——— has just been telling me how successful they have been collecting ice this winter since I have been away. Not having weather cold enough to freeze ponds, they obtain it by artificial means. An immense quantity of small holes are dug with a hoe, over which straw is laid; then on these, thousands of flat earthen chatties are set. The night before they expect a frost, they put in them about an inch or inch and a half of water, and arranged in this way it will freeze at 33° and 34°. At daylight the next morning, hundreds of men, women and children are at work picking out the ice, which is hurried into the ice-house, and there packed down hard. Sometimes of a morning, they have in this way obtained from four to eight tons, and so far, in about

ixty days since I left, they have collected 320 tons! This allows hem two pounds a day or a share (of $2 50 contribution a season,) er day, for four months. But F——— and W——— are luxuians, and have sixteen shares or 32 pounds a day during that eriod. This expense of $2 50 a share covers all charges, of pans (of which they used great numbers this last year, ordering 1,000,000, s many get broken in picking the ice out), ice-house expenses, ight water-carriers to fill the pans, and 200 men, women, and hildren who are out before daylight collecting the ice.

As F——— still continues sick, and cannot find any friend who s going "pig-sticking," I must give up the sport for the present.

Feb. 11th.—To-day I bought a specimen of Lahore silk which considered curious. Then drove F——— to his cutcherry, nd went in to see how they managed matters, but nothing of ny importance came up. The magistrate is judge, counsel, and ury. He takes his instructions and law, from a sort of "revised statutes," a ponderous volume—a law library in itself.

The early age at which civilians and military men receive ppointments in India, and the varied requisitions in service of all inds, many of which are of high responsibility, and all requiring rompt and decisive action, call forth their energies and talents t an unusually early age, and produce a precociousness not een in any other part of the world. A man at thirty-five may ave arrived at almost the highest power and office in the country, nd with more natural abilities than most men in active public ife in other parts of the world who are ten or fifteen years his enior.

Generally the civilians, almost as soon as appointed, which is om eighteen to twenty, are sent into districts where they are ntirely obliged to act on their own judgment. They are called upon continually to settle disputes between natives more than high in power and position, quell disturbances, make ... and dispense justice.

tions to quell riots or insurrections, convey treasure, and if in an irregular regiment, where there are very few European officers to the entire regiment, a very young officer may have the full command devolve upon him, as was the case with a friend of mine who was only about twenty-two, and yet was the third officer in his regiment.

W——— and F——— both act as judges except in criminal cases involving capital punishment. In those they act as commissioners to collect evidence. They also act as collectors of taxes, superintendents of roads, prisons, and public improvements generally. According to the performance of their work and evidence of ability, they are usually promoted, influence acting here as in other places.

W——— has been in the country nine years, and is rather high up, being clever and attentive to his duties. He receives $6000 per annum. F——— has been here seven years and receives $4,200—in another year he will be where W——— has been for a year past, and will then receive his $6000. Both after they have served ten years, will receive nearly double that sum, and after fifteen a proportional increase and so on. These are very common instances of the way in which civilians are paid here.

F——— says one of the most common causes of difficulty is the dower or difficulties arising from marriages contracted for children by their parents, to which I have before alluded, and now they are just inducing the people (instead of bringing suits as at present, to obtain an order compelling the parent to furnish another daughter in lieu of the one who has died, or to accept another son in lieu of the one who has died, which they have no power to grant,) to bring a suit for damages to recover the value of the presents or dower advanced by the family of the boy.

It is astonishing the manner in which this once turbulent [illegible] country has settled down into such a quiet, industrious [illegible] rarely any riot or disturbance, where only four or five [illegible] the country was scoured by armed bands, and every [illegible]

armed, and war the sole purpose of their existence. After the war, the government offered a certain sum for all arms brought in to different points, during which time immense numbers were received. Now there are a large number of canals for artificially irrigating the country, roads are being made, taxes reduced, and in every possible form civilization is advanced.

The English have done more to advance the Punjaub by their judicious management, and freedom from the restraint of old customs (which it takes the English an interminable time to work free from) than has been done in any other part of the country, in four times the period. The whole force employed has been 14,000 police, who are mostly Sikhs, and that in a country where five years ago, 40,000 men were under arms, and Lord Gough, with from 25,000 to 30,000, nearly thoroughly defeated several times, and four very severe battles fought before the Sikhs were put down.

The last, or Punjaub war, commenced in this way:—Moolraj, the Governor of Mooltan, wished to resign; he had made a mint of money by the artificial irrigation from canals at Mooltan, besides enriching the country. But the people would not let him resign. He informed the Resident, that if he would send some one to take his place, he would resign the power, and requested that it should not be mentioned. It was spoken of, and reached the ears of the Sikhs at Mooltan.

When Lieutenant Agnew and another were sent down with a company of native troops to take charge, they encamped half a mile from the city, and went in with a few soldiers to see the Governor, returning through the town to the camp. The natives exciting a riot, these two officers were murdered before they reached their camp, and the soldiers joined the Sikhs.

A Sikh general then started for the northern part of the Punjaub to collect troops, and get an army together, while Moolraj then fortified the city. This was besieged, and after a [illegible] and several desperate battles fought, finishing with [illegible]. Before this war there had been a regency;

after it the English took possession, as a country fairly gained by conquest twice—forbearance now ceasing to be a virtue.

Feb. 12*th*.—This morning to church: this afternoon at home. W——— has gone to the Shadra Garden, to arrange for a "pic-nic" to-morrow, and F——— despairing of getting well on the doctor's hands, has tried a remedy of his own—a gallop of ten miles out of town, to look up new ground for a "pig-sticking" expedition, and one for a jackal hunt, as soon as he gets well.

Feb. 13*th*.—I received an invitation from Mr. M———, one of the Chief Commissioners, for dinner on Thursday, which I had to decline, as I leave to-night. At noon I drove an officer friend of F———'s to the Shadra Gardens, and tomb of Jehan-Ghir and Noor-Mahal, as Mr. Thomasson (the late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces) a distinguished oriental scholar, has ascertained by an inscription on the tomb. The Taj at Agra is generally supposed to be her burial-place. On the ground we found about forty gentlemen and ladies, two or three of the latter very pretty. Had I been an officer here, I should have lost my heart to one of them. The day was passed very pleasantly with games, dancing, etc.; one of the games, archery, had very pretty prizes. Then a capital tiffin under large awnings, a lovely spot near the banks of the river, with fine trees, and the beautiful tomb, surrounded by a portico, thus making a delightful promenade. The regimental band furnishing the various music.

After sunset we descended the river in a large row-boat, the band followed in another playing. In passing one spot, there were three echoes to the music, and a full moon contributed her poetic charms to the loveliness of the scene. On the way home, in a lady's carriage, she gave me an invitation to her sister's wedding for Thursday, which I had to decline, and at ten this evening I shall be off for Delhi.*

* Poor W ——, during the recent mutiny, he was found one [illegible]

Feb. 14*th*, RIVER BEAS.—I started last evening at ten, and reached Umritsur this morning at half-past nine. While breakfast was preparing, I sallied out, and took another look at the town and beautiful tank. During the wars between the Sikhs and Afghans, when the Afghans conquered, they would destroy the tank and temple, killing cows in the tank. The Sikhs would purify it, and then the Afghans destroy it again. During Runjeet Singh's time it was much decorated; many of the decorations mosaics, and fine marbles were taken from the beautiful tomb of Jehan-Ghir, and Noor-Mahal, at Lahore—the old villain!

I made another rough sketch of it, and back, looking at the many shawl manufacturers' shops, then breakfasted, and off. At this station there are some troops, and a few civilians. This afternoon I passed Jelindur—a pleasant little station, with bungalows and church. At dusk was ferried over this river.

Feb. 15*th*, *en route* to UMBALLA.—This morning crossed the Sutlej again, and entered Loodiana. I am retracing the steps which I took coming northward in November; now the fields are mostly covered with luxuriant half-grown grain and grass. To-day passed the tents of some soldiers; I was in hopes they were those of the 82d (Queen's), Colonel B——'s regiment, but they had turned off to the hills a day or two since.

Feb. 16*th*, UMBALLA.—Here this afternoon at one. I find the roads much improved since I went up three months ago. The telegraph wire now runs all the distance to Umritzur. From Rawul-Pindee they intend laying the telegraph twenty feet under ground, to prevent the natives from destroying it. The roads from Calcutta to Peshawur are (with two or three exceptions) on [illegible], on a perfect level.

[illegible] manifested. Of F—— I can learn nothing, but hope he is [illegible] I lost some twenty or thirty intimate friends and [illegible]

The Ganges valley extends nearly to the extreme North-west,—probably the largest continued valley in the world. The road is nearly all graded; in a year it will probably be laid with kunka. It is said that the grading is with an eye to the prospective railroad now being commenced at Calcutta, and in the meanwhile, waggons and transit coaches will *settle it.* From here I go to Seharanpoor, where I hope to be early to-morrow morning.

Feb. 17*th*, DAK BUNGALOW, SEHARANPOOR.—I started yesterday afternoon for this place. Shortly after dark it commenced raining. Thinking it would not last long, I continued on; but after an hour finding it rather increased, and no chance of any asylum, perhaps before this place to-morrow morning, and the roads becoming very slippery I called a halt, and got out of my carpet bags the comeatable Cashmere articles, and put them in the dhooly. Getting my shawls, scarfs, and rifle, etc., out of their corner and in bottom of the dhooly into a better protected place, I prepared for a soaking of the carpet bags and upset of the dhooly. Luckily, however, there was not much rain, and I only had one drop. The forward men slipping and spilling the dhooly in the soft mud. Presently to my great delight the bearers announced a dâk bungalow at three this morning. They inquired if they should stop. I said "Yes, by all means," and I was soon in dry quarters; the dhooly unpacked, and the kitmagar (charming creatures these Indian servants, always turning in to "roost" with their clothes all on, and thus ready at a moment's notice), bustling about, soon made me comfortable.

Luckily I found that but a very small portion of my clothes were wet, and those in a glazed leather bag! while those in the French carpet bag were perfectly dry. At four this morning I shall turn into bed. To-day still raining, so ordered a fire, and shall "make a day of it" here. The same charming kitmagar providing me with tea, "moorghi grill" and chupatties (thin dough cakes), in the place of bread. I should have been very

comfortable, but for a horrid chimney *that would smoke*, and nearly convert me into bacon.

In the afternoon, clearing up, at half-past three I started for this place, which by dint of a strong set of bearers, plenty of urging, quizzing, and promise of backsheesh, I reached by half-past ten this evening, trembling every moment for fear of another rain.

During the afternoon I passed numerous cactus hedges with yellow leaves, which, looking fresh after the rain, had all the appearance of flowers, and for a mile passed through a most beautiful grove of mango trees, many of them quite patriarchal in appearance. I crossed the Jumna an hour before dark, and passed a small village preceded by a large garden. Almost every town in the East of any *size*, has a large garden or resort of some kind, where we can find water, trees, and flowers. Reaching the bungalow, I found it exceedingly comfortable, had the luxury of a cup of tea, and now to bed.

Feb. 18*th.*—This morning I sent a note with F———'s letter of introduction to Mr. E———, the Magistrate, who sent a note and his buggy for me to come and take possession of a room in his house, as he would be most happy to see any friend of F———'s.

We have been talking over plans of routes to Roorkee, near the mouth of the great Ganges canal, and where are many of the workshops, and the most celebrated engineering on the canal, also of a visit to Hurdwar—*the most sacred Hindoo place in India, not even excepting Benares!!*

You can't imagine how happy I feel to think that four hundred miles more of my journey are "trundled off." I expected to have been at Delhi by to-morrow; but now I shall not reach there for several days; meantime "Butler Sahib" is enjoying his "otium cum dignitate" with the "hubble bubble" to solace his loneliness at the Dâk bungalow.

F——— had an engagement with some young ladies and an

officer friend of his, for a ride this afternoon. He gave me a "mount," and we had a charming gallop, the ladies young, pretty, agreeable, and quite celebrated for their beautiful riding. Going to the house of the young ladies, we met a Mr. Campbell, a well-known American missionary, whom I had heard spoken of in the highest terms. E——— introduced me to him, and said I was a countryman. Mr. C——— is a most respectable looking old gentleman. I inquired about his mission, etc. He said it was very flourishing, and that he had been established here for eighteen years.*

This evening E——— took me to a dinner-party at Dr. J———'s, to which he had got me an invitation. It was given for a bride. Dr. J——— inquired if I knew A. V. R., of Albany; that they had been class-mates at Edinburgh. This evening I shall start for Roorkee. This place is not large, but pretty, with a pleasant little society.

Feb. 19th, ROORKEE.—I started at twelve last night, and reached this place at half-past seven this morning. I found the officer, Mr. P———, to whom I had a letter, a fine fellow. At breakfast we had an amusing diversion—a rat-chase around the room. After breakfast a Mr. L———, an engineer on the canal, to whom I had letters, came in. He arranged to take me up to his house in the morning.

This afternoon P——— took me to see the works on the canal. In this part there is a bridge about a thousand feet long, supported by arches, and between the piers of the arches, flows a river—a mountain torrent.

The entire embankment in this part of the canal is about three miles long, and the whole bed is carried by this work on arches for one thousand feet, eighteen feet above the valley or bed of the torrent. The general width of the canal is 150 feet; but this bridge or viaduct over the Rutmoo river is 280. The length of

* I understand, during the revolt, the poor old gentleman was murdered by the Sepoys.

the canal is 370 miles, but with the tributary canals which flow out and into it again, a network of waters on both sides to irrigate the country, is 950 miles.

The bed is nine or ten feet deep. It has been fourteen years in building, and at a cost of £1,500,000 or $7,500,000, They are making great efforts to finish and open it the 13th of April, when the waters will be let in. Though the natives feel so confident they declare Gunga will not desert his ancient bed and flow into this new one.

The object being to irrigate the land, the ridges have been selected for the course of the canal from its mouth at Hurdwar, to where it empties into the Ganges again at Cawnpore. Now the Ganges runs into such a valley, that it drains, instead of irrigating the upland.

On the twenty miles between this and Hurdwar they have 30,000 men at work. When the canal is completed the entire body of the river will flow into it. The descent is fifteen inches per mile, and every four or five miles, a descent of five feet.

This afternoon a walk around the place, passing the college for half-castes and natives, who *are paid* from seven to ten rupees per month for attending!!! This place is prettily situated, with the snow mountains full in sight, and an undulating country around.

Feb. 20th, PUTTREE.—At six I left my "traps" in charge of a servant to be sent with the dhooly after me, and having bid P—— good-bye last night, and received a letter of introduction from him to Colonel Cautley, the Chief Engineer, not only of this, but of all India, I started with L—— for his place, Denowree, in a buggy. I stopped just before reaching here, to see the works where in the dry season they run a river under a bridge, and a hundred yards further on where they open the gates both sides of the canal and run it over, together with the waters of the canal when they get too high.

The works are very massive, but not what I had supposed from the report of them. The piers and walls are supported by

square tubes of brick, sunk into the ground fifteen to twenty feet, and sometimes the square tube divided into four parts by interior walls—the whole filled with earth. They are sunk by the earth being excavated by suspended shovels in the inside of the tubes. A curious operation, and borrowed from the natives.

I breakfasted with L——. While wandering about I saw a beastie watering an elephant by pouring water into his trunk from his pig-skin sack. Then L—— and I got on his elephant and came to this place, where I met Colonel Cautley on the road. We passed over a famous battle-field of the Hindoos and Mussulmans, fought when the latter attempted to penetrate to the sacred Hurdwar. The fight lasted three days, and then the Mussulmans, though victorious, gave up their design, finding it cost too great a sacrifice of life.

Near the tent was a fine work which is to carry a famous mountain torrent over the canal. To prevent it being diverted from this course, the country for a mile on either side was covered with rows of embankments; for, as it rushes down furiously after a rain, and takes singular courses, sometimes one way, sometimes another, it overflows the country, and covers it with a sandy deposit.

I dined with Colonel C—— who sent for our tents, as his other tent and beds had been sent to Denowree. Colonel C—— has quite a European reputation, although one of the E. I. Company's officers. His successor is a Captain Smith whom he was very anxious should see me, as he has just returned from the United States, and is full of what he has seen.

Feb. 21*st*, DENOWREE.—I started at daylight this morning with my sketch book, on one of Colonel C——'s elephants for Hurdwar, the greatest of all Hindoo pilgrimages. Here every Hindoo desires to die. I met great numbers of pilgrims on the road. Of those going, many had bundles on their back, containing the ashes of some of their family, to throw in the Ganges at Hurdwar. Those returning with baskets or bhangies (poles six feet long

balanced on the shoulder, and loads suspended at either end), with packages of small bottles containing Ganges water from this sacred place for their families, or to sell.

My stupid mahout took me past the bungalow, where the Colonel had sent his servant before daylight on another elephant, with all the arrangements for my breakfast and tiffin, and carried me two miles further on to Hurdwar, before I discovered the mistake. Thus making a virtue of necessity, I did my sight-seeing, and sketching first.

The mouth of the canal is a few hundred yards below the city, and as I have said before, "Gunga will be turned from his old bed" into this new one, in spite of himself, and the native declarations to the contrary; and when they see the effects of his irrigation on their soil when the rain falls short, they will doubtless think it an evidence of his pleasure at the change to this magnificent conduit, which "John Company" has made for him.

The town is small and dirty. It is situated at the base of some low hills, with pretty position and views. The buildings consist principally of the temples near the Ghauts, and a few ordinary houses and bazaars, in which confectionery, lacquered ware, bracelets of betel nut, or stone, and glass bottles forms the stock in trade. There are also a few houses of rich natives, who consider it a *mark of position to have a house in Hurdwar.* Many of these are brick, some with white freestone bases, and the foundations of many laid in the bed of the sacred stream.

There were many people bathing and filling bottles. The river is narrow, and very shoal at this dry season, and only a few hundreds now, where there are thousands who visit it for devotion or profit during the Fair.

The principal Ghaut, I am told, was built by the East India Company. It is large and commodious, thus saving the horrid waste of human life, occasioned by the sudden rush of the devotees through the former old and narrow one, to reach the waters at the propitious moment, which is often at midnight. The hills in the rear of the town furnish a pleasant refuge for tigers, leopards

and wolves, who follow "the mode" and make their periodical visit for "profit and devotion" too.

The Fairs held here, are attended by hundreds of thousands of people—traders, devotees, and mere visitors, coming from every quarter. Horse merchants from Bokhara and Cabul, and pilgrims from Calcutta. Every twelfth year is the Great Fair, called the "Coons"—then it is estimated the people amount to near a million.

I rode in among the people who were bathing, and filling bottles, which held from a gill, to one or two quarts. Then to the bungalow where I got my breakfast, at between two and three in the afternoon. It is needless to add, I did justice to the cuisine. I then came on to this place, altogether a distance of twenty-six miles, on my dusky charger. Here I found Colonel C—— and L——. After dinner I shall start for Meerut and Delhi.

Feb. 22*nd*, MEERUT.—I started last evening at eight, and had a very disagreeable, drizzling night. I only stopped on the road at Mazufferanugger for breakfast, and then on to this place, which I reached at the same hour that I started from it on my Cashmerian tour, twelve weeks and four days ago; but with very different feelings from what I now have, since fifteen or sixteen hundred miles of territory have been traversed, I safely back again, and so much nearer home. It is a country fraught with historic interest, ancient and modern; scenes draped and encircled in poetic imagery and halo, where nature has lavished many of her most wondrous charms of beauty and magnificence; while descending to the more practical, I've witnessed the extraordinary energy and good management of this far-extending East India Company, which has, in five short years, subdued and almost civilized the warrior-born race who inhabited this vast district, now dotted by European settlements, and churches with missionaries spreading the light of the blessed gospel.

The country has been irrigated and enriched by a network

of canals, roads, and telegraphs. The people have been taught the advantages of peace, law and order.

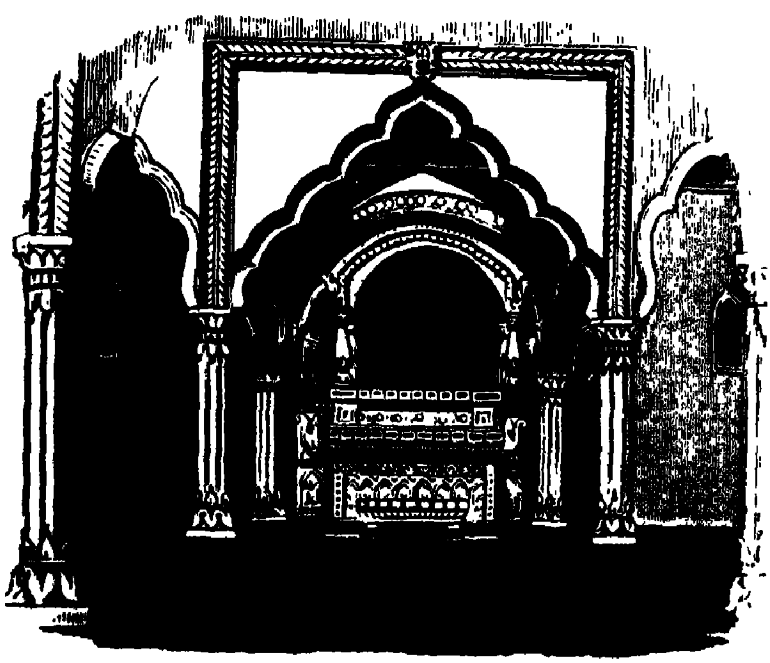
Thus, finishing my wanderings with the sight of so worthy an achievement—of so grand a legislation—the great Ganges canal, a work that is unsurpassed for skilful engineering and magnitude—a large river diverted from its course, and in one place the whole current carried for a quarter of a mile on arches from six to eighteen feet above the bed of a violent mountain torrent, whose waters are here collected into a regular current, and pass *beneath* the canal; in another place, another torrent is conducted *over* the canal, and in a third place, another passes *through* the canal!

I feel as if it was almost a beautiful dream, that I should have seen and passed through so much in this short time, with all the inconveniences and disadvantages a traveller labors under in a strange land, which, though on the certain road to civilization and prosperity, is in many parts almost savage still.

Immediately on my arrival I sent to lay a dâk for Delhi, and shall be "en route" again at eleven this evening. My dhooly, which has carried me safely more than 1700 miles, with grateful remembrance of its services, I shall leave to repose on its laurels—unless the bungalow kitmagar should turn it into "filthy lucre."

Feb. 23*d*, DELHI.—The night was dark and stormy. I managed to get a little sleep, by dint of perseverance, cushions, pillows, and coats, notwithstanding the bad springs. This morning I was woke by the "Sa-a-ib, Sa-a-ib," of my driver. Looking out of the window, I found we had reached the Jumna, which had to be crossed, and the bridge toll to be paid. My first sight was the palace walls, which on this side form the city walls. They are some sixty feet high. The appearance of the city is very fine for a native town—clean streets, etc.

Driving to the dâk bungalow, I found my servant and things; they had been here for several weeks. A note from Hall stated, that instead of going into Rajpootana, as he had proposed for us to do, he on government business and I for pleasure, had



Sketched by the Author. See page 461

THE PEACOCK THRONE, DELHI

been to Delhi, got engaged, and was to be married in a few weeks.

Then after breakfast I went to present my letters of introduction. I found that all but one person had been ordered off.

In India, officers and their regiments are changed every three years, on account of the climate; for they say, that even a bad change is better than none; so that taking letters to a station, with an interlude of three, four, or five months after they are written, is a very uncertain chance of pleasure.

The only person I found here was Mr. Wilby, the editor of the *Delhi Gazette*—a very nice fellow—a Nova Scotian by birth, and Harvard man by education. He apologized for not inviting me to his house, as his wife was sick, but offered to do all he could in the way of showing me sights, and commenced by sending a note for an order to see the fort.

It is a very large place, and the citadel of the city. There are arrangements in it for troops—besides the palace and gardens. I first visited the celebrated Durbar Hall, where stood the famous "Peacock Throne," removed by Nadir Shah. The place is a large many-pillared portico, and in the back part, against the wall, a raised platform, about six feet high, with marble canopy. The entire structure is of white marble. The natives have whitewashed the portico, which was of red sandstone, to make it correspond with the throne! Under this canopy stood the Peacock Throne. In front, but only about a foot from the ground, there is a marble slab, where the Grand Vizier sat, and received petitions, which were presented on bended knee.

The Vizier presented those which he deemed worthy to the Emperor, who sat on the throne. Bernier, the celebrated French traveller of the sixteenth century, made his way across India from Surat where he landed, and presented his petition in this way, and finally was attached to the Emperor Arungzebe's suite, and gives the earliest account we have of life in these countries; he also speaks of the journeys of the Emperor into Cashmere.

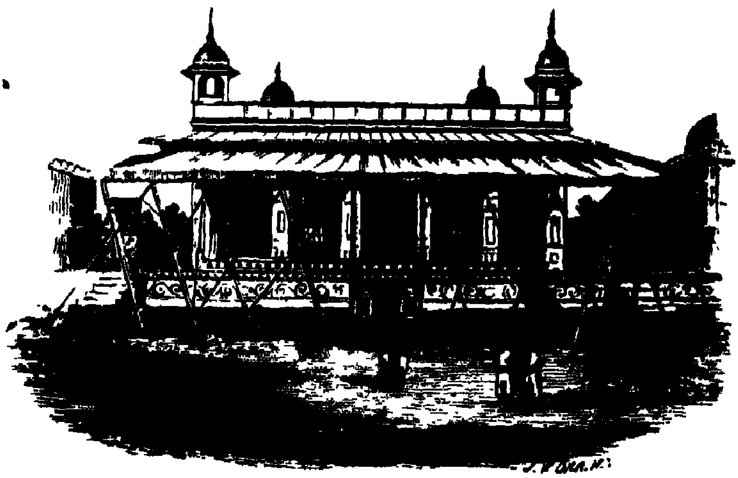
Everything about the throne was magnificent, and much still remains. The canopy, columns, and wall back of the throne, are in beautiful Florentine style of mosaic. The crowning part of the mosaic is a representation of a man playing on a violin, which has much puzzled antiquarians.

In the Palace Hall, as it is termed, is a pavilion, on the walls of which I saw the grandiloquent writing; "And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth, it is here, it is here." Their perfection of happiness must have been easily attained, I think. The building never could have been very handsome, even "in its newest gloss;" and now the view of the river is obstructed by a modern wall. Formerly with that in sight, it may have been pretty, though not excessively so; but as native happiness deals not in the beautiful, but sensual tastes and appetites, their Elysium is where these pleasures are to be found.

The building is square, with a row of six columns on each side, connected by scolloped arches, and another inner row of four columns. In the centre there is a handsome tessellated floor. The lower part of the columns is gaudy gilding. The ceiling, which it is said was formerly covered with plates of silver, is now of wood—gilt. Thence into the adjoining garden, from here to the Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, which is on a lofty terrace, ascended by a fine flight of steps from the principal street.

It presents the finest appearance of any mosque I have seen in India. On one side of the court is the large building, on the opposite the lofty gateway, and this mosque, after the palace, is the grand feature of Delhi.

There is a fine view from this point of one of the city gates, which adds so much to the grandeur of the palace walls. Then to W——'s office, and his house to dinner. He says Lord Dalhousie has proposed, and it has been adopted, to repair all the buildings and monuments in and about Delhi, and after the present Emperor's death to remove the imperial family from the



Sketched by the Author. See page 482.

PALACE GRAND AUDIENCE HALL, DELHI.

" And, oh! if there be an Elysium," &c.

proposed plan of making Delhi the head-quarters of the arm
and renovating the ancient capital.

Sir Charles Napier drew a rough sketch of his plan, and se
it to the Governor-General, who sent it home to the Court c
Directors, who sent a formal note to Sir Charles, requestin
the Commander-in-Chief to put his views in a more intelligib
form. So in his quizzical way, he commenced with broa
margin, and "Article first:—The King and gunpowder shall b
removed from Delhi. Reasons: If the King is not removed h
will blow up the country. If the gunpowder is not removed
will blow up the King," etc., etc. Though the Company an
Sir Charles Napier could not agree, for with his enemies at wor
at Calcutta (and every great man will have them), misrepr
senting him, and poisoning the ears of Government in every wa
as regarded him, and he was wearing himself out in th
Government service, adding new laurels to her crown of empir
and benefiting her in every way, while Lord Dalhousie with h
brief power was lording it over him in the pettishness of h
feelings, Sir Charles had a hard time in India.

It is true that he made a large fortune by the conquest c
Scinde; but——did he receive too much compensation for h
brilliant services? and did not Lord Gough receive vastly mo
for what *he did not do!*—conquer the Punjaub, which was onl
accomplished through the obstinacy and valor of the Briti
army, who would not run away when Lord Gough allowed the
to be defeated, and by the ignorance of the Sikhs who did n
know when they had gained a victory, as long as their enemi
did not run away?

Wherever I have been in India among the soldiers who s
and knew Sir Charles Napier, they really loved him, and as th
expressed it, "we all swear by old Charley." He was the m
brilliant soldier they have ever had in India, with the e
exception of the "Duke," and with every quality to render hi
popular.

Delhi, surrounded for miles with old tombs, has been

thousand years moving northward, and is now about twenty-five miles further up than when it was first built. Every succeeding city took a new site.

This is the *eleventh*, and was built by Shah Jehan, and it was sometimes called Jehanabad. The city is well built for an Oriental one, and yet I was disappointed in not seeing more magnificence after all, having heard so much of Delhi—for "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

To-day I passed a small mosque in the city—historically very interesting. When Nadir Shah conquered Delhi, he had the generosity (for he was not the savage that he is generally represented to have been) not to turn the Emperor of Delhi out of his palace, but took up his quarters in this mosque, and had issued strict orders to punish any soldier who maltreated a native. Finally, one day, his Vizier being shot while sitting by his side, he drew the sword, and that day and night 180,000 persons perished in Delhi. The slaughter was only stopped by the Emperor coming from the palace, and on his knees entreating Nadir Shah for a suspension of the massacre.

Feb. 24.—At eight this morning I drove out to see the Monolith, placed on a lofty foundation of arches, above which it shows about thirty feet, and is one of the famous columns of the edict of Asota, the same as that translated by Prinsept. Then to the citadel, mosque, and tomb of Humayoonon (son of Baber). The mosque is very fine. The tomb is a mile distant; parts of it are beautiful, some of the monuments or tombs within the building are very chaste. The building itself is on a high terrace, and of great size, truly an imperial tomb.

Returning home I held bazaar for three hours in my room, and at one time I counted *eighteen* heads of venders soliciting the sale of their wares. The articles of trade were views on ivory or [illegible] gold and silver trinkets, boxes of sandal wood, shawls and [illegible] of Delhi and Moultan work.

[illegible] W—— called and drove me out. We



Sketched by the Author

See page

visited a very curious old temple, and some tombs with finely wrought stone and marble screens, and an old Mussulman College—then to the bungalow. He dined with me, and from three until eleven was a steady flow of conversation without an instant's cessation.

Feb. 25.—Soon after sunrise to-day I started again for the Monolith, with my sketch book, and made a sketch of the city. Then home, packing up, and settling accounts. W——— came in for a short time and brought some books for my perusal. To-morrow, the only day he can spare from his office, we are to visit the famous Kootub and Toogklahabad, the site of the original Delhi. This evening I have been studying Forster's Travels in India, Kashmír, and Persia in 1785, and Tod's Rajistan—both most interesting works. The latter country contained the baronial chivalry of India.

Feb. 26.—Before daylight W——— called for me, and off we drove, stopping at a very singular old astronomical building of brick and mortar on a colossal scale, the sun-dial gnomon being thirty-five feet! Among other things were sectional arrangements like an orange half peeled, also two semicircular buildings with a multitude of windows; their singular construction puzzled W——— as well as me.

Then to the tomb of the ancestors of the King of Oude, who was one of the dependants of the Mogul Empire, and usurped the throne about a century ago. Now on to the Kootub, eleven miles from the city. This is a famous tower commenced by Kootob-ud-Deen (originally a Turkish slave), a Mahommedan king. It was finished by his successor, and son-in-law, Altumsh (a Tartar slave), about seven or eight centuries since: he also commenced the mosque near here.

The tower is five stories high, the three lower of massive brown stone, the other two of white marble. The entire building is 265 feet high. Each story is most elaborately ornamented, although the interior of the walls is evidently of rough stone [illegible]

in mortar, with this exterior shell of brown stone. There is a winding staircase leading through the centre to the top of the building, but no view of any consequence, the country being so flat. There are some curious old remains around the temple, tombs, arches, etc., evidently of Hindoo construction. Kootub-ud-Deen's tomb is said to be within the building. We met here a Mr. Beresford and family, acquaintances of Mr. W——'s: they were occupying one of the tombs, and spending some days here. He invited us to breakfast with him. After breakfast he drove us to Tooghlakabad or as far as the mud would allow the carriage to go, and we walked the rest, about five miles, going and coming from the carriage to the ancient city.

The ruins are very massive and extensive, evidently of a very early date. Mr. B—— is amusing himself photographing, and has promised to send me some on to Agra.* W—— and I then returned to the city, he dined with me, and at six I shall start for Agra.

Feb. 27th, AGRA.—I started last night at seven. I had horrid bad horses, besides apprehensions of robbers, as every carriage for several days past has been stopped. I rather astonished the dâk proprietor yesterday afternoon when I laid my dâk. He was expatiating on the prowess of the robbers. I said I was ready for them. "But suppose they are fifteen as they were a night or two ago." "Shoot the first five, and trust to luck and the 'bowie' to fix the others." He looked blank and was speechless at such an American "modus operandi." However, we went on luckily in safety: somefriend of the robbers probably apprised them of my being well armed, and natives do not like to be unnecessarily shot.

* Mr. and Mrs. B—— and their family, consisting of five children, were all most brutally murdered by the Sepoys during the late revolt. R. B. [illegible], Jr., a friend of mine, while lately travelling in India, was at a [illegible] party at his house in 1855, and now informs me he is the sole survivor of all the guests he met there.

I reached here at five this afternoon, and lost my breakfast for nothing, as I had hoped, by not stopping, to get in before the Post Office closed. As I crossed the river I saw the Taj and the lofty walls of the fortress, which presents an appearance of great strength; but a few shells would speedily reduce it I fancy.

Feb. 28th.—This morning I had the buggy at the door by daylight for a visit to the Taj—not on the principle of the best first, but of seeing it as often as possible. It certainly is beautiful, but the dome is to my eye rather heavy for the edifice, a common fault with Mahommedan buildings.

I met Major and Mrs. B———, who were staying with Colonel Sleeman when I was at Lucknow. They apologised for not being able to ask me to their house, as they were expecting some friends to arrive to-day. Then to the Post Office, where I found a grand mail for me. After breakfast I went off again to call upon the Governor, a steamer acquaintance, and present some letters. Most unfortunately the Governor had gone off to Meerut, so I shall not see him or stay at his house as I was to have done.

I then called on Mr. Mawson, of the *Delhi Gazette*, who invited me to stay with him, and I accepted. Then to see my old steamer acquaintance, Mr. Pfander, a very celebrated German missionary. He made an appointment to take me out to Secundra on Thursday. I continued on calling upon Mr. Fullerton, an American missionary, who was very anxious I should stay with him. He introduced me to his colleague Mr. Williams, who drove me across the river to see a very handsome and singular tomb built by Ackbar's Vizier, Itmud-ud-Dowlah. It was covered inside and out with a coarse mosaic.

These tombs were built by the people themselves, and in gardens, which are now a summer resort. In another place is a tomb with a corresponding building on the four sides; it is termed the Jawab, or Answer. In this building were male and

female tombs; the former a small raised place: in the latter, on top of the tomb, a tablet like a slate, as enigmatical of a woman's character—to be formed by her husband.

Next to the Ram-bagh, or Garden of Ram, a short distance off, and a very extensive affair. From this place I saw numerous remains of old houses belonging to the wealthier people on the opposite side of the river.

In this garden are peach and apple trees, not only dwarfed in size, but with fruit of corresponding proportions; also plantains and the rumak—the fruit of the latter tart, but pleasant. The tree presents almost as singular an appearance as the fruit.

Returning to Mr. F———'s we passed through the Delhi gate —a magnificent custom of the Emperors naming the gates from the greatest city on that side—a prospective plan of extensive empire, as Napoleon I. did when he had more than prospective empire. All Europe at his feet, and his eagles fluttering over nearly every people on that continent. The avenue of trees on either side of the road is spoken of in Lalla Rookh. Last evening two sons of the Duke of Buccleugh, whom I met in Egypt in '51, passed on to the north.

March 1*st*.—At half-past seven this morning I started for the fort to meet Mr. F———, who had kindly offered to take me through this Palace Citadel. Shortly after entering the gate, I saw what seemed to be a small brick shed. I was informed it was the treasury, where lacs and lacs of rupees were stored (a lac is 100,000, or $50,000). Mr. F——— said that one day he saw fifty cartloads of rupees leave the place!

Then to the Muttee Musjid, or "Pearl Mosque," by some considered the most beautiful building in Agra. It is of white marble, massive and chaste, a building that at once impresses you with its beauty. There is one central, and two side halls, the latter for the females. The middle one is subdivided into five parts, a lofty central, arched nave, and four lateral arched aisles. The floor is paved with large slabs of white marble, each with a

slight inlaid border terminating in a point towards Mecca. Each stone is for one worshipper.

The front is supported by massive columns connected with each other by equally massive marble festoons. The principal dome, and several smaller ones, complete the exterior decorations.

I then passed through the fine gardens of the Zenana, the beds of which were divided into various shapes by stone borders. Here are fountains and a lovely little pavilion, all of white marble, even to the pavement and walls; the latter beautifully decorated with flowers in mosaic.

But it is vain to attempt to describe such a labyrinth of courts and pavilions, all as beautiful as it is possible to conceive—a maze of architecture, sculpture, and mosaic. I've seen nothing as delicately beautiful since leaving the Alhambra—and that was wood,—this is marble. All here has that necessary point to real beauty—a water view.

The Jumna flows beneath the walls of this palace fortress, and though now much reduced in width from the lateness of the season, yet, during the wet months is several miles in width at this part; there is a view of the Taj from every part of this palace. I think from here, one has the best view. The weight of the dome does not appear as oppressive and crushing to the building, as it has from every other point I have seen it.

We then visited Ackbar's Durbar throne—a massive slab of black marble, ten feet by six, six inches thick, and supported by legs a foot high—all one stone.

When the Rajah of Bhurtpore captured Agra many years ago, he sat upon it—an *indignity* it resented by shedding blood, the spots of which are still shown, besides cracking it. Lord Ellenborough did the same, and made matters worse. Opposite, is a small marble seat for the Vizier, and in another part a kutcherry to settle hareem difficulties.

Beneath, is a long vaulted passage, said to lead to the Taj, but from it, branches off a passage leading to a very different place, which some British officers, in exploring its dark passages a few

years ago, discovered. Part of the wall had been closed up. On opening it, they discovered a gibbet, and beneath a deep pit, from which they drew up with grappling irons, a number of bones, supposed to be where the Emperors settled the more serious difficulties of the hareem.

We continued on beneath, and entered an exquisite marble bath of great size with niches in the walls for rows of lights. From one fell a cascade. The walls are inlaid with small bits of convex looking glass, and when brilliantly illuminated must have presented a fine effect.

Wandering on, we came into an old building, said to have been for the ladies of the hareem to amuse themselves playing "hide and go seek"—certainly well adapted to the purpose, with its labyrinthine passages. Then into a beautiful marble pavilion, the arches supported on light double columns; the whole a mass of the richest mosaic. Afterwards we mounted to the top of the building, where a fine *coup d'œil* of all is presented, with the addition of the glittering gilt domes which we could not see below.

The buildings are all kept in admirable order, and as neat and fresh looking as if at present occupied—not a vestige of age or dilapidation. Lord Lake's cannon balls made a few holes in the marble screens and walls when he was dislodging the Mah rattas.

The arsenal I am obliged to leave until another day, as this is one of the native holidays. We went out over the drawbridge, a rather formidable place to pass when occupied by an enemy. This fortress as well as the city were built by Ackbar, and sometimes called Ackbarabad, or City of Ackbar. But he only built of red sand-stone. I am informed it was Shah Jehan who introduced the marble.

Ackbar was the most illustrious of that wonderful succession of distinguished emperors, probably one of the most extraordinary that ever occupied any throne. These emperors all claim their descent from Tamerlane, though the claim is doubted!!

Thence to the Jumma Musjid, now in a very dilapidated condition, having suffered much when Agra was in possession of the Mahrattas. Lord Lake knowing the untenableness of the place, offered them terms if they would surrender. They declined, and in a few minutes he had the walls and gates battered down, and a thousand natives bayoneted.

This mosque has the usual grand central arched nave, and two side aisles: the centre arch is noble, and this mosque must have ranked among the finest of the many beautiful mosques in India.

We continued on, passing through the principal street. It is narrow, but well built, essentially Oriental, and I think presents a finer appearance than even Delhi. Then to the bungalow, where I found a note from Mawson, requesting me to move in as soon as I can—so breakfasted and packed up as well as I could, with applicants at the door to answer every moment; people with boxes, clothing, and in fact a little of everything: winding up with a musician who presented a book full of certificates declaring him to be a *perfect Mario.* So thinking it might be an amusing variety, I told him to go into an adjoining room and pipe away, which he accordingly did, and played very nicely after the Indian fashion on the harp, assisted by a violin and *drum*, occasionally bursting forth with a song. Once he overcame my gravity by "*I wa-ant go home 'til ma-ar-nin', I wa-ant go home 'til ma-ar-nin'.*" A correctness of pronunciation like that which some of our fair vocalists indulge in—singing Italian.

Then a long "pow wow" with some dâk chowdries, and moved to Mawson's. This afternoon we drove to the band; saw numerous specimens of amalgamation, almost jet black half-castes with fair European wives. This evening I received the photographs from Mr. Beresford at Delhi.

March 2d.—This morning I bought a dhooly, and laid a dâk to Futtepore Sekree for to-night, and then to Mr. Pfander's to breakfast, and with him to Secundra, Ackbar's tomb, a distance

of about seven miles. On the way, I saw one of Ackbar's old mile-stones, looking like a funeral monument.

The road on both sides is lined with ruins. The entrance to the tomb, is a lofty building with an immense dome, and archedway. It is imposing, and a mass of coarse mosaic, but the effect is fine.

The tomb is very large, and five stories high, each story receding on every side, forming a succession of noble porticoes and terraces. The upper story is of white marble with screens of lattice-work of the same material. The other parts of the building are of red sand-stone. Around the inside of the Saracenic arches, in the porticoes, are written praises of Ackbar. In the centre of this quadrangle, is the cenotaph of Ackbar, a solid block of white marble, so beautifully sculptured as almost to appear like a lace-pall thrown over it. On this are written the ninety-nine attributes of God.

In the first story is the *real tomb* of Ackbar. In a domed chamber, on the side, is the tomb of another of his family. These domed chambers extend around the building, his intention being that this structure should be a grand mausoleum for his family; but they had other views on the subject. The building is nearly four hundred feet square.

Then on to Mr. Henler's, another of the German missionaries, who was with Mr. Pfander when he was driven out of Persia through the influence of the Russian Government. He looks like a very intelligent person. In addition to his other labors, he is correcting a translation of the Bible in Hindostanee. He and Mr. P——— are both supported by the Church Missionary Society of England, which pays very liberally—300 rupees or $150 a month—while the Americans only receive about 150 rupees or $75 per month, with which it is very hard work to make the two ends of the year meet, with the necessary establishment which the castes impose upon Europeans and Americans.

Messrs. P——— and H——— took me to their school for boys

and girls. Some of the latter were very bright looking. All were writing in Persian on slates. Mr. P—— says they can distinguish a difference in brightness between the children of Christian, and other natives! Then to their printing-press, the largest in India! It was started to furnish work for the orphans they took charge of after the great famine of 1838. Mr. Thomasson said he would give them the printing of the Northwest Provinces if they would arrange to do it all; so they have appropriated all the earnings of the press for the last ten years in enlarging and paying off their indebtedness, and are now nearly out of debt.

They employ 500 workmen. They pay the superintendent $3,200 per annum, and have several type-founders from Leipsic. Then to the Christian village formed by these orphans, many of whom are married and have families. When they can earn enough to support a family, they are allowed to marry, and are given a house. There are now several streets of these houses, the entire population of which is over 400. The printing-press is in the tomb of Ackbar's Portuguese Queen.

From the top is a fine view of Ackbar's tomb. The portals and marble minar of which are fluted, and the only ones of the kind I've seen in India. Home, and packing up, and shall start after tea for Futtepore Sekree.

March 3d, BHURTPORE.—Last evening I was off at ten, with a double set of bearers (thirteen men), who are to accompany me the entire tour, which will last several days. They started with a song and invocation to Ram.

We reached Futtepore Sekree at six this morning. This was a favorite country residence of Ackbar—a kind of Windsor Castle—a fortified palace and a wall of seven miles in length extending around the low grounds of the village. The place is about twenty-two miles from Agra. While I was eating breakfast, the guide made his appearance, Sheik Bashaut Ali, a jolly-looking, white-bearded antediluvian, who is always ready with

a story or song for the traveller. His chief pleasure is in relating the various legends of the place, and showing his numerous certificates from visitors, with a final hope that when he dies he may be buried near his sainted Sheik Saleem Shisty.

Starting under his auspices I visited first, a small building in the centre of the Palace court or quadrangle, appropriated to Ackbar's Christian Queen, the Romy Begum. The exterior was once painted in fresco. One side represents some Hindoo gods; the rest of the building is appropriated to a representation of the exploits of the Hero Rustan, with the exception of one panel, which has rather a vague picture of three figures with wings, like an Annunciation; but, like the others, this is nearly obliterated. If the inside ever had similar decorations, they are concealed by that unscrupulous renovator—whitewash—which alike delights Christian and infidel.

Near here is another singular building called the Panch Mahal, rising five stories, with terraces. Of its use there are various conjectures; by some it is supposed to have been a servants' building. The stories are low, and the first so full of curiously sculptured old columns, it strongly reminded me of the singular cathedral at Cordova, formerly a grand mosque. Opposite this is a small domed veranda or portico, with Hindoo architecture.

While my imagination was at work, thinking why it could have been put there, my guide informed me Ackbar had a famous Gooru (Hindoo holy man), probably from policy, as his religion was worn so lightly it had slipped off altogether, and several times he sent to Goa for priests.

Adjoining the same court is a two-story building like a small chapel, very richly and elaborately sculptured. Around the interior of the second story is a gallery, and from the centre of the building a massive column rose with a heavy capital, ornamented with stalactites, as were the corners of the room. From this column were four stone galleries, or passages connecting with the corners.

Here Ackbar is represented to have met his wise men to con-

sult on politics, religion, and science. Near by is another beautifully sculptured building.

On the opposite side of the court is a large Pachesa-board laid in the pavement, and forming a cross, with an elevated place in the centre. The game must have been like that of school-boys with us—of "Fox and Geese."

In an adjoining court Ackbar's Kutcherry, or Hall of Justice, called *Diwar-e-am*. Here the people greeted him with the exclamation of "God is great:" and he replied "May His glory shine for ever."

Near this stood the Mint, a large, low building, forming a hollow square, around which are two low arched halls, divided by massive arches, which support the roof and low domes which form the ceiling. Then back to the Palace, and through a labyrinthine building for the ladies to play "Hide and Seek."

In the stable-yard each horse had a stone-partition stall, and manger of the same material. Near here is the Elephant Gate, so I termed from two colossal elephants on the exterior, made of stone.

This entrance is flanked by two octagonal towers. Beyond, and below is a singular-looking minar, or tower, the upper part studded with spikes, and called the Elephant Minar—perhaps over the grave of a favorite elephant.

Then to the Durga, or tomb of Sheik Saleem-Shisty, who was a man of great sanctity, and favorite priest of Acbar. The tradition is, that he was discovered on this hill about three hundred and fifty years ago, by a wood or stone-cutter, who in vain persuaded him to leave it. One day he saw some tigers in his cave, with whom he appeared to be on terms of friendship. This established his sanctity as a Fakeer. As his reputation increased, so did his riches; and at length he built this tomb and mosque, at an expense of 37 lacs, or $1,750,000. It consists of a most imposing gateway, 120 feet high, with a portal arch of 80 feet. The entire front of red sandstone, studded with coarse mosaic. The effect is very fine.

Around the interior is a pillared corridor, thirty feet h
one side is a beautiful mosque, like the Hall of Recepti
Alhambra, only stone and marble here supply the place
stucco, and azulajos.

In the centre of one side of the court opposite the
is a beautiful white marble temple—tomb of the Sheik
Shisty. The tomb is like a high-post bedstead in app
with post and canopy of mother-of-pearl—the walls formi
work in marble.

The floors are of beautiful tessellated marbles. In th
a perfect burying-ground of a mausoleum. The court
mosque and tomb is 408 by 430 feet. Then to my te
bungalow in one of the palace buildings, and off to this
hot ride in my dhooly. The distance is fourteen miles.

I arrived here at half-past four, but too late to get an
from the Rajah, who always provides travellers with
part of the inconvenience of my having missed the G
who would have facilitated me in all my movements.

This is an independent State and at times has given
India Company much trouble. Not having the elephan
pedestrianism, and started with my guide and sketch-boo
after leaving the bungalow, I crossed the outer wall, whi
mud, and then on for two-thirds of a mile to a deep wi
and drawbridge—rather a hard place to storm—the mo
200 feet wide and full of water, with a wall on the oppo
and lofty walls to the citadel.

Inside I ascended a temple overhanging the wall, from
there is a good view. On and passed the Rajah's kutche
two palaces, one very large, to a high hill, which I
Here the Mahrattas had their heavy guns in the sieg
Lord Lake, and the later one in '25 or '26 under Lord
mere.

Within the citadel wall, is another high mud wall,
crumbling. The city appears large, populous, and, for
town, well built. On going out of the gate of the city,

one of the princes returning in a carriage with a large escort. At eleven this evening I shall start for Goverdund.

March 4th, MUTTRA.—This morning shortly after light, I reached Goverdund (twenty miles), also within the Rajah of Bhurtpore's country. There not being a bungalow, I had my dhooly deposited in the verandah of one of the fine tombs, and made my breakfast on cold tea, and a dry chepatty (dough cake), which I fortunately asked the kitmagar to give me last night.

With a guide, I visited the tomb of Sooridg-Mull, one of the Bhurtpore Rajahs. The buildings are fine, and consist of a temple and verandah on a terrace, with a noble tank about 400 feet square, and a lofty flight of steps leading from the water to the terrace. On either side of each flight is a high side wall, terminating with an octagonal tower. This tomb is a mile out of the town.

The tomb I am in, has the finest building, though the tank is smaller, but I counted thirty-two steps in the flight from the terrace to the tank.

The building is of two stories; the lower is a terrace, and within a very holy temple, I suppose, for I could not go in. The upper is the tomb, the exterior walls of which are covered with fine sculpture. The interior is of most peculiar fresco, commemorating events—one is the capture of Bhurtpore. On the four sides and corners were small erections which I hardly know what to call.

This is the burial-place of the Jaut chiefs, and contains many tombs, though I only give the two best. This last one is of Bulmut Singh.

At mid-day, on to this place, a distance of fourteen miles. As I was leaving Goverdund, I saw a poor wretch measuring his length to this place, for penance. I have described the process before. This is a very holy place. There not being a dâk bungalow, as I understood there was, I was obliged to have my dhooly placed in a native caravansary. I then got a guide and

walked out, while I sent a man to look me up some chepat or bread, and a candle, for my larder was precious low—on stale chepatty and no bungalow, with a journey of forty-e miles before me for to-morrow.

I crossed the bridge over this part of the Jumna, and wal upon a small island. The Ghauts are like those of most Hir cities. This seems a large and well-built town, with house four and five stories.

I stopped and sketched some buildings in my note-book reminiscence, and then returned to the dhooly, where, with g good luck I found my man had brought me two fresh loa and a sperm candle, instead of "a dip" as I expected. So d ping the curtains of the dhooly, I prepared for a famous rep For want of a candlestick, I took off one of my shoes, tearing out four or five leaves from an old review, I made a in them, and laying them across the shoe, made a socket.

Unfortunately for my dinner, the heat has made my last tle of beer sour, the cold tea gone, and brandy with tepid w not very palatable. So I did not waste much time over my din

And now, with my portfolio in my lap, I am finishing letter, which will only just reach Agra in time for the n I am surrounded by a melodious set of people, who have ceased singing for the last three hours.

March 5th, Agra.—After a very comfortable night in peculiar quarters, I started at half-past three for Bunderabu eight miles, which I reached at six. Here, on waking up, I fo I was deposited under a beautiful stone verandah; so drea and gave the men money to buy me a chatty to heat water bring some wood, and get me fire, milk, and sugar, whil started off to see the Ghauts—the only things worth seeing these places.

The bed of the river was nearly dry—only a narrow str left. Here were numerous pilgrims bathing, sipping water, saying their prayers; others exclaiming, "Ram! Ram!" wl

farther on a number of dhobies were engaged in the more useful work of washing.

Making a small sketch of one of the temples (for there is a great resemblance in all Hindoo architecture), I returned to my dhooly much pleased with what I had seen.

In this place there are many fine buildings along the Ghauts, and interspersed as they are with trees, they present quite a picturesque appearance. This is the Benares of this part of India, and the seat of Krishna, and also the famous mythological account of her, and some forty thousand milkmaids. Returning to the dhooly, I found a chatty of water boiling, some milk, and a quantity of crystallized sugar wrapped in the corner of the mantle of one of my Coolies. You may smile, but would not be more particular, if you had had all this travelling and jolting, besides fasting for thirty-six hours, with no better prospect than a pot of tea made by pouring tea, milk, and sugar, all into this same chatty, and a loaf of stale, dry bread for twenty-four hours more, besides forty-eight miles of jolting!

I had no thoughts of making this tour when I left Agra, not supposing I had time, or the men could carry me so far; for by the time I return it will be 112 miles in sixty-four hours.

There are any number of monkeys about this building, and I expect every moment one will drop in upon me, or stop and steal something.

I reached here at a little past midnight, after my mostly impromptu journey, tired, hungry, and dusty. Of the places I visited, Bhurtpore was one of the strong fortresses in this part of the country, which formed the nucleus around which the discontented could rebel, and retire to in case of attack. Though twice besieged by the English, it was never fairly captured but once.

The first siege was under Lord Lake in 1804, when the enemy capitulated after the English had suffered great loss, and were about to turn the siege into a blockade. The other was in 1826,

when Lord Combermere blew their works to pieces by immense mines. Goverdund I've described. Muttra I've said is one of the most sacred places in India, nearly equal to Benares.

Here, where Krishna is said to have bathed, the late Rajah of Gwalior erected an immense tank. To this place his banker or treasurer retired, after paying a million of rupees to settle his accounts, and left the country with the balance of his property. His son, Loochmachund, is now considered the wealthiest banker in India. He is an immense dealer in opium, and a very curious person. A few years ago he erected a magnificent temple at Bunderabund a few miles from here, and at the same time contributes to the missionary societies for schools, whenever they ask for money. The English wished to establish a church here, and he provided the parsonage. Sometimes he appears in state with a carriage and six, with outriders, guards, etc.; and a few hours afterwards perhaps driving himself in an ox-cart. The city of Muttra is large, and the projecting stories reminded me much of Cairo.

March 6th.—This morning before breakfast I drove out to the stores, to lay in supplies for my Rajpootana journey. After breakfast I went and bid Messrs. Fullerton and Williams good-bye, then home and packing up. This afternoon with Mawson to the Taj. I dread to begin a description of its beauties, they will so little portray them. M——— had his flute and played. I've never heard anything more beautiful than the notes and echoes gradually growing fainter and fainter, as they reverberated through gallery, chamber, and niche.

While enjoying the beauties of the place, a Frenchman came in, puffing his segar. From here we went to see a full dress review by General Anson (who commands this division), of the 8th (Queen's), which presented a very fine appearance, as English troops always do. They went through the review in a most soldierly manner. All the "beauty and fashion" were here, and [illegible]; for much as they have to do with the military in

India, still they always attract every one in the place; partly because most are connected with the regiments.

March 7th, GWALIOR.—Last night I started at half-past eight, and when I got two miles out of town, I found my bright-witted servant had forgot to put in any boots, which was rather an awkward "fix," as I had nothing but the slippers on my feet; so I was set down in the road for an hour, until one of the bearers could go back for them.

I reached Dholepore, the half-way bungalow, at eight this morning, when I had to wait nearly three hours for the next set of bearers, who had not yet arrived from Gwalior. Near here is a petty Rajah's palace. He sent me his salaam, but, as my bearers had arrived, I did not go and see him.

This afternoon I passed over the field of Maharajpore, where Lord Gough managed to blunder into a battle before he was aware he was near the enemy. There had been some difficulty with the Ranee at Gwalior, the capital of Scindia (as it is known by, as Indore is known as that of Holkar, and Baroda of the Guicowar—the three great Mahratta houses that some years ago swayed all the central part of India). Lord Gough marched down with about 12,000 troops, accompanied by the Governor-General Lord Ellenborough, and his suite, including a number of ladies, wives of notabilities, for it was hardly supposed there would be a battle.

The native troops marched out to meet Lord Gough, instead of waiting for him; and meeting him as he was passing through a wide open country slightly undulating, with only tall grass and grain to obscure objects, they managed to pass all the native army, consisting of about sixteen thousand; and just as the ladies and luggage were bringing up the rear, the natives commenced the battle, and the troops had to return in order to fight, as the enemy were actually behind them. The battle was one of the most obstinate, and the armies more nearly matched, than in any battle ever fought in India.

I continued on to the Residency, when I found the Resident was not staying here, but at the cantonment, so went on about seven miles. As it was nine o'clock when I reached there I told my bearers to take me to the dâk bungalow, not liking to present myself at a stranger's house at that hour of the night. They said there was no dâk bungalow; so I told them to take me to the Resident's; when I got there the servants said *they had gone to a "nautch."* This is the natives' only idea of the term for a dancing-party, whereas, it literally means a dance by professional nautch dancers, who belong to the most dissolute class in India. I understood what was meant. They said they would not return in less than two hours, and wished me to go there; but I declined.

I waited until near one in the morning, when the carriage drove up to the door; as Major M——— got out, I presented my letter of introduction, mentioning whom it was from, and my name, as it was dark. He at once received me most warmly, and presented me to his wife and daughters, and after he had read the letter, which was from one of his most particular friends, laughing heartily he said that when he saw me on the piazza, and the servant, in opening the gate, said a Sahib was waiting to see him, he thought that I was a very disagreeable person who had been threatening him with a visit, and whom he had been trying to stop off, in various ways, and asked if I had heard any of his maledictions on my supposed pertinacity (which I had not). As he was only temporarily in this a small house, he said he should have to put me in a tent in his garden for the night, as next day he should move back to the "Residency," and would give me better accommodations. So seeing me comfortable in my new quarters, bid me good night.

March 8th.—This morning, as soon as I was visible, I had a visit from Major M———, who took me to the house. As they were all busy seeing to the arrangements for moving I only saw the family at breakfast; after which he took me to call upon Brigadier Hill, lately appointed to the command on account of

his distinguished gallantry in Burmah. Then to see one or two other of the principal people here. On our return I found the ladies were having quite a levée, for as they are moving to the Residency, people were calling to bid good-bye. Then passed a very pleasant morning.

After tiffin, Major M—— took me to a neighbor's, Capt. M——, upon whom he wished to quarter me for a day or two, until he could get settled at the Residency—then home again, and a drive with the young ladies and a Mrs. M——, wife of an officer here. We all dined to-day at Captain H——'s, and in the evening a small party. We had a delightful evening, music, games, and dancing,—the ladies pretty and charming.

March 9th.—This morning M—— drove me to the Fort of Gwalior, which is half way between the cantonment and Residency. It is a lofty isolated hill, about two miles long, by a third of a mile wide; the summit being a table land, and altogether a very odd formation, and almost impregnable unless surprised. We found an elephant at the gate of the fort, which Major M—— had sent for us; and mounting we ascended the long flights of winding steps. On this, the western side, is the Palace forming part of the wall, and presenting a very handsome, elaborately ornamented front of brown stone. High up, were small balconies, where the hareem could enjoy the air unseen.

The fort is guarded by a rather fine-looking police, dressed after the style of the French soldiers, in blue frock coats, although they wore the Glengarry bonnets. This was the capital of Scindia, and the uniform a relic of French drill and officers.

Reaching the top of the fort, I found only a mass of ruins, a miserably weak citadel, and two curious Hindoo temples; one rising four stories in pyramidal form, and a mass of sculpture; the other, lofty and very similar to those of southern India, except the crowning brass ornaments, which have either been removed by man or time. In some places I noticed the wall was broken down. M—— informed me that after the battle of

Maharajpore, the fort was taken from the Rajah, and that he had been trying ever since, to get it back again. Some months ago, it was done, and now his wounded honor is healed. He is constantly in fear lest some of his rebellious people may seize it, and get him in trouble again with the English; and the broken wall is to obviate any such difficulty.

Below, on the plain, I saw the Lushka (as it is termed, a camp literally, I believe). Here is the palace, and his small army of three thousand infantry, and five or six regiments of cavalry, though the government is administered by English officers, of whom Major M——, the Resident is the head. For several years they were not allowed a Resident, who is in the light of an ambassador and adviser to the sovereign, as they wished to humble the pride of the Rajah and his people.

The authority of the Resident is supported by an army called the contingent, containing about eight or nine thousand men, who are officered on the principle of the local corps, viz. a commanding officer, usually a captain or major from the Company's service, with a second in command, and adjutant, all of whom are highly paid; the first 1000 rupees per month, the other two, 700 and 500. These appointments are looked on as great favors, and much sought after,—in fact, a native (army) officer strives for any appointment. It would seem that it were an anxiety to get out of his regiment as soon as possible, as if he thought it a stigma to remain in it. I suppose the reason is, that being out of his regiment, and, as it were, brought more prominently before the authorities, he thus has a better chance of getting ahead in high appointments.

About three miles distant I saw the Residency. On this side of the fort are numerous bastions, strengthening the fort where weak, and mingling the Divine and physical law, they had some deities cut out of the rock. Then back to M——'s. Several visitors dropped in, among them, Captain M——, a very nice fellow. He has just been reading Miss Bremer's "Homes in the New World," and was very anxious to know who many of the nota-

bilities are, and sent me the book to read. I rode out and made two or three visits by myself; on my return looked over Miss Bremer's book. The poor little woman was evidently laboring under dyspepsia, when in most places in the United States. She was awfully bored by attentions in our country; for though our cities are populous and our people travel much, they are very far from being more than mere villagers in the knowledge of the world as regards officious and curious attention to strangers: often much more from a desire to gain notability for themselves, than any desire to afford pleasure to the guest, and in spite of foreigners laughing at our absurd habit, almost of sycophancy, in running after any foreigner we fancy of note, our vanity and notoriety so far overcome all the feelings of sensibility, that we don't mind being laughed at, if our *amour propre* can be flattered.

This afternoon M——— drove me out; we stopped to see the church, an exquisite building—one of the prettiest I have seen in India. We dined at the mess, and this evening went to a party at Mrs. A———'s.

March 10th, Residency.—This morning M——— gave me a "mount," and we took a gallop round the station, which is very prettily situated. I saw a native regiment manœuvring and throwing out skirmishers, which they did very skilfully. We met several ladies and gentlemen riding.

We stopped at Mrs. M———'s for breakfast; then home, and starting off my things by Coolies for the Residency, I followed in a buggy Major M——— sent for me. This afternoon M——— and Mrs. M——— drove down. The Major took me to visit the Rajah, he (the Major) wishing to take a present the Governor General had sent for him. The Rajah is a very ordinary-looking person, and being of the reigning family, it pleased the East India Company to put him on the throne. The minister is a very clever Brahmin. The Rajah, who is fond of billiards, asked the Major to play, but he wished me to relieve him by taking his place, which I did, and had the honor of being beaten.

Returning home, we drove through the city, which has great numbers of disgustingly obscene figures, which the Major is endeavoring to put a stop to; but it is a very delicate business, as they form part of the native worship. M—— and Mrs. M—— dined with us, bringing me a note from Captain M——, begging me to return to the cantonment next week, to spend a day with him, and offering to give me a party in the evening, if I would; but I had to decline.

March 11*th*.—This morning I took a daylight walk; then had a visit from Major M—— in my room, where he has been examining my sketches, and inquiring my routes. Shortly after, he gave me three letters of introduction to gentlemen on the road, who are the Residents, or political agents at those places.

All the morning I've been enjoying the pleasure of Miss M—— M——'s company, with music, sketches, etc. Then tiffin. This afternoon we've been tuning the piano—I the mechanical, and she the scientific,—after which she played and sung for me; then a drive with Mrs. M—— and the daughters. This evening a variety of amusements, music, etc. Among the pieces, Miss M—— sung "Topsey," from "Uncle Tom," for my benefit, and the first time I had heard it.

March 12*th*, Sunday.—This morning, as I was taking a daylight walk, I met two palanquins, and a Lieutenant F—— and his wife just from Agra, and coming to the Residency. I returned just as the ladies were starting on their morning ride. Then Major M—— brought me another letter to the political agent at Mount Aboo—Major A——, and advised me to write to Colonel George Lawrence, to inform me about my route, and furnish me with guards, orders, etc., that might be necessary. Then breakfast; and as the church was eight miles distant, it looked like rain, and no chaplain here at present, the Major proposed reading service at home, and as in that case it always fell on Miss M——, she tried to persuade her father to relieve

her to-day, as there were three strangers present. But he declined doing more than the sermon; then she asked me to relieve her; but as I don't go more than half the time to the Episcopal church, I forgot the run of the service, although I can always follow in church—I made that my excuse. Then she asked Mr. F———; he said he was Presbyterian; so I told her I would have compassion on her, if she would play clerk, and give me the order of the places before I began. As the prayer-book was an old one, newly-bound and fresh-looking, I came near making a ludicrous mistake; for in the midst of the multitudinous prayers for the Royal family, I came suddenly upon one for the Dowager Queen Charlotte, who has been dead any number of years, the recollection of which flashed across my mind just in time to save me; but with my quick perception of the ridiculous, it nearly upset my risibles; however, I got through very creditably, I believe, and they all laughed heartily when I told them about it, and said I would have been apprised of my mistake by a peal of laughter.

This afternoon I am obliged to return to Agra again, and much regret that my time here is so limited, for it is one of the most agreeable houses I've yet visited, and the young ladies the prettiest and most accomplished I've met in India. The eldest of the two has only been married about a year, and her husband lately ordered on service in Burmah, where ladies cannot go; the younger is unmarried.* From my letter of introduction, I have been treated almost like one of their own family, they doing everything to render my visit pleasant, and Major M———

* The day I reached Bombay, the eldest daughter's husband, who is on the staff, died of cholera. A year after, Major M——— died from fever, and shortly after, Mrs. M———; and in another year the second daughter had lost her only child, and the youngest daughter, who was married a few months after I saw her, lost her first child—making five deaths in the family in two years; and during the mutiny, they were among those who were obliged to fly to Agra for safety,—luckily, no further mishap befell any of them.

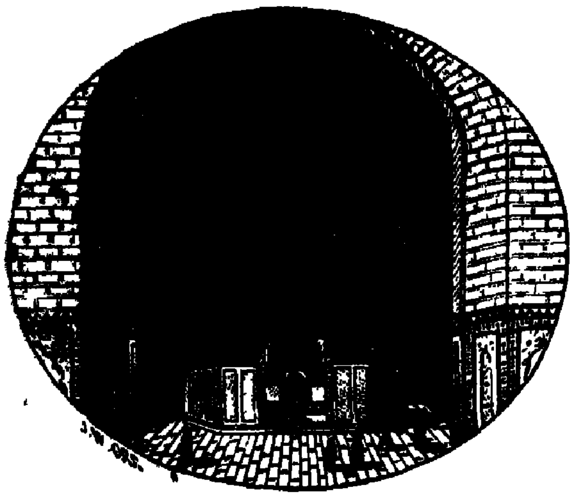
giving me letters to all the people in authority and position on the road.

The young ladies are among the many instances of the style of young ladies generally found in India now: as no child can grow up here without injury to its health, it is sent home to England as early as possible, and there educated; if a boy, he returns as cadet, civil or military; or if a daughter, at about eighteen—in either event, boy or girl, with the best education, usually. The daughter generally marries shortly after she arrives, and the son is sent to his station; often the families don't come together again in years. I supposed it would break all the nicer ties of affection, but I am told by various families it does not. And in this manner officers find as elegant, accomplished wives as they could in England. I have met none more so than the young ladies at this house.

March 18*th*, AGRA.—My dhooly and things were started off yesterday afternoon, and after dinner, I, in a buggy, overtaking them a few miles out. I reached here at twelve at noon to-day; M——— had just returned from a drive, and proposed taking me to the Arsenal. Here is Ackbar's marble throne, where he administered justice, and beneath is the marble slab where his Vizier sat. The room is long, and filled with stands of arms and flags taken in different battles.

At one end of the room stand the famous gates of Sumnaut. When the celebrated Mahmond of Ghuzné overran the western part of India, among his conquests was the holy Brahminical city of Sumnaut, celebrated for the wealth of its temples. After the capture, in the destruction of the temples, the priests offered an immense sum of money to Mahmond to save their chief idol. The stern fanatic paused a moment, and then exclaiming, "Truth is better than gold," struck it with his mace so powerful a blow as to split it in pieces, revealing an immense amount of gold and jewels, far greater than the offered ransom.

The gates of this temple he removed to his capital of Ghuzné,



lished by the Author. See page 469.

INTERIOR OF TAJ MAHAL AND TOMB, AGRA.



tched by the Author

TAJ MAHAL AND AGRA

See pa

where they remained until the end of the Afghan war, when they were brought from Ghuzné after its capture, and set up at Agra with a pompous flourish by Lord Ellenborough, which you doubtless recollect. They are about twelve feet high, made of sandal wood, mostly composed of small pieces elaborately carved and inlaid, like the ceilings of some of the rooms in the Alhambra. On one door is a horse-shoe, reputed to have been nailed there by the conqueror as a sign of conquest. They bear evident marks of great age. Then home, and after dinner to the Taj for the last time.

The building is situated on a large terrace at the end of a handsome garden on the bank of the river. The terrace is several hundred feet square, and paved with white marble; at one end a mosque, at the other a building corresponding in style, called the jawáb or answer. In the centre stands the Taj, a most unique and beautiful tribute of a monarch's affection for a much-loved wife, built by Shah Jehan for a favorite wife at an immense cost. Tavernier, an early French traveller, says, 20,000 men were engaged on it for twenty-two years, and it cost more than $15,000,000.

The building is octagonal. From the centre rises a lofty dome, and on the corners are smaller domes; at each of the four corners of the terrace rises a beautifully graceful marble minar. The building externally and internally, for a height of about ten or twelve feet, is beautifully ornamented with a profusion of fine mosaic in Florentine style, representing flowers and vines. In the centre, under the dome, are the tombs of Shah Jehan, and his wife for whom that place was built. They are surrounded by an open-work screen of white marble —the most beautiful of the many I have seen in India. The building is all of the purest white marble. The fine mosaics have puzzled the curious; Bishop Heber says they were done by Italians who lived at Agra. The whole affair has been a theme of prose and poetic description; but as I deal in dull facts, you will perhaps gather as much from them as the

poetry, for neither can convey the least idea of this wonderfully beautiful monument.

Shah Jehan laid the foundations of a corresponding one on the opposite side of the river, for himself; but his son, Auruingzebe, following the hereditary virtue of a father who had deposed and murdered all his brothers for a throne, deposed him likewise, and thinking it better economy to put him by the side of his wife in this tomb, did so.

The tomb is generally known as that of Noor Mahal, "the Light of the Harem," in Lalla Rookh; but she was the wife of Jehan Ghir, and both were buried in a beautiful tomb built by Jehan Ghir, near Lahore.

Shah Jehan did more towards decorating Delhi and Agra than all of the other emperors. It was he who had the wonderful peacock throne made, that cost £6,000,000; he also built the Jumma-Musjid at Delhi. Moore, in his Lalla Rookh, has mingled the beauty, genius, and accomplishments of Noor Mahal and the splendor of Shah Jehan, who was in the habit not only of lavishing money here on elegant buildings, feasts, etc., but also in Cashmere which he visited every summer. Noor Mahal, who was the daughter of an Afghan peasant, by her wondrous beauty gained a throne, and by her cleverness caused her husband to constantly consult her during his life. She was as bold as clever, and intriguing. In one of the rebellions she exposed herself on an elephant in the midst of the fight, discharging arrows at the enemy.

Coming home—this evening I started for Bombay via Rajpootana. Agra is the city of the interior of India. The Governor of the North-west Provinces resides here. There are also many public buildings and institutions.*

March 14th, BHURTPORE.—Started last evening, I in one dhooly and my servant in another—a miniature affair. I have a

* During the insurrection the fort furnished an asylum to hundreds of fugitives from the Sepoys—men, women, and children.

troop of twenty-six men, who are to take me as far as Oodepoore, perhaps Cambay, to march at the rate of from twenty-eight to thirty miles per day, and as I have seen this, and the road I have traversed before, I have nothing to do but muse on the pleasant past.

March 16*th*, MAUNPORE.—I am now three marches on the road, and seen nothing of interest; low hills, a flat country, and an occasional pariah dog, perhaps a stray native or so, frequently passing a dried-up river. The people are all much alarmed, fearing that from some freak of nature they will have a famine or die of thirst, as many of the wells and streams are drying up.

March 17*th*, BHURUNAH BUNGALOW.—This morning I was awoke by a tremendous shouting, "Sa-aib, Sa-aib, Chicar, Chicar," so I started up, rubbed my eyes, and saw a herd of antelopes. I got up, and getting about three hundred yards from them, fired and missed. Then I got in again and jogged on to this place, where I am enjoying the usual and perfect tranquillity of these bungalows.

March 18*th*, JYPORE RESIDENCY.—I awoke this morning just before reaching the city, the road to which, for a short distance, is an avenue of temples. As I approached the city I saw numbers of horse-dealers from the north, with their long matted locks, dirty faces, and dirtier clothes. Then a very holy Brahmin with a cloth over his mouth to prevent his destroying life by swallowing insects.

Two miles further the Residency. The appearance is singular, and on approaching it looks like a fortress, especially on seeing the Sepoy guard. There is a fine large garden enclosed by the wall. Colonel R——— was in the garden, so I sent my letter and card, and slowly sauntered after. He gave me a cordial welcome; then showing me my room, I made my toilet, and soon

joined him and Mrs. R—— in the breakfast room. We then adjourned to the arbor, where he enjoyed his cheroot, and I the overland "extra." Then a chat about America, where he thinks of living after retiring from India.

Returning to the parlor, Mrs. R—— joined us, and then an oddity, a Mrs. L——, wife of an officer now dead. She was a half-caste, large, and fine looking, well educated, but has an erratic brain that is always leading her into queer things. She affects "bloomers," but seems very ill at ease in them. Sometimes she dons the coat, trowsers, beard, moustache, sword, and dagger. After dinner she started on her journey northward, and I on an elephant to the town. Entering, I stopped to see an old temple in a dirty lane, with a marble throne, on which was a miniature deity, with two attendants, all of which were in white marble; on either side two galleries with rows of marble columns supporting arches, and a gaudily yet prettily-decorated ceiling, which Colonel R——'s servant admired prodigiously, and was anxious I should do the same.

Then to one of the many palaces, a curious labyrinthine mass, rising six or seven stories, terminating almost in a point. In the upper part is a curious room and verandah, supported by low swelling columns, which were covered with a kind of blue enamel, the ceilings decorated with gilding and small bits of convex glass, in every variety of shape.

From here is a fine view of the city, the semicircle of hills crested with small forts, temple, and a palace or two—the low sandy plain, and a large garden with fountains, complete the objects, unless I include the bazaar now at its busiest hour, when the masses below in every imaginable hue, look like the confused mingling of kaleidoscope colors.

The buildings from here look much more massive and strong than from the street, though the city is better built, and more regular than almost any other city in India, besides multitudes of trees whose foliage adds much to the picturesque effect. Then to another palace, but with nothing to see. The town is almost

entirely without defence, at which I am much surprised, supposing it was well fortified, as it is one of the independent states. There is a small ruined fort near by.

The present Rajah has only recently ascended the throne, and until two years ago, Colonel R——— managed all the affairs of government. The Rajah receives about one-third of the revenues; one-third is held by the chiefs, a kind of feudal barons; the rest by the priests. The country is generally poor and badly irrigated; crops are very uncertain. On his one-third of the 13,000 square miles, and population of about 2,500,000, he managed sometimes to realize nearly £350,000. But now the Rajah, under his own mismanagement and oppression, has a bankrupt treasury. Colonel and Mrs. R——— must have a lonesome time here, there being only one other European—the Doctor, and he not pleasant.

March 20th, AJMERE.—Two days more—nothing yesterday but a small and distant hill fort; the country dull and sandy; a Parsee in a palanquin, and a few antelopes were the only living objects to vary the monotony. This morning, at daylight, passed a rather large walled town, now very dilapidated. An hour after a large herd of antelopes crossed the road; among them some black bucks; shortly after, treasure waggons, and escort of two companies of Sepoys, and some cavalry, en route to Delhi, with 600,000 rupees. At three I passed through a gorge of the hills, and entered the valley of Ajmere (I say valley, it is), and a table land also, 2,000 feet above the sea, and forms the ridge or backbone, as it were of India, from which most of the rivers flow east or west—and singular to relate, some of the rivers flow up towards Delhi.

The valley is one of the most picturesque in India, walled in on all sides by broken ranges of hills. Here is a burnt up plain, while a few miles beyond, is the low valley, burdened with luxuriant vegetation, for which thanks may be given to Colonel Dixon's good management, and the conduits from the lake. Here [illegible]

occasional pointed roof of a bungalow may be seen peering from among the trees. Still further on, the city of Ajmere, on the side of a hill, up whose broken sides are seen extending the chu-named walls of the town, and glittering in the sun, as if freshly dosed with a brush instead of having borne the storms of centuries.

High above the town, on a lofty hill, stands the fortress, and every lesser hill crested with a temple or petty fort. At four I reached Dowlut-Bagh, Colonel Dixon's temporary residence—his principal one being at another place, some thirty-six miles distant. My men were regularly fagged out, marching 85 miles this hot weather in two days, and I was not feeling much fresher after a dusting and fasting of nearly 22 hours, and only protected form the sun by this imaginary shelter of a dhooly.

By good luck I found Colonel Dixon here; he is the commissioner and governor, to all intents and purposes, for he manages so well the government allows him to do whatever he thinks most advisable. He is a very pleasant old gentleman, and a resident of this country for forty years without once leaving it. Railways and steamers are only pictures in his imagination.

After making myself somewhat comfortable, he proposed a walk through the public gardens. Then from the top of a neighboring hill, we had a beautiful sunset view of the lake—a pretty little sheet of water, a mile and a half long, by three quarters wide. Multitudes of ducks and other waterfowl were enjoying flying and swimming privileges. Returning home we enjoyed the evening breeze from the lake until dinner, and the refreshing sound of the dashing waters against the foundations of the house beneath the balcony where we sat.

March 21.—This morning at daylight, Colonel D——— and I rode to the town, visiting the old Jahn temple, said to be very ancient. Parts were rebuilt by the Mussulmaun conquerors, who [illegible] covered the walls with quotations from the Koran in Arabic character. Thence into the valley between the high hills [illegible] the ancient Ajmere stood.

A nest of plundering Rajahs like the mail-clad barons, who occupied the fortresses on the Rhine and Danube three centuries ago. Robbing is a profession here, and not considered disgraceful, for might makes right here as in most other places. The Rajpoots always allow their whiskers to grow long, and brush and pull them out to their extremest length.

We then drove into the city, and saw the mosque, which somewhat reminded me of the Mootee Musjid at Agra, only not so massive, or elegant. Then saw a fine tank built by Colonel D———, during the famine in '38, and supplied by water from a never-failing spring in the hills. Around this tank, or bowlee, are nice native dwelling houses, with verandahs opening on the bowlee, and affording a cool pure air in the warm weather evenings. Then to another bowlee he has just finished—built by subscription among the natives. To-day a wealthy native has subscribed 4,000 rupees for a fine colonnade around it. Colonel D———, by heading the subscriptions himself, induces the others to follow his example, and thus adorns their city.

There is much wealth here, though actually very little business done, except through agents at Delhi, Agra, Benares, and Patna. We then went to the Dispensary, and so on home, and to the top of the house for a fine view of the lake and city.

On the opposite side of the lake is an old Hindoo temple, which in the distance, looks just like one of the old Abbey views so frequently met with in England. Then, after breakfast, we discussed the probable war with Russia over some fresh papers. The Colonel then went to his kutcherry, and I to write letters to Major M———, and Colonel Lawrence for orders, guards, etc., to meet me on the road.

This afternoon Colonel D——— drove me out, and showed me groves and avenues of fine trees, mangoes, and others, that he had planted years ago, the mango being a very useful tree to the native for its fruit. Colonel D——— says, during the wars, when thousands of trees were cut down, the tamarinds all escaped, owing to the wood being too hard for the native axes.

He showed me some of the rose plantations he has induced the natives to cultivate. They now have 200 acres of them! He is in hopes of getting the large sweet rose that blooms but once a year, to unite its properties with that of the small cluster rose, which blooms twice a year, and has offered to give all the natives who make the experiment successfully, four rupees each. He hopes, in this way, to get plantations of large clustering roses, blooming twice a year, from which much ottar can be made. He has also dotted the country with small lakes or bunds, where the water has been collected by skilful engineering; and by irrigating the soil, they tend much to increase the prosperity of the country and the revenue. He told me, Government had informed him, that any requisition he may make on them for improvements would be promptly met—a most agreeable compliment and satisfaction for a faithful administration of the country for twenty-five years.

Of the revenues of the country, a large portion belong to the petty chiefs or temples, both of which are free from the Government tax, so that the actual receipts of Government for the immediate district of Ajmere, consisting of 2600 square miles, is only six lacs, or $300,000. I presume these statistics will not have very great interest for you, but they may to me hereafter. Then home. Captain Tishmaker (German), in the Company's service, dined with us. There are only about six families here, and most of those temporarily absent.

March 22d, Berai Bungalow.—Started at eight last night, after a pleasant visit, necessarily hastened by the necessity of my reaching Bombay, by the 10th of April, for the steamer. I had lots of trouble getting guides on the road. Passed Nusseerabad Cantonment* at two in the morning. Near here are some old Mussulman tombs, and a small fort on the isolated crest of a hill.

* This was another of the places where the mutiny broke out, but was not [illegible]

March 24th, HUMERGUR BUNGALOW.—My yesterday's bungalow was in a small town. Last night I had trouble with my men about the marches. To-day I received a letter from Colonel George Lawrence, with orders for Cheetore. Near the bungalow is a pretty little tank.

March 25th, CHEETORE.—My men are getting worse and worse, the baggage men falling behind, and the bearers setting me down to rest ten times during the night. So to-day, half a dozen of them coming in an hour behind the dhooly, I got them all in the close verandah, and made them acquainted with "Uncle Tom" and the heavy lash of my hunting-whip. I then started on foot for the town, about a mile distant, sending my order with a request for a horse, and that both the horse and permit should be sent after me. Just before reaching the town crossed a large stream and heavy stone bridge. The town is very poor. The fort, somewhat like Gwalior, an isolated hill with a table-land on the summit, with a long winding path up to it. Here are some ruins of old temples, tanks, dilapidated houses and palaces, with two very curious Hindoo towers, a lofty mass of sculpture, with interior winding stairs to ascend by. The whole is built of a fine yellowish sandstone. Just as I reached the top, I all but ran my head into a large hornets' nest, that had usurped a considerable portion of the passage. On my way back I met the Bucephalus, a most particularly curious-looking article. However, he had four legs, and strength to carry me, which was better than walking, this hot day. On my return to the bungalow, I found several officers, who introduced themselves, and invited me to join their party for meals, a visit to the fort, and shooting, for which they had leave for several days. I was obliged to decline, in order to reach Bombay.

March 26th.—Last night I was much delayed by not getting guides. This morning I passed several large fields of opium, and am now sheltered by a growth of mangoe trees. My [illegible]

decidedly low—nothing but tea, a can of preserved oysters were my "prog" for to-day.

March 27th, ODDEYPORE.—I have lodgings in a splendid bungalow, belonging to the Rana, but without a single table, and only one chair. I found a package of letters, and instructions from Colonel George Lawrence. I sent the letter containing his order to the Rana's prime minister, who sent me a lot of tough mutton, and other things. This afternoon he called to see me; he is an awfully fat old fellow, and as ugly a "mug" as any human being need be troubled with. All the time he was talking with me, he amused himself *playing with his toes*: He sent for a horse, and also an elephant, for me, and gave orders that some siwars be sent to escort me to Mount Aboo.

I sent off the letter of introduction from Colonel Lawrence to Major A——, the political agent at Mount Aboo and Seroic. After which, I started on a very fat horse for the lake, meeting the elephant that had been sent for me. I changed. The lake is a very pretty sheet of water, about a mile and a half long by a mile wide, and formed by a bund or dam. In it are three little islands, two with marble pavilions just visible from the midst of the trees. On every side are high-peaked hills with foliage and herbage; occasionally small cottages and ruined fortresses, or bits of wall, giving it a most picturesque appearance.

The town is on three hills; the palace on one, and reaches down to the water's edge. It is a huge, baronial-looking affair —all but the white-wash. Near this, and adjoining the town walls, on a high hill, is a walled preserve, with all kinds of game, tigers, leopards, deer, etc. On the islands, with the pavilions, are small gardens with fountains. The city is tolerably well built, and populous.

The boats or barges on the lake were most antediluvian affairs. The pavilions are beautiful little structures, and a delightful resort in the warm weather. There was a lovely sunset as I returned to the bungalow, giving a double charm to the beau-

tiful views that encircle the spot. There I found the men had been deciding not to go on with me. I sent to the minister for camels and men; he sent for answer that it was too late; so I must lose another day.

March 28th.—This morning I arranged with a camel-man to take me, and to-day I have been sketching the city. This afternoon, just as I had got all ready to go, the camel-man came to tell me he had no saddle, and could not go within the time he had arranged. So I controlled my rage, and *merely* catching him by the beard, *moderately* choked him; after which I had a consultation with my old bearers who were still hanging about, when they finally consented to go, on my paying enormous wages; and at eight, I suppose the spirit will move them to start. A Rajah called to see me and look at my rifle and gun.

March 29th, GAGOONDAH.—I finally got off from Oodeypore late last evening. It is one of the oldest, and most picturesque of the Rajpoot cities. My escort was to protect me from the Bheals, a villanous cut-throat set who inhabit these mountains, and will murder a man for his turban, even less, but are such cowards they rarely attack Europeans. The road was horribly bad, and I have availed myself of the shelter of a tamarind tree in the absence of a bungalow.

March 30th, KIAR.—We did not get off until six last evening, and then my men, instead of taking me direct, have been carrying me all over the country, and I did not reach here until two this afternoon—twenty hours. I should say it required some patience to travel in this part of the country—and with such brutes. I've got precious little shelter against a grilling sun. I cannot buy any provisions, and all I have left, is one egg and two coarse corn-meal chepatties, tough, bitter, and indigestible, for the Khansomar reports that all the preserved meats and soups are gone, though I thought I had laid in enough to reach Cambay.

I have seen great numbers of Bheals to-day, every man with his bow and quiver full of lance-headed arrows. The country appears very barren, and scarcely cultivated in any part. The leaves are all burnt up by the sun. One fiery red flower is all that dare make its appearance, and that is on a leafless tree.

March 31st, MT. ABOO.—Starting at seven last night, I had a long walk through a mountain pass; the opening on this side is in the Aracailee mountains. At midnight I came out into an open plain and at eight this morning reached Kuchrole, three miles from the foot of the mountain, where I found a note from Major A——, with a Sepoy, chair, and bearers. My old bearers I sent on with the dhoolies, my servant and heavy traps to Anadra about 30 miles distant on the opposite side of the mountain, to await my descent.

The siwars wished hay for their horses, and not being able to buy it, I sent for the head man of the town, and told him what I wanted. He was as insolent as the villagers. I told him I should inform the political agent; and not minding that, I told my servant to pull off his puggery; but he was afraid, so I jerked it off myself, and kicked it—one of the greatest insults. Not succeeding in getting the hay, I broke a stick over his back when he came to terms, and sold me what was wanted. Then the men started for Anadra, and I for Aboo. The seat to carry me on was a chair, secured to two poles, and my feet resting on a loose rope. I was borne by four men of unequal height, so had ups and downs in abundance. But the worst part was when I reached the mountain. On the way I passed some pea-foul and a fox. The men luckily climbed up the mountain without a single "spill," though I had one narrow escape on a side hill, where one of my bearers slipped, but fortunately caught himself. In many places they went up on hands and knees, and others, so much worse, I had to get off and walk, hot as it was. I saw a very large mungoose, the cobra's greatest enemy. At last I reached the top of the hill, a journey of eight miles in five

hours! Here are some old Hindoo temples with a brazen bull, and an old ruined tank. Then on for nearly five miles over a very wild hilly country, but of fine scenery, passing on the road a lady and two gentlemen riding. Major A——— was not at home when I arrived, but came in a few minutes after with Mrs. A——— and their little daughter. They received me in the kindest manner, I having been introduced by an old and esteemed friends of theirs. I spent a pleasant evening, and now for a good night's rest—the second I shall have enjoyed in twenty days.*

April 1*st*.—At daylight Major A——— and I started for a walk to the temples, little Miss Emily following on her pony. They are the famous Jain Dewilwara temples: they are enclosed by a high wall, which is surrounded by rocks and jungle. The interior of the temples is entirely of white marble, and an immense number of columns, all most elaborately sculptured. I presume they are the most beautiful of any temples in India—certainly of any I have seen.

Mr. Elphinstone, one of the late governors of Bombay, who was very learned in such matters, says the chief objects of their worship are a limited number of saints raised by their austerities to a superiority over the gods and called Tirtunkeras; of these there are twenty-four past, twenty-four present, and twenty-four for future ages. The priests are called Jutes, and of all castes. Their dress is a large, loose white mantle, with the hair and beard closely clipped. They carry a black rod and brush to sweep away animals. The Jain temples generally are very large and handsome, often flat roofed, and like private houses, with courts and colonnades; but sometimes surrounded by colossal sta-

* I mentioned my difficulty with the head man at the village below, on Major A's——— asking me how I got along, when he said I wonder he did not stab you when you insulted him so. I said in America we always had two sides to such sport, and my revolver was in my pocket, ready if necessary. He laughed at this new view of the matter.

[Ima]ges of the Tirtunkeras. These temples were built by the Jains eight hundred years ago.

After seeing the temples we mounted our horses which had been led after us and galloped home. In a few minutes after our return, Major K———, a brother-in-law of Major A———, came in, and between them they arranged to have my dâk laid to Cambay; but I am fearful Major K———'s off-hand way will make a blunder, and give me as many again men as I want. I did intend going *via* Baroda, in order to see Captain and Mrs. W———, the first of my many kind friends in India, and say good-bye to them, and again thank them for all the kindnesses I have received from them, and their friends through the many letters they gave me. But the numerous delays of my rascally Coolies will prevent me, and I shall be obliged to go as speedily as possible direct to Bombay, or shall lose the steamer and be delayed a fortnight.

After breakfast Major A——— came into the pretty little cottage in the garden he has put me in, to say the mail had arrived and brought fresh English news, with rumors of war, which are watched very closely here. This afternoon Sir R——— and Lady S——— called. He is political agent at Jodpore. Then Major A——— and I rode to the top of one of the hills for a fine view of the places on the Deesa side of Mount Aboo. This evening Dr. E——— and a Mr. P———, nephew of Sir ——— P———, of the Afghan campaign, dined with us.

To day Mrs. A——— gave me a long account of the captivity of herself and husband during the Afghan campaign. Major A——— was appointed to the command of a regiment of cavalry, raised by order of the English government to support their candidate for the throne against Dost Mahommed; and when he went to take command, he took his wife with him. At the first outbreak they were made prisoners, and after nine months imprisonment they were rescued by a party of Hill people who were favorable to the English. She said they were very well treated by Mahommed Akbar, the fighting son of Dost Mahom

med. She spent two years in that country, and her husband four.

April 2nd.—This morning the Major and I took our day-light ride, visiting the lake—a pretty little sheet of water encircled by a barrier of hill and mountain. He showed me a very pretty church they had just built by subscription. This afternoon all the people of the place (about a dozen) met here, and Major A——— read service. Then we all took an evening stroll.

April 3rd, ANADRA.—This morning a daylight ride. There are no drives here, a carriage could not be brought up, the hill is so steep on all sides. Then we went to Sir R——— S———'s where we met two or three others, all of whom had come like ourselves to see the working of a miniature telegraph of his own construction. We amused ourselves with a galvanic battery and the natives, offering them rupees if they would take them off the jar which we kept moderately charged. Then home and breakfasting, after which I went out and sketched the lake. On my return I found Dr. E——— waiting to see me with a letter to his father, who lives at the Cape of Good Hope,—a man of high position there. This afternoon, at four, off again.

Just as I've made new acquaintances and known them long enough to like them, I am obliged to leave, until sometimes I feel as if I would not present another letter of introduction. I reached this place, which is at the bottom of the hill, in about three hours. My luggage going down very slowly. Here I found all my new bearers, and servants, besides an escort of siwars provided by Majors A——— and K——— to see me safely through their districts.*

April 4th, DEESA, 54 miles.—Last night I started at eight with twice the number of men I wanted, or should have been required

* This delightful spot was another of the scenes of mutinous attempts, but with no serious effects, I am very glad to say.

to take in Bengal. Major K——— had made a mistake as I feared; and accordingly the men divided the loads, declaring they would take them in no other way, and I had to comply as I had no time to lose, cost what it might to take the men, and then the brutes grumbling even at half-loads. I and the things have been trundled along at fearful expense to a poor traveller.

At six this morning I met my relay of Deesa men with a note from Captain S——— (Major K———'s friend), inviting me to stop and breakfast with him, and also stay and dine if I could remain so long, and hoping I would find my Coolies all right. I did not reach here, even with all these men, until past four o'clock, and as the sun has been fearfully warm, I have had an awful "grill." The cantonment is large, but a perfect bed of sand, and the roads quite undrivable. There is a fine show of trees. Captain Shaw was very polite. I spent several hours with him, part, giving him information respecting the United States, whither some of his young relatives are wending their way.

Just as I started this afternoon, I found something had sprung a leak, and in getting out, discovered the servant in putting in a bottle of water, had not arranged the cork properly, and it had come out, and I was pretty thoroughly soaked.

April 5th, MEYSANA BUNGALOW, 45 miles.—I started last night at nine, and had much trouble with my men, who would linger behind. I reached this place at eleven to-day and they at two. The country now looks better cultivated and more populous, but the roads execrably bad. This morning I passed Sidhpoor, a large town on a small river. At this place there is a large village within a few hundred yards of the bungalow. The latter is new, and has no accommodations, not even a chair or table; however, I availed myself of the shelter of the verandah. At half-past three I sent my servant and luggage on, and I followed at five.

April 6th, AHMEDABAD, 51 miles.—I reached here at twelve

to-day, passing several large villages and one town with walls and temples. This is situated on a small river. Crossing over I saw some pretty Hindoo women getting water. After reaching the Saburmuttee river, I followed its bends for half a mile, and then crossed about a mile and a half above the cantonment. It is generally very low, though now deep in spots; when full, its bed is 300 to 400 yards wide. The river curves towards the east bank on which side are the cantonments and town.

I stopped at Lieutenant P———'s bungalow, having a letter to him from Captain S———. I found him a very nice young fellow. The doctor of P———'s regiment tiffined with us. P——— invited me to stay and accompany him to a mess dinner, to which he was invited, but I had to decline. There are usually several regular regiments here, and one of irregular cavalry called the Guzerat Horse. As the cutwal had (luckily) not laid my dâk to Cambay, I engaged two seagrams, a nice covered vehicle on two wheels with springs (a Bombay contrivance), and arranged to have relays of bullocks on the road. The cantonment covers considerable ground, though at present there are not many soldiers here. The civil lines (quarters of the civilians) are four miles distant, and nearer the town.

This city was the capital of the several Mahommedan kingdoms that flourished in India at the time the reign of the Mogul Emperors commenced, and was swallowed up by Baber's rapacious family, together with Beejapore, Ahmednuggur, Golconda, and several others. There are many Mahommedan remains and ruins around the city, which is six or seven miles in circuit. To-day I began to feel the hot winds, which have now commenced to blow. They prevail in this part of the season that precedes for two months the munsoons, but with very little of the force with which they are felt at Benares, Allahabad, or Agra.

For some days past I have been fairly in the Bombay presidency again, as I found to my annoyance, when I paid my palanquin bearers, for during the several days since I left Mt. Aboo, it has been costing me about seventy dollars a day.

April 7th, CAMBAY.—I started last night at six. When I bade P——— good-bye, he gave me a note to his father. The ride to the town was along a pretty road. I was tired, and fell asleep during the two hours' travel, and was awoke by the seagrams stopping. Looking out of the window I saw a man opening a door at the top of a flight of steps, and in a half stupid waking mood I thought it was a temple they were stopping to see, I shouted to go on, when in the glimmer of the light I saw a Parsee hat, which brought me to a consciousness of its being a Parsee "grub" store, where I wanted to stop for some preserved provisions, and very luckily, or I should have had a disagreeable fast before reaching Surat. The bazaars were lit up, and the sight curious.

I am very fond of passing through the bazaars at night. They are a sight peculiarly Indian, and I always throw up the curtains to see everything, and much to the people's amazement—an Englishman shuts up close, and sacrifices his curiosity to his dignity.

Just before daylight I reached Kaira, a moderate sized town, where I changed bullocks, and half a mile outside at the junction of two small rivers, I came upon a group of men sitting on the ground howling. Looking out to see the cause, I saw a funeral pile just finished, and a body half covered with fuel, cattle excrement, straw, etc. I was very suspicious, there were two figures, but I could not see distinctly. I asked the driver, who said it was only the body of a man they were burning, and I had to believe the wife was not there, which they do not like to avow to Europeans, as there is a very severe penalty attached to those who assist in it. I should have stopped to see, but just then they lit the fire, and as I was so soon to leave the country I did not desire to cultivate a taste for an auto-da-fé. The country now is very much more thickly populated, and with superior cultivation, hedges, trees, etc.

Half way to this place, I changed bullocks and reached here at eight this evening. I sent at once for a Parsee who I was told arranged for boats. He came and said the tide was too low for the boat to start before to-morrow night, which was pleasant

news to a man in the haste I am. As this is the season for sending cotton to market, the prices are treble for the boats if you take one entirely to yourself. So I dismissed him until to-morrow. To-night I have a famous large house, formerly a factory—now the government bungalow.

April 8th.—This morning the sub-assistant surgeon stationed here by government, a Mr. Summers, a well educated and very nice fellow, a "country born," has arranged a boat to take me to Surat where I will find a steamer, so I have been writing to Captain and Mrs. W———, and Major A———; then at four I was carried on board in a palanquin or palky, as they call them generally in India. My journey was over a wide expanse of mud flats, sometimes fording drains which always gave me a fright, lest I should be "spilt." The boat was aground high and dry, a country boat, a patimar of about thirty tons.

The cabin was a very rough apology for one, but answered my temporary purposes. A lot of Sepoys (deck passengers) and I, formed the cargo (live stock). Cambay is a small town at the head of the Gulf of that name, and important principally from being the depôt of the cotton crop in this part of the country, and the port from which most of the officers and their families embark for Bombay, or land on their way up country.

April 9th, GULF OF CAMBAY.—The boat was off at two this morning, a light breeze all day, but a famous tide; at ten we passed Gogo. There is nothing to interest off board or on board, except, perhaps, the curiosity of looking at the Sepoys and their families—ugly women, and bright-eyed graceful little "ebonies"—Pauls and Virginias perhaps, and about as free from clothing.

April 10th, INDIAN OCEAN.—We anchored at change of tide last night, which here runs like a rapid current. We were off again at two this morning, and rounded into the Taptee river.

We fortunately met the steamer coming down, a nice new one—the *Mountstuart Elphinstone*—named after the most popular Governor Bombay has ever had. I found only two cabin passengers—an officer and his wife. As deck passengers, we had lots of rich Parsee and Hindoo bankers, and their families, returning from a wedding at Surat.

The women and children were covered with gold and jewels, and their noses hung with splendid pearls. The officer and I, after valuing some of the jewelry on one or two, joined a fat, good-natured old Parsee, and discussed the jewelry; he complacently, or perhaps with truth, said the jewelry of the Hindoos was hollow, but theirs was solid. The Parsees are very extravagant and free livers. One of the Parsee women was exceedingly pretty and fair, her color the very lightest tinge of mulatto.

April 11, BOMBAY.—I reached here this morning at half-past eight, when I went to the Hope Hall Hotel, a very indifferent affair, but the best here. I have an awfully hot room. At the fort I found another letter of credit from Messrs. B——— & Bros., of London, and a package with letters of introduction, firman, etc., from the Sultan's Grand Vizier, to the Pashas of Bagdad, Mosul, etc., besides the most friendly letter I've received since I've been in India. It was from Major M———, in his usual warm-hearted style, and desiring me to send any of my travelling friends to him, as he and his family would be most happy to do all in their power to assist them in their journey, and all sorts of other pleasant things. Of news, that Miss M——— was engaged to my friend Captain M———, whom I left a sighing lover.

The weather is horribly hot here, and cholera prevalent. I presented my letter to Major P———, who invited me to take my quarters with him, as my banker had done before, but I declined. He then invited me to dinner for Thursday, and said that his family would be happy to see me whenever I could call.

[illegible]—To the fort to-day. This afternoon writing let-

ters, and packing up. This evening a drive, and to Mr. G———'s, my bankers to dine. He kept me until half-past twelve, in giving him and some friends an account of my tour.

April 14, GOOD FRIDAY.—Yesterday I received a note from Major P———, saying his daughter had a very dangerous attack of cholera. So I've been to the fort and driving. To-day it has been very hot; been to church, mailed my letters, and this afternoon had my Cashmere scarfs, shawls, etc., well done up in oil-cloth, and soldered up in tin boxes.

April 15.—I wrote a congratulatory letter to Major M———; told him I had suspected there would be an engagement, and had fallen so in love with Miss M——— I had not been able to do anything since I left his house but think of her; and she was the most charming young lady I had met in India. Called to see Major P———, who said his daughter was better, and likely to recover soon; but her attack had been so severe her life was despaired of, at one time.

Took my heavy "traps" on board the steamer for *Point de Galle*, a nice new ship just from England, so has the recommendation at least of being new, though badly ventilated, as all their other steamers used in these waters are, and which seem better calculated for a Siberian winter, than the perpetual summer of these seas.

I drove to the Reach, a pleasant drive on the high land, overlooking the sea, where the fresh sea air sets them up after the excessive heat of the day. Here congregate the highly paid Bombay civilians ("awful swells" in all the pride and pomp of their temporary rank). The officers and their families, the wealthy Parsees, Hindoos, and Mussulmauns, with their highly bred Arab steeds (for they proverbially drive the best), often three in a buggy, and the syce riding behind with his flowing garments streaming to the wind; or else they are in the greater state of a barouche, while the poorer and more humble clerks, ship-captains, and travellers, content themselves with ricketty and hired [illegible]

apology for a horse and patched up harness. The Parsee ladies always drive in close carriages.

I was much amused this evening by my servant, to whom I had been giving a long list of instructions relative to the ship I am to send him back to Calcutta in—a short voyage of about twenty-five hundred miles. I have to send him home and defray the expenses. Oh! the miseries of us poor travellers! After he had written them down very carefully, like many others in a higher sphere, he could not read a word of his own writing.

April 16th, Easter Sunday, at Sea.—The anniversary of my departure from New York. I was off, on board the steamer, early this morning. The harbor was looking lovely. I find there are a number of wealthy Hindoos and Parsees on board, going to Calcutta and China. I counted *twenty-seven* of their friends who came to bid them good-bye; also a number of English passengers, who savor very strongly of "Bow-bells." There are no ladies, the only female passengers being the wife of a wealthy Parsee, and a fat, dowdy Irishwoman, the wife of a vulgar-looking country-born doctor. She has a squalling baby, and equally obnoxious boy, who discourses sweet music alternately on a drum and tamborine, to the annoyance of every one. The parting of the man and wife was splendid! such a theatrical swing, hug and kiss, it was enough to almost make the bachelors wish themselves married men, though I—should have preferred a fairer face and lips for my kissing.

As we steamed out, I saw numerous iron and other clippers. What a scattering a Russian frigate would make! We passed many coasters, with their pointed, picturesque sails. It being bright and clear, I have had the hills and beautiful views of the coast in sight all day.

This evening I've been conversing with a Parsee, who has given me an account of their flight from Persia, after its conquest by the Mahommedans, and their settlement and oppressions in India, under the native rulers. They worship the sun and fire,

as representatives of the one Supreme Deity. The sacred fire in their temples is watched by priests, over whom there is a chief or high priest. The fire is never allowed to go out, but is replenished by the priests or worshippers, each of whom, as he goes into the temple to pray, presents a piece of sandal-wood to the priest, who places it on the fire. The priests are obliged to pray five times in the twenty-four hours, viz. at sunrise, mid-day, three o'clock, sunset, and at twelve at night. Their year commences the 28th of September. Like every religious sect, they have a division. That in this sect, is about the commencement of the year. One sect say, those flying from Persia lost a month in their calculations. The Parsees only allow of one wife at a time. Their marriages are usually celebrated while they are children. This man suggests that we should *invent* some general religion, in which all could agree!!!

April 19th.—Nothing yesterday or day before, except our first officer had an attack of the cholera, and is convalescent. To-day I sat next to an officer who has all one side of his forehead bare of hair from a cockroach attack last night. Fine stern wind. Last night a very large clipper ship crossed our track, and so close, in luffing-up to avoid her, she carried away all our studding-sails! We have just had a shower, and with the cool air our energies are revived, and Parsees are floating about again, luxuriating their beer, and we enjoying a sight of their cool, fresh-looking, white robes.

We Anglo-Saxons are amusing ourselves in various ways—reading, and a few around a ridiculous game of race-horse; and the little Foggarties with the drum, tamborine, and blubbering accompaniments. An awful large shark was seen alongside. The captain said, the largest he had ever seen.

April 20.—POINT DE GALLE, CEYLON.—We came near being ashore on the rocks; some fellow last night stupidly laid a hammer by the side of the compass. We have had to have our luggage examined—quite a novelty in this part of the world.

Mr. P——— (a Bengal civilian of high rank) and I, paired off to the hotel. The small-pox is horribly prevalent here; every other house has it marked on the door. I've just discovered, my Calcutta servant, not satisfied with my giving him more luggage than I brought away, broke open my trunk and stole twenty-two sovereigns. The house is thronged with returning Australians, who keep the hall full of natives all day, chaffering for their wares. This evening I've been on the ramparts with Mr. P———, discussing Indian affairs.

April 23d.—To-day church. We have had several excitements—three different sets of passengers watching for steamers, and only two kinds arrived. My steamer is in at last.

April 25th.—I find I am to enjoy the luxury of a *twelve by twelve cabin with seven others!!* However, I've been at sea 43 times, so I'll try and endure the misery. Such a Babel I've never seen. My box amused the passengers, and me too when I thought of it, as it is to go on in the steamer to England and be reshipped to America—but in the usual way to prevent its being landed somewhere else, I put England on it, quite forgetting what an odd preface my own name made to it.

April 26 and 27th, AT SEA.—Oh, such a ship! Seven meals a day in the saloon, which is cabin and everything else. There are over one hundred sick, hypochondriac, or well people, sixty-seven children, and nurses to match. The seats covered with jam, and such a rout as these brats make, we have every variety of queer people, an archdeacon from Calcutta, Bengal pilots in uniform, Queen's and Company's officers, a variety of women, only three or four of whom I will honor with the appellation of ladies.*

* Col. Neill, lately General, the same who has distinguished himself so much during the recent mutinies, and died before Lucknow—was among the few [illegible] on board. He was returning to England to recruit his health [illegible] and distinguished services in Burmah.

April 28th and 29th.—Yesterday the usual monotonies; to-day a sudden squall came up, and as I with some other men were rushing off the poop deck to avoid the rain, my foot slipped back on the brass step, and I shot off head foremost down on the deck, just missing the carronade—but a plunge of *sixteen feet!* I landed on my forehead and nose—I saw a few stars, and then forgot everything for a minute or two—came to, picked myself up, when the passengers and doctor helped me down to his cabin, where he patched me up, and I look as I had been enjoying a "scrimmage."

May 7th, PORT ST. LOUIS, MAURITIUS.—My face is nearly well, and it is almost worth while to be an invalid to have so much sympathy. Every lady on board has been inquiring of me daily about my face, and in this way I have become acquainted with all the nicest in the ship.

This morning at daylight we entered this harbor. It is a pretty little affair formed by a large breakwater and a small island on the one side, and the mainland on the other. The town is built in the hollow or base of a mountain range that rises almost from the water's edge,—the highest of which is called Pierre de Botte, from a Dutch colonel who lost his life while descending it. On the summit is an immense stone, nearly or quite separated from the rock which supports it. The mountains are very picturesque in their rough, jagged appearance, and dark green sides, down which I see small silvery streams coursing, while over their crests dark clouds continually float.

There are three forts at or near the entrance of the harbor. By our side lies a 44-gun French frigate awaiting orders. Nearly every one has hurried on shore. I shall wait until to-morrow. Among those gone, is a very nice young Londoner, an inmate of the "omnibus" as we term our cabin, who went on to China last summer for business; the climate not agreeing with him he has had to return home, whither he is now bound. He has gone ashore to see two of his brothers whom he has not seen since he was eight years old!

I see among the flags the "stars and stripes,"—ever a welcome sight to an American away from home. It is a Boston barque, belonging to my friend T———, whom I left in Calcutta. There are numerous ships in the harbor. They and others bring coal, and take sugar in return. *Forty thousand* tons are annually exported from the island.

This afternoon I went ashore for a walk, accompanied by Captain and Mrs. H———. He is a queer old fellow, and been all his life in the Queen's service in various parts of the world. We got caught in a shower, and taking refuge in the hotel, met most of our passengers. Here we got some delicious French coffee—a luxury well appreciated after the beastly trash we have had on board. We saw the Governor's house—a curious affair—the front forming a hollow square open towards the street. The house seems to be all windows and piazzas.

May 8th.—This morning we saw a lovely sunrise while visiting the fish market, which is celebrated for the beauty and variety of its fish, as we found—a most queer, odd-looking set of salt-water denizens. Then as being the sole Frenchman in the party, I was called upon to order a nice French breakfast—the only really nice one I've had since leaving Major A———'s at Mount Aboo. We then drove to Pampelouse, the *graves of Paul and Virginia!* From the grave of the latter, I got a rose-bud. There are two brick graves here which are called those of Paul and Virginia, to attract the sentimental and would-be-sentimental.

We drove to the Botanical Gardens, a beautiful drive of seven miles from the city, where there is a fine view of the mountains back of the town and of the harbor. This afternoon the French frigate fired a salute in honor of the Military Governor of the island, who is to dine on board.

And now, as I am about bidding farewell to India, I will make a few general remarks about the people and country where I have spent so many happy months.

[have spoken earnestly of the American missionaries in their
ious relations, but not more so than I felt was due to them for
ir labors, and the spirit with which they have entered into
l are carrying out the objects of a most worthy cause, the
ors and results of which I saw and heard wherever I wan-
ed in India,—labors which, if they draw forth the admiration
the English people in the country, and their subscriptions too,
preference to giving them to be applied by their own country-
ple, may certainly claim the praise, highest regard, and
de of an American who has seen many of the results of their
ors, besides having "eaten of their salt."
Of the English, and the East India Government, I have also
ken warmly, but not more so than an unbiassed judg-
nt and candor would necessarily dictate, after all they have
ne has been seen, and with a knowledge of all the obstacles
y had to overcome, as I have seen, known, and viewed with
nder and amazement. Of the English in India, I've enjoyed
ir hospitalities a year and a half in every part of the country
my wanderings, which I have been repeatedly told were more
neral than had ever been made by any one man before in
lia. I was not limited by time or money; many see parts more
roughly, but not the whole country. Every Englishman
ls as if exiled to India, and is too anxious to get out to travel
en he gets leave; and travellers for pleasure, either spend
ir time in three or four places, or are in such a hurry, they
nd only two or three months in hasty travel, and get
ir information entirely from the eyes and knowledge of others
en they get it there, or *from books on their return*, when they
ve had no opportunities to compare the accounts with their
n observations. Or, as has been latterly the case in England,
y are political partizans who have gone out for political
pital, to overturn or thwart the India Company's Govern-
nt—among them several scions of nobility, whose names I
uld mention, and who, from their very birth and blood, should
ve been above such deeds. These constantly associated with

natives (Parsees or Indians), who are naturally discontented with any but their own iniquitous form of government, where every debasing quality, or crime, is not only practised, but considered creditable and honorable if successful.

Of the English people, for the most part they are endeavoring to improve the condition of the country, for the prosperity of both the natives and country. Justice is administered faithfully in their courts; and with the free press of India, if there should be injustice, or any misconduct on the part of officials, they are freely spoken of, and through them the matter and the man are brought to the knowledge of government, if by chance it should not have been brought in any other way, and then the official would be dismissed. So that the officials, even working for their own interests and necessity, would be careful of those entrusted to them.

There may be mal-administration of justice, but this is very rare; and it is no real cause of complaint against the entire Company that one official in a thousand should misconduct himself; we see that full as often in England and America; and on the same ground, it would be a just cause of complaint against either of these admirable governments.

The charge of torture is another of the absurdities about which there is a great cry. Every man who really knows about India, must know it would be impossible to employ Europeans in every department from the great expense, and so the government is obliged to use natives in the lower offices, who, taking advantage of their power and position, and for their own ends, do doubtless inflict torture, but without the knowledge of the English officials—sometimes for extortion, and sometimes to save themselves trouble, because the natives never will pay willingly, even when abundantly able, for they have never been accustomed to pay except by force. If they had done so, they would have been obliged to pay twice.

In all villanies, they are quite the equals of those illustrious in the records of our police courts for forgeries, counterfeiting

the writing, seals, and old documents, staining and marking the paper with all the necessary proficiency.

The great defect of the government appears to be in the management in England, arising in the Board of Control, which was formed in 1784 by Mr. Pitt, to control (as its name implies) the growing Company. From a jealous, envious desire of dabbling in what they considered a chance to glory, or profit, on other people's shoulders, and that jealousy continuing, they have managed through the carelessness, or stupidity of the Board of Control, and the various restrictive "acts," to get the Company into such a condition, that, aided by the information of the several envoys of dirty work to India, who have contrived to get together garbled stories of torture, Company's misrule, etc., that when Lord Palmerston brought forward the bill for taking the management of matters into their own hands, it was stated that with his happiness on all occasions, he could literally say nothing in favor of the bill; and yet the country had been so prepared beforehand by the prejudice and clamor that they voted for the bill. The Board were not to meddle with the commercial affairs of the Company, but to "check, superintend, and control all acts, operations, and concerns, which in any wise related to the civil and military government of the territories or possessions of the United Company in the East Indies." Thus the real governing power was the Board of Control, composed of men who were, for the most part, or perhaps entirely, ignorant of India, and what was required for her interests. Thus, besides entailing on the Company an enormous expense for salaries, officers, etc., they have the appointing and ordering of all things,—the Governors-General, Governors, and Commanders-in-Chiefs of the Presidencies, and in the country. Although there is a Court of Directors, who are composed mostly, or entirely, of those who have served in India, they are *quite subordinate to the Board of Control*, upon whom should rest all the real mismanagement of India.

It was at their suggestion the Afghan war, and Scinde con-

[illegible] were made; and it is to them also, that the delays of the construction of railways, and many other measures for the improvement of India, are attributable. Instead of a confidence in the rulers they appoint, and allowing them to decide the necessity of measures, they require such a mass of correspondence, that things are really in the hands of their official clerks in London, who sift out or not, as they choose, the various requisitions from the voluminous reports which are demanded by "act," to be furnished for the Board of Control in England, monthly or quarterly. This costs £150,000 or $750,000, for writing and publishing; and of matter, 400 folio volumes of 500 pages each, annually!

Who could be supposed to peruse, or even overlook such a mass of reading matter with an idea of knowing anything about it? These people can know nothing of the country, its resources, its wants, taxes, administration of justice, or regulation of the armies.

The Governor-Generals are for the most part good, though usually appointed chiefly from political reasons or influence at home. The Commanders-in-Chief, always from influence, often unjustly, and without competence or experience, as the blunders and disasters in the first Burmese, Sikh, and other campaigns, will testify; and yet they are so disguised by the published reports, to keep up the prestige of the invincibility of the Company with the natives, that I have been repeatedly told by the officers who were engaged in these campaigns I have mentioned, that they could scarcely recognise the very battles they had personally been engaged in.

These blunders in the last, or Punjaub campaign, were the cause of Cashmere being sold to Goolaub Singh,—a slavery far [illegible] than the much sympathized slavery in the United States, [illegible] which the English so feelingly lament, for in Cashmere it is [illegible] cruel, and it is a wholesale slavery—a whole nation at a blow! which would have increased the prosperity of the people and the revenues, and brought into India the commerce of all [illegible] Asia.

The Indian troops have always done good service, and fought well when well led on, as they have been; for British "pluck" is proverbial, and no one need be prouder of it than an American—for we are all of the same blood, descending from the conquerors or conquered at Hastings,—a reputation for obstinate courage well sustained by their vast family, who with the same boldness and daring, are the civilizing pioneers of the world.

The Bombay and Madras troops have perhaps done the most fighting of any in the three Presidencies, and make the most orderly and effective soldiers from the way they are enlisted from all classes. They are probably the best drilled, especially those in the Bombay Presidency. The Bengalese are generally the largest men; the Bombay next, and the Madras last. But it is the mental material, and discipline, not the size or strength of the men, that is of the most use in battle, and the Bengalese are the most unserviceable of any of the troops in the three Presidencies, from their insubordination, and refusal to perform all the necessary duties of a soldier.

This insubordination, which has been allowed, and almost encouraged, together with the continued manner of enlisting, has doubtless been the cause of the recent horrible mutinies, and the cartridge that came just as the mutinous spirit had reached a culminating point, served as a good cause; and from the generally quiet submission of the natives, it took the rulers with an almost paralyzing surprise. For many years past the tone of morality, or at least the outward show of it, has been greater than formerly, when very few of the officers who came to India were married, and then they associated more with the natives, and either married native wives, or had native mistresses, and in that way heard and saw more of the native proceedings, which now they would rarely hear, or see from the slight intercourse that exists between them. However, the mutiny is in a fair way to be soon quelled, and the English Government has assumed the charge. We shall doubtless see the [illegible]

[illegible] success of the brilliant scheme. Sir Charles Napier had a difficulty with Lord Dalhousie about the Bengalese troops, and being backed up by the Duke of Wellington, who gave his decision more as a pure judgment on military authority and strict discipline, than with a liberal view of the politic course Sir Charles Napier felt obliged to adopt to prevent a mutiny, even as long ago as '49 or '50 with the same troops, Sir Charles finding them mutinously disposed, he yielded to them temporarily, to prevent the mutinous spirit spreading, using his experience with these troops, and the judgment of an old campaigner.

Lord Dalhousie, a comparatively young man, took advantage of this opportunity to bring himself more prominently before the world, by a public censure of the gallant hero of Scinde for what *he, an inexperienced man, fifteen hundred miles from the spot, deemed a very bad precedent.*

In speaking of the Bengal troops, I spoke merely of Bengalese and soldiers from Oude, and neither of the Sikhs nor Goorkas, who are admirable soldiers in every respect—brave, obedient, willing, good workers and fighters, and without exception, I believe, the most faithful and reliable troops of the Company during all the late mutiny.

The Indian Government in endeavoring to benefit India, have, by reducing the taxes, and from that reduction of taxes, expended so much money in India, improving it by canals and roads, that they have almost annually brought themselves in debt to England, although the income of the canals and increased revenue may eventually pay off the debt. The two Jumna canals have cost £140,000, or $700,000. They bring in a revenue of £45,000, or $225,000; and this country supports double the population of that not thus irrigated. About £600,000—$3,000,000—have been expended on canals in the North-west Provinces during thirty-five years, and all have given very large revenues. The great Ganges Canal, lately finished at an expense of about [illegible], or [illegible], will yield a revenue of £400,000, or [illegible], besides irrigating 900 miles of heretofore almost use-

less land, now rendered fertile fields, and sustaining a large population that was formerly subject to dreadful famines.

In the Madras Presidency large sums have also been spent for works of irrigation, and in rendering the rivers navigable. Irrigation has long been understood, and was practised in India as early as 1350. The Emperor Feroze constructed a canal 200 miles in length, extending from the mountains to the neighborhood of Delhi. Centuries after, Ackbar and Shah Jehan followed his example.

Much of the expense of the Indian Government might be decreased by dispensing with unnecessary officers—&c., the Board of Control and its demand for voluminous reports, the councils of Bombay and Madras, and reducing the Supreme Council at Calcutta to three, a civil, military, and law Councillor, and dispensing with the Commander-in-Chief as a member, for he never attends, but by this has his pay (a perquisite) of £10,000, in addition to his other enormous emoluments.

The country would be much better managed if all the officials in India, civil and military, who have the highest commands, were officers of the Company; they would then understand the country and the people, and not waste their time in counteracting the effect of their own blunders.

India should be governed by a people whose experience grows, and keeps pace with the country. India in this way, would increase almost as fast as the United States, if not fettered by the slow red-tape movements of a people who know of no change that is not so gradual, it is barely perceptible until a century has rolled by. Why; in thirty years the kingdoms of Ajmere, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Surat, portions of Burmah, the Punjaub, and Scinde have been annexed—the Punjaub and Scinde empires in themselves!

The races of India are one of its singular features; and besides the different races, they are often diversified by most fanatically opposed religions. The people are of every hue, form, and [illegible] from the huge Patan or Beloochi, to the diminutive [illegible]

Malabar, or the short but active Goorka. There are Todawars, who live on the trees, feeding on reptiles and vermin, more filthy in their habits, and as mean in their intellects, as the wild beasts around them.

The Rajpoots, whose sole business is war and plunder. The learned Brahmin, calculating eclipses, and indulging in huge astronomical observatories. The swarthy Arab, with the other fanatic Mahommedans, and the rigid Parsee. Some of these scarce differing from the English in complexion, while others may vie with the Ethiopian in blackness.

All these nations number between one and two hundred millions. Nature, by wars, famines, or diseases, that have swept off hundreds of thousands every few years, has tended much to keep down the population.

India has been the birth-place of many of the most frightful maladies—cholera, plague, etc. The crimes have almost rivalled diseases in depopulation. Thuggery and infanticide—the extent of both of which has only been known within comparatively a few years, and now are almost put an end to by the severe punishment that follows discovery. Thuggery is now known to have existed for two thousand years; the lives sacrificed by the Thugs, in conformity with their religious views, may be estimated by the million. Colonel Sleeman, the late popular and distinguished Resident at Lucknow, was one of the principal Indian officials who have been so instrumental in putting this down. Infanticide (of female children,) by hundreds of thousands, has been going on for centuries, and it, with widow-burning, has nearly ceased; and the system of organized bands of plunderers, who burn ships and rob houses, is nearly destroyed.

For precious stones India is famous, and the two largest diamonds in the world have both come from there. Jasper, or bloodstone, agates, and cornelians, abound there. She is also famous for her dye-stuffs, gums, and drugs. Her opium trade is immense, and the revenue from it alone is about £4,500,000, or over $22,500,000.

Her manufactures are now going to decay, but they were once the wonder of the world; for it is supposed that the Roman coins so often found in India, and the mention of the material known as the Dacca muslin, indicate, beyond doubt, that they were the same wonderful tissues that adorned the noblest of the Roman beauties at the court of the Cæsars. And even lately, some of the Benares' fabrics were unrivalled in the Great Fair at London in '51; and the Cashmere shawls are worn by the fairest forms and beauties in the world. The filagree work of Cuttuck equals, if not surpasses, that of Genoa.

India was not behind in the weapons of war. The Damask sword blades of Googerat, of *wootz steel*, is superior to anything Europe can boast of, and *deemed so excellent in England*, that they are used entirely for surgical instruments. Their cannon are the wonder of all who have seen them. The celebrated ones at Dacca, Moorshedabad, Agra, and Beejapore, were of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-three, and thirty inches bore, weighing from eleven to forty tons, and throwing shot from four hundred-weight to a ton and a half.

Their ancient cities were commensurate with all else. Beejapore contained a population of about three millions. Gow, the former capital of Bengal, covered seventeen square miles, with a population of over a million. Rajmahal, once the city of a hundred kings, is at present a small village. Mandoo, the now deserted capital of the Patan sovereigns of Malwa, is surrounded by a wall twenty-eight miles in circuit; while the dome of the Mausoleum of Mohammed Shah at Beejapore, is a third larger than that of St. Paul's, London; and the Taj Mahal at Agra, the monument erected by Shah Jehan to his wife, is unrivalled in the world for its elegance and beauty.

It has been suggested to me by some of my acquaintance, that I should give a brief statement of the ordinary expense of travelling in these various countries. This of course varies with the style. Travelling in England, with moderate speed, is [illegible]

[illegible] rail-carriages, coaching, or occasionally posting, when in out of the way places, always putting up at the best hotels in London, with rooms at Long's and with meals there, or at the clubs, costs about $9 or $10 per day. This is an average expense for a gentleman to travel on, and live comfortably, with a reasonable quantity of good wine for dinner.

On the continent, the same can be done including the living in Paris, or any other capital for $6 per day, at the hotel or good lodgings, and dining at the best restaurants. In Syria or on the Nile, if travelling alone, the expense would be about $8 per day, or if with one friend about $6 50, and two or three from $4 to $5. Usually every one travels there with one or two friends, I always did, except the last time—when I went to Palmyra. Then beyond Suez, the steamer charges are on an average £5 or $25 per day, including wines, beers, etc., and the expense of the route known by the distance, as these vessels never average over 180 miles a day. In fair weather, under the most advantageous circumstances they reach nine, to nine and a half miles an hour, and I've had an experience of eleven different steamers, and mostly their best.

In India, the expense varies with the mode of travel. In most of the Bombay presidency, I travelled on horseback, with carts for my men and luggage, that I might make an average of twenty-five miles a day—and at every place of interest, stopping from one to seven days. In Madras, you travel on the principal routes in what are called bullock gharries,—vehicles on four wheels drawn by bullocks,—who make an average of over four miles an hour night and day. On the untravelled routes, it is by Palanquin, or horseback. The difference of expense consists more in the ground gone over, as it does in every place, than in the mode of conveyance; for going over only twenty-five a day, would cost no more in a palanquin than on horse, but then you lose the comfort of your servants.

I found this travel in India could be well done, comfortably, and in a respectable gentlemanly style, with, when I took horses [illegible], sometimes two, and always with from four to

seven men (who were necessary from the castes, and so not superfluities) besides the bullock carts, and their two drivers. I found my expenses here, were about $11 per day, except in the extreme north when I visited Cashmere; where, owing to the numerous and increased exchanges and credits, they were about ten per cent. more; or for two or three days when hurrying to Bombay, and by mistake of a friend's order, I paid $70 per day.

In Java and the "Straits" they were about the same, except posting in Java, which costs a dollar a mile in whichever direction going or returning. The expenses vary much with the haste of travel, and the luxury. The same ground may be gone over much more rapidly for the same expense, if less attention is paid to the extra comforts.

Another matter is the exchange. The farther East, the greater the rate of exchange, and bankers' commissions—usually they are half per cent., sometimes one per cent., often in the East they are two per cent.; then, as you go into the interior of India, silver being the only currency, you must buy drafts, hoondies (native drafts), or take a credit, which are an additional expense, because you must draw the extreme amount you may use, and perhaps more, pay the exchange, and banker's commission, then the commission on the up country credit, and a five or six per cent. exchange there. The exchanges when I was at Bombay were 10 per cent., the banker's commission 2 per cent. then my London banker's commission, and another charge for the letter of credit, then the exchange on New York, and another banker's commission there, besides his charge for credit on the London banker.

The rates at Singapore and Java were 25 per cent., and then the bankers' commission of one or two per cent., besides all the others, by the time the draft was finally paid by my agent in New York.

In China still worse, being during the war, the exchange on London was 33 per cent.! In all these cases, I give my own experience, travelling in a comfortable, gentlemanly way, neither extravagant nor stinting myself; and as I have said before, these

may be lessened from 15 to 20 per cent. by reducing the comfort, [illegible] the same, if reducing the comfort and using more speed—for if a man in England goes from London to Liverpool, or Edinburgh, or Paris, a twelve or fourteen hours' journey—the charges are $18, $22, and $26 (I think) but if he stops in those places a few days, it reduces the average to the sum named. All of these expenses are purely for travelling, and those incident to travel; but they do not embrace clothes, or other purchases.

THE END.

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